Leaḃar na Laoiṫeaḋ:

A Collection of Ossianic Poems

WITH INTRODUCTION, NOTES, AND
COMPLETE VOCABULARY

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INTERMEDIATE STUDENTS

BY

J. J. O'KELLY

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NOTES.

Cuid a hAon.

Agallaṁ Oisín agus Pádraig.

(DIALOGUE BETWEEN OISIN AND SAINT PATRICK).

This may well be used as a general title for the whole body of Ossianic poetry, which consists largely in disputation between Oisin and Saint Patrick. The poem of 176 stanzas published by the Ossianic Society under this title opens with a summons by Saint Patrick to Oisin to awake from his long slumber, and hear the psalm, and a somewhat querulous response on the part of Oisin, who would fain extol Fionn and the Fianna. The fourteen stanzas here extracted from the longer version fairly take the form of a discourse on the achievements and tastes of Fionn and his followers by Oisin, who explains that though they were but fifteen they made the king of the Saxons prisoner, fought a successful battle against the king of the Greeks, invaded Eastern India, compelled the Indian empire, Scandanavia, Denmark, to send tribute of gold to "Fionn's house," exacted rent from every country between here and the river in which Christ was baptised, so that the whole known world yielded Fionn a rental. Fionn, he adds, fought nine battles in Spain, eight battles in Southern Spain, the king of the Northmen assisting, nine score battles in Erin—and was king of Lesser Greece. Hence, why should Oisin in his solitude not lament the Fianna?

Another little story about Fionn:

Though they, the Fianna, were again but fifteen in number, they took the king of the Britons prisoner, as also Magnus the Great, son of the king of the Northmen; and they returned home without cause for sorrow though far afield imposing rent.

Again—what a pity their chief should be in bondage!

The wish of the son of Cumhall was to listen to the moaning of the bleak winds, the murmuring of the rippling streams, the hoarse wail of the billows on the shore, the creaking and straining of ships' hulls in a storm, the warbling of the blackbird, the screaming of the seagulls of distant Erris, the croaking of the vulture over serried hosts, the lowing of the kine, the noise of young deer in their gambols ; the music of the chase, the cry of the hounds, the barking of Bran, Oscur's call, a seat in season amid the bards, and sleep by the stream at Assaroe.

And, once again, who could wonder at Oisin lamenting vanished glories such as these !

[Versions of the Chase of Formaoil and the Chase of Sliabh na mBan ensue with incidental dialogue of a more or less violent and reckless character.]

Metre : The Ossianic stanza, with the measure of which most Gaelic students have become familiar through Mr. Tomas O'Flanghaile's excellent metrical translation of the Lay of Oisin. This stanza consists, as a rule, of four lines of eight syllables each, though lines containing a syllable more or less are not infrequently met with. The second and fourth lines must rhyme, the first and third not necessarily, though they generally do ; but the end of the first line must assonate with the middle of the second, and the end of the third with the middle of the fourth. The internal rhymes in the second and fourth lines generally consist of corresponding accents on the fourth or the sixth syllable. Strictly, the lines should all end in monosyllables. The concluding stanza here,—transferred from the end of the longer version,—deviates slightly from the correct metre.

sealg sléiḃe na mḃan.

(THE HUNT OF SLIABH NA MBAN.)

Oisin and Saint Patrick.

Three thousand nobles of the Fianna set out in the forenoon to hunt on Sliabh na mBan, so proceeds Oisin.

Patrick, complimenting Oisin on his cultured speech, and invoking a blessing on the soul of Fionn, asks how many deer fell at the hunt of Sliabh na mBan. Further, blessing the lips of the eloquent Oisin, he begs to be told at the very outset whether the Fianna were usually dressed and armed when setting out for the chase.

Oisin replies that they were dressed and armed—not one of them but had a satin shirt, a tunic, a silken robe, a glittering breast-plate, golden helmet, green shield, a lance, two spears and two hounds. He next pictures the howling of the hounds in their eagerness for their quarry, while the men take up their allotted position, with Fionn and his favourite Bran seated at a point of vantage. Three thousand hounds in all are released, and each hound accounts for two deer in that solitary glen—the greatest slaughter on record.

The outcome of the chase, alas, is that ten hundred hounds in their chains of gold fall by a hundred wild boars, but the boars in turn fall by the spears and lances of the Fianna ; and thus the armour is graphically shown to have been not only ornamental but essential.

That, Oisin takes care to remind Patrick of the croziers and the bells, was the greatest hunt he had ever witnessed, and the greatest ever directed by Fionn : the baying of their hounds in the glen made it in all truth a most melodious day.

[This is practically the same as the version published in Volume VI. of the Transactions of the Ossianic Society. Dr. Kuno Meyer has recently published in the Todd Lecture Series a long and interesting version in prose and verse of " The Chase of Sidh na mBan Finn and the Death of Finn."]

Metre : Ossianic stanza. See p. vi.

AR ṪUIT DE ṖIASTAIḂ LE FIONN.

(THE SERPENTS THAT FELL AT THE HANDS OF FIONN).

Extracted from the Hunt by the Fianna on Sliabh Truim.

The versions published in the Transactions of the Ossianic Society and in " Duanaire Ḟinn," open with a description of a hunt on Sliabh Truim, from which we again see that the principal heroes of the Fianna, whose names are given, are accompanied by two hounds each. They make an almost exceptional slaughter of the larger game, killing a thousand deer and a thousand boars, in addition to countless hares, hinds and badgers, so that the glen and hillside run red with their blood. Goll, by virtue of his valour, divides the spoil, but forgets Oisin, as a result of which threatening language is indulged in. Fionn, however, restores harmony by sharing his own portion with Oisin. Fires are kindled, and after the repast, the host proceed to Strangford Loch, where they find a terrible monster just arrived from the East. Its head is larger than a hill, its ugly tusks like forest trees, its upright tail taller than eight very tall men, the cavities of its eyes deep enough to hide a hundred warriors, its ears standing like the portals of a great city. Battle is inevitable. The Fianna engage the monster ; many of them are slain, and very many, including Fionn, are swallowed up alive. But Fionn, when the day seems lost, carves his way out through the monster's breast, destroying its vitals, and affording his fellow-prisoners a means of escape, so that they again attack and kill the monster. Then follows a list of the serpents and reptiles slain by Fionn, in the course of which most of the lakes of Ireland are visited. The version of the poem given here is concerned only with this seemingly incomplete list of the reptiles that infested ancient Erin.

[This poem, as already indicated, appears also in Duanaire Ḟinn, edited by Mr. Eoin MacNeill for the Irish Texts Society. The language of the version here given is somewhat more modern than the language of the Duanaire.]

Metre : Ossianic stanza. See p. vi.

EAĊTRA NA MNÁ MÓIRE TAR LEAR, NO SEALG ĠLEANNA AN SMÓIL.

(THE STORY OF THE ADVENTURE OF THE BIG WOMAN WHO CAME OVER THE SEA, OR THE CHASE IN GLEANN AN SMOIL).

Fionn, Oisin, Oscur, Conan, Fearghus, Diarmuid Donn and others of the Fianna are out for a hunt on Gleann an Smoil. Fionn seems to have twelve hounds exclusive of Bran and Sceolan; the others, apparently, a hound each. The birds are warbling in the wooded glen beneath, while the cuckoo calls from every point of the compass. Suddenly appears a doe, whiter on one side than the gliding swan, on the other blacker than the blackest coal, and fleeter than the falcon skimming airily over the grove.

The hounds, including Bran, are let loose, but are entirely outstripped by the doe, to the astonishment of Fionn. The chase proceeds till sundown, when the hounds have passed out of sight; and Fionn, chewing his thumb, predicts, in response to Conan, that of the hounds that set out none save Bran will return. And Bran does return, exhausted.

Soon after approaches a woman of fairest form, golden hair sweeping the dew, blue eyes, queenly glance, luscious lips, and cheeks blushing like the roses. On behalf of the daughter of the high-king of Greece, then three months in Ireland without the knowledge of the Fianna, she invites Fionn and his followers to Oilean na hInse of the Hosts of Women, where lie at anchor a hundred barques laden with golden treasure, silks, satins, fancy goblets, choice wines and viands—in short, shimmering palaces on land, and stately ships on every sea are at the disposal of Fionn if he but rise to the occasion. Conan, victim of his greed, accepts the invitation; the nymph retires by the same road; the Fianna follow and are welcomed in due course at Oilean na hInse by a host of charming Grecian ladies. Tables are laid and viands spread before them, and when hunger and thirst have been appeased, and Fionn grows weary, an Amazonian female of most forbidding appearance presents herself. Her satin robe is white as snow on the one side, on the other black as midnight. She announces herself as the virgin daughter of the king of Greece, and expresses her anxiety to wed Fionn, on whom she is prepared to bestow castles, ships, gold, silver, peerless maidens, countless warriors, and all the sway he could desire. Fionn, identifying her by the colour of her robe with the doe that first inveigled them away, declines, and seeks tidings of the hounds. They are all dead, she answers, except Bran, as has happened many others who incurred her wrath. So, too, Fionn and the Fianna would fall before she returned over the waves. Fairy music hereupon deprives the Fianna of their strength, and they are spellbound. Then she draws her sword and beheads a hundred of the heroes, so that only Fionn, Oisin, Oscur, Conan, Fearghus and Diarmuid remain alive.

Fionn throws himself on her mercy, and declares he would wed her were it not for fear of Goll. She has a remedy: she will cut off Goll's own head and the heads of his followers unless they accept her as queen. So she sets sail for Howth, where Goll is located. Goll, on seeing the approaching fleet, laments the absence of great part of the Fianna, and asks who would go to the harbour to bring tidings of the intruders. Caoilte volunteers. He is met on the shore by the ugly daughter of the king of Greece, who charges him with a message to "blind Goll" to the effect that she is ready to fight ten hundred warriors and determined to annihilate the Fianna unless they at once recognise her as Fionn's wife and queen.

On receipt of the challenge Goll sends ten hundred warriors to fight the king's daughter. They fall—everyone able to fight falls. Goll himself advances clad in mail and well sheathed. After three days' continuous fighting his wounds are many and serious, while the ugly daughter of the king seems scathless. Meanwhile, Fionn and his followers have been detained spell-bound by fifty women, until Diarmuid by a promise of marriage induces her who is responsible for his own custody to withdraw the spells—and forthwith all are released. Conan ungratefully strikes off the head of their benefactress, and narrowly escapes a similar fate at the hands of his enraged companions, who repair instantly to the scene of strife. Oscur seeks to replace Goll, now nigh exhausted. Goll declines until prevailed on by Fearghus to consent. Then Oscur engages the king's daughter, and after a fierce and bloody conflict sends his sharp spear through the Big Woman's heart amid the plaudits of the spectators. Falling, she curses her father, the King of Greece, who by magic spells deprived her of the beauty, bloom and graceful form of her youth, because his druids predicted she would bear a son who would overthrow Greece and deprive himself of his head and crown.

This record of the Adventures of the Big Woman Who Came Over the Sea has been somewhat abridged, and a few details altogether omitted. The version published by the Ossianic Society has eighty-two stanzas.

Metre: Ossianic stanza. See p. vi.

ḟιαḋαċ ηα ḟέιηηe óѕ cιοηη ιοċα ꝺeιɼᵹ.

(THE CHASE BY THE FIANNA OVER LOCH DERG).

Oisin asks Patrick if he has heard of the chase by the Fianna over Loch Derg, because of a serpent in the lake that waged war on the Fianna and slew as many as two thousand persons in one day.

Fionn has as attendant a son of the king of Greece, whose name is Ablach an Oir. Ablach, who understands the speech of the serpents, learns that this monster of Loch Derg demands that fifty steeds be given it daily. This he communicates to Fionn, who consents, with the reflection that even that is preferable to the sacrifice of any of his warriors.

Still, we are told, the serpent fasts that night, and the Fianna do not even dream of sleep ; and at early dawn there is a tempest in the lake. The serpent bounds on the shore, the Fianna respond with a battle shout ; and in the conflict which ensues the serpent's head becomes the butt of gathering myriads. Nevertheless, by midday the slain of the Fianna outnumber the survivors. The son of the King of Greece, Oisin himself, Daolghus, Goll, Fionn mac Rosa, Conan, Deidgheal and Treanmor are all swallowed by the serpent : it engulphs as many as a hundred and one persons at once.

Fionn and the few of the Fianna who are absent escape ; so Fionn, making a sudden bound at the last moment, takes the serpent by the neck, gives it an unexpected jerk, and momentarily lays it breast upward, thus enabling Daire mac Fhinn to plunge into the serpent's throat and with his lance carve a way to freedom, as Fionn had done in his encounter with the reptile from the East in Loch Cuan. The monster discharges, besides the son of the king of Greece and Oisin, two hundred warriors, all bald and robeless as a result of their incarceration. Conan, previously bald, emerges with scarce a trace of the skin on his skull—something out of the ordinary has always to be related of Conan.

For a year, a month and three days thereafter the lake remains under some mystic darkness, and its name is permanently changed from Fionnlocha Deirg to Loch Dearg, because of the slaughter of the Fianna there.

Metre : A compromise between Deibhidhe and Rannuidheacht on the principle of Oglachas. In Deibhidhe each line must contain seven syllables. The first and second lines, constituting a semi-metre, and called Seoladh, must rhyme, as must the third and fourth, constituting another semi-metre, and called Comhad. The first line ends in a word in the minor point or rinn, the second in a word in the major termination, or airdrinn. Concord or alliteration, by which two words begin with the same consonant or any two vowels, is also required in the first and second lines, and there should be no important word in the third line without a corresponding word to harmonise in the fourth. The last word of the first line of the semi-metre is strictly but not always an accented monosyllable, the last word of the second line a dissyllable with the accent on the last syllable. Rannuidheacht Mhor differs from Deibhidhe in requiring that the last words in the second and fourth lines assonate or rhyme and that the last lines always end in monosyllables. Further, some word in the first line, preferably the last but one, should rhyme with some word in the body of the second line, and similarly with regard to the third and fourth lines or second half-metre. In Rannuidheacht Bheag all lines end in a dissyllable ; otherwise, it is practically on a parallel with Rannuidheacht Mhor.

sealg sléiḃe gcuileann.

(THE CHASE ON SLIABH CUILEANN).

Discarding some introductory exchanges between Oisin and Patrick, we find that Fionn from the Green of Almhain sees a sprightly doe approach. He summons Bran and Sceolan by whistling, and without the knowledge of any one else follows the doe to Sliabh Cuilinn. Here he loses sight of doe and hounds, and soon hears a woman wailing beside the lake. Drawing near, he observes that she has all the charms usually associated with her kind, and ventures to inquire if she has seen his hounds. She is not interested in them, has not noticed them, is in fact more concerned with the cause of her own lament. What is it ? Fionn asks. Could he be of any assistance ? Yes. A gold ring has fallen from the mourner's finger into the lake, and she now places on the valiant Fionn the obligation to restore it—under geasa. He plunges into the lake, searches, succeeds, and restores the ring before reaching the bank, and is rewarded by being transformed into a grey, withered, helpless old man.

The Fianna, playing chess and otherwise enjoying themselves at Almhain, miss Fionn. Caoilte inquires for him in a loud voice, which Conan, with a view to possible self-aggrandisement, refers to as the sweetest music he has ever heard ; for if Fionn is missing, Conan must, indeed, be recognised as leader of the Fianna. This is his modest demand, at which there is loud and hollow laughter.

They all set out in search of Fionn and his hounds, Caoilte and Oisin leading the way, and duly reach Sliabh Cuilinn. Here they see on the lake shore a wasted old man whom they regard as a fisherman swept hither by the current. Oisin inquires after the leader of the Fianna, but gets no reply. He unsheaths his sword, as do the Fianna generally, and loudly threatens the old man with death. In time Caoilte learns the whole sad secret. This is the signal for three shouts on the hill, and maledictions from Conan on the heads of Fionn and the Fianna. Conan's regret is that the Fianna to a man are not in a worse condition than Fionn, whom he accuses of treachery and envy, and threatens to behead. Oscur intervenes, and challenges Conan, who escapes with his life by hiding among the host. [Inconsequent dialogue between Oisin and Patrick at this point is omitted]

Caoilte asks Fionn for an explanation of his condition, and Fionn relates how the daughter of Cuilinn induced him to seek the ring, and the result. Conan vows vengeance on Cuileann: and Fionn is borne away tenderly on their shields.

For five days and five nights they delve at a cave, until Cuileann's daughter appears. Through love of Oscur she presents a drink in a horn of burnished gold to the king of the Fianna. He accepts, and the spell is broken: his form is restored, save that he is grey, a circumstance with which the Fianna and Fionn himself are more pleased than otherwise.

The piece concludes with a declaration to Patrick of the Croziers, who is sparing of food, that the narrative is no falsehood, and that the Fianna preferred Fionn in his original health to the sovereignty of Inis Fail.

And why should the bard not mourn his king and his valiant heroes!

Metre: Ossianic stanza. See p. vi.

CAṪ ĊNUIC AN ÁIR.

(THE BATTLE OF THE HILL OF SLAUGHTER).

Fionn and the assembled Fianna on "this mountain to the westward," are engaged in athletic contests, and in throwing the shoulder-stone, when the king of Tara, addressing Fionn, expresses his fear that trouble is at hand.

Why, thinks Fionn, should the Fianna fear! they are more than a match for the world's greatest hosts.

The king of Tara points to the clouds of blood in the heavens, and Fionn seeing them summons Oscur. The dauntless Oscur makes light of the portents; but the Fianna generally are divided in their view, some sharing Oscur's indifference, some others regarding the blood-red clouds as of evil omen. Conan noting the effect on his comrades' features, stamps everyone who changes countenance as a coward. And the druid counsels Fionn to divide his forces in two, so that they might keep a closer look-out for the enemy's approach.

Fionn sounds the Dord Fhiann, and his followers assemble to a man. He tests their fidelity individually, and all respond satisfactorily except Conan. Eventually, Conan is prevailed on to fill a post of some danger at the cave, protected by the trusty hounds and Aodh Beag.

Fionn retires by general consent, and has a vision of Aodh Beag beheaded and Goll in a death struggle with Tailc mac Treoin. He is instantly astir to consult his druid. The druid fears for the fate of the Fianna, but expects Aodh Beag and Goll to come unharmed through the conflict. A shout is heard, and Fionn again sounds the Dord Fhiann. On hearing it, Conan flees from his post at the cave, leaving Aodh Beag to defend it alone. Conan reaches Fionn breathless, and can only say he left Aodh at the cave door, and never once dared look back to ascertain his fate. Oscur asks Conan what or whom he was concerned about —Fionn, Oscur, himself, or somebody else? Conan's own self and no one else is the reply. Oscur then proceeds to the cave, where he finds the intrepid little Aodh Beag conducting himself like a warrior. Here Patrick, without openly questioning the truth of the narrative, asks Oisin, on whom he invokes a blessing, to tell the truth and the truth only. And Oisin takes occasion to remind Patrick that the Fianna never practised equivocation: further, the love of truth and the strength of their arms brought them in triumph through every engagement.

Niamh Nuadhchrothach appears on the scene, and greeting Fionn, announces herself as the daughter of the high-king of Greece, whom she curses for having given her in marriage to Tailc mac Treion. In answer to Fionn, she bases her detestation of Tailc on the fact that his face was as black as coal (real live nigger!) and he had the ears, tail and head of a cat. She has been thrice round the known world, seeking the aid of every king and prince except the Fianna. Fionn promises her the protection of the seven battalions of the Fianna. She fears they will fall, for twice over Tailc devastated Greece before he got her in marriage. Fionn heeds not Tailc's reputed valour, for in the Fianna are the peers of the greatest men on whom the sun has ever shone.

Tailc, king of the Catheads, appears, and demands battle in atonement for his wife. Ten hundred warriors are sent to oppose him: not one of them returns alive. Tens of hundreds fall by him in succession, until Oscur asks permission to engage him. Fionn grants it with reluctance. Oscur proudly advances and invites Tailc's personal attention. Mutual threats to behead each other are exchanged, and they close in mortal combat. Five days and five nights they struggle without food, drink, or thought of rest, until Tailc falls by Oscur son of Oisin. The Fianna raise three loud shouts—one of woe for their lost comrades, two of joy for the overthrow of Tailc.

Niamh drops dead of shame and remorse at sight of the carnage, and the Fianna christen the scene 'the Hill of Slaughter.'

[A popular version of this piece will be found in Féiċe Fóḋla, Gill's Irish Reciter].

Metre: Ossianic stanza. See p. vi.

Laoi Ṁeargaiġ na Lann nGéar.

(THE LAY OF MEARGACH OF THE KEEN-EDGED LANCES).

The version published by the Ossianic Society runs to close on 240 stanzas: less than 50 stanzas appear here.

[Meargach presents himself unceremoniously, and asks in his haughtiest tones for Fionn. Aodh Beag, Fionn's son, demands his name. He declines, and is led before Fionn on Cnoc an Air. Much argument between himself and Fionn follows, Meargach maintaining his aggressive tone and attitude, and threatening the whole Fianna—excepting Fionn himself and Aedh Beag—with death, in revenge for the loss of Tailc mac Treoin and his wife. Oscur briefly interposes. Fionn eventually announces it was Oscur vanquished Tailc, but not before Tailc had slain ten hundred of the Fianna, which should suffice—Fionn thought. But no. Meargach is out for red vengeance, and a challenge to single or general combat ensues for next day. Meargach retires to his own hosts. Fionn asks the principal heroes of the Fianna individually which of them will engage Meargach on the morrow. The whole seven battalions, save Oscur, disappoint until he comes to the reserves or battalion of small men. They undertake to follow their chief, Caoin Liath, into battle against the foe. Then all retire. At dawn the opposing hosts advance, and Caoin Liath bids defiance to Meargach, who sends Donn Dorcain to engage him. They fight furiously from sunrise, until Conan, shouting from the rear ranks, urges Caoin Liath to redouble his blows, and Donn's head goes hurtling to earth. A shout of triumph on the Fianna side. Meargach is furious. Fionn now invites Conan to take a turn, but Conan declines. Bunanan Binn is next invited. and hastens to the fray. Meargach is so enraged at the thought of having an unknown man sent forward that he threatens a general assault. Hereupon Oscur is seen advancing. Patrick interrupts the narrative at this point, and a long argument between himself and Oisin results. Oisin is distinctly Pagan, obstinate, and cynical in tone, and Patrick less conciliatory than might be expected.]

Our version opens with a sudden change of front on the part of Patrick, who bestows a blessing on the departed battalions of the Fianna, and requests Oisin to resume his story. Oisin proceeds to describe the mutual anxiety of the hosts, the Pagan spirit being still in evidence until Patrick rebukes him. Then the stages of the contest between Meargach and Oscur are described —Oscur pointing out incidentally that he has cut Meargach to the bone, and Meargach replying that Oscur is nigh his death-wound and the whole Fianna nearing annihilation. Oscur grows indignant, and sends Meargach to earth with a mighty blow. Meargach, however, springs to his feet, and the fight is waged with fury from morn till eve, when Meargach suggests a truce. Oscur agrees. The stranger approaches his own host; Oscur strides across the plain before the delighted Fianna. After an anxious night the pair advance in the early morning, and after a brief and desperate fight the Fianna raise a shout.

[In the more complete version, Patrick impatiently asks why the shout. Oisin answers that it is a wail. And why the wail? asks Patrick.]

For Oscur lies on the ground after Meargach's third blow, and they think him dead. But he regains his feet instantly. Fionn shouts that he never saw him down before, and Meargach replies that he will soon be lying low as well as the rest of the Fianna, save only Fionn and Aodh Beag. Oscur defies Meargach, and Conan Maol, as usual, incites Oscur to greater things. The conflict proceeds desperately—they are hacked and gashed from crown to sole, so that by the evening of the second day they cannot be distinguished from each other. Fionn appeals to Oscur—as they cannot recognise his person, let them at least hear his voice, by whose hand Tailc mac Treoin and all the foes of the Fianna fell. It seems as if the death of both is imminent when Meargach falls helplessly to the ground. But he springs to his feet again, and threatens the Fianna with revenge. Evening being at hand, Fionn recommends a truce, which Meargach accepts, admitting at the same time he has never met the equal of Oscur. Oscur agrees to the truce, but declares from that night forth it must be a fight to the death. The lacerated and exhausted pair retire for the night, and resume next morning. For ten days they fight incessantly without food or rest. Such a struggle! Shame on us! snaps Oscur, for spending so much time over this. Though you are the hardest-handed man that ever engaged me, says Meargach in reply, to fall at my hands will be your end and the end of the whole Fianna. Oscur ridicules the threat; and, though seeming weak, he forces the fight until Meargach proposes a truce. Rest or food you shall not have, rejoins Oscur, until you have been beheaded or I have fallen, as you boast. Meargach is soon driven behind the shelter of his shield. Oscur gives him neither ease nor quarter, but simply rains blows on him until he utterly vanquishes him, and finally—cuts off his head. Here ends our version.

[Ciardan, son of Meargach, hereupon challenges the Fianna, and Oscur, though covered with wounds, asks permission of Fionn to go and meet him. Fionn refuses his consent, and Oscur is borne off to a couch and his wounds dressed. Meanwhile Ciardan slays upwards of three hundred of the Fianna until engaged and vanquished by Goll. Liagan, brother of Ciardan, next challenges the Fianna, and beheads over a hundred of them before he is himself thrown off his guard and beheaded by Conan Maol. Conan rushes from the scene, but is prevailed on by Faolan to return. Conan, begging Faolan in vain not to challenge the foe, again flees, and Faolan is pressed hard by Daelchiabh. The Fianna raise a wail, which is heard by Oscur, and he hastens to their rescue. He incites Faolan to greater effort, and after a long struggle Daelchiabh is beheaded by Faolan. Oscur now challenges a general engagement, and Faolan holds his ground. Patrick here asks Oisin why general battle was not given at the outset, and Oisin readily answers it was customary with the Fianna to give choice to the foe, while never hesitating to appear in single combat or general battle, as desired. Patrick again recalls Oisin to the thread of his narrative, and asks how fared it after with Faolan. That he asks and obtains permission to fight another hero from the enemy's ranks, Cian mac Lachtna by name. He has hardly dealt Cian the second blow when a princess of noble presence is seen approach. Cian has fallen by Faolan before her arrival; and on recognising her the enemy raise a wail of woe. The Fianna gaze on her while she sheds salt tears. She is beautiful beyond women, and inquires for Fionn—whether her husband has fallen, and where are her two sons? Fionn will give her tidings if she relate who they were. Her husband Meargach, her two sons, Ciardan and Liagan. Fionn relates with much sympathy that they have fallen. She cries and wails, wrings her hands, tears her hair, sheds torrents of tears, the while shouting: Where are my three. She searches among the slain till she reaches the spot where the three lie dead. The Fianna muster from all sides, attracted by her *caoineadh*. Her equal in figure, form, countenance, was never seen, as she tore her golden hair over the three, and finally lay prostrate across their bodies. Her beautiful brow, sparkling eyes, face, cheeks, lips, all assume the colour of death: she falls in a swoon, and the foe of the Fianna, imagining her dead, raise a cry of mourning, to which the Fianna respond. Soon after, she assumes her former shape, and utters the tragic lay which follows.]

Metre: Ossianic stanza. See p. vi.

Laoi ṁná Meargaiġ .i. Áilne.

(LAMENT OF THE WIFE OF MEARGACH, *i.e.*, AILNE OF THE FAIR FEATURES, FOR HER HUSBAND AND TWO SONS WHO FELL ON CNOC AN AIR).

[A very touching form of the lament or caoineadh this.]

Ailne addresses the corpse of Meargach of the Sharp Lances, by whose mighty arm fell many a battalion alike in hosts and in single combat. She was not aware that his body showed mark or wound after the Fianna, and she was convinced it was not superior valour defeated her heart's love. Long his journey to Inis Fail to meet Fionn, who by treachery caused the death of her beloved three. Alas, her spouse, her chief, she lost through the deceit of the Fianna, as also her two heroes, her two sons, her two men of valour.

Alas for the loss of her food, her drink, her fortress, her shelter, her shield, Meargach, Ciardan and Liagan. Alas (for the loss of) her maintenance, her protection, her mainstay, her vigour, her joy, her mirth, her life, her strength. Alas—her steer, her helm, her wish for ever, her reserve, her fame, her bed, her rest, her teacher, her bloom. Alas, her appearance, her treasure, her store, her torches, her friends, relatives, people, father, mother, alas—all dead. Her sympathy, welcome, health, happiness, her twofold misery they lying low. Alas, his (Meargach's) spear, his lance, his courtesy, his love, his country, his home—all scattered. Alas, her harbour, ferry, prosperity, majesty, kingdom—alas and alas for them till death. Alas, her entire prospects, her hosts, her own three lions; her play, drink, music, delight, her bower, her handmaid,—all vanished. Alas, her territory, her chase; her three true heroes—alas and alas, that they fell in exile by the Fianna.

Then we have a series of omens and portents: She knew by the mighty fairy host fighting in the air above the dun that woe awaited her three; she knew by the fairy voice that echoed in her ear that their fall was imminent; she knew by the tears of blood on their cheeks in the morning that they would not return in triumph. She knew by the merry-making of the vultures at noontide that grief was near her—and she remembers having often told the three if they went to Ireland, victorious she would never see them more. She knew by the voice of the raven every morning since they left that they would fall by Fionn, and never return. She knew when they forgot their hound-leashes they would not return, but be deceived by Fionn's hosts. She knew when the cataract beside the dun turned to blood at their departure that treachery was inherent in Fionn. She knew by the eagle's visits over the dun she was soon to have bad tidings from her three. She knew when the tree before the dun withered, branch and foliage, they would not survive Fionn's treachery.

> [Here Grainne intervenes to protest against this impeachment of Fionn and assert the three did not fall through treachery. Ailne heeds her not, but proceeds to wail and lament and shed torrents of tears.]

She knew the raven flying in advance of them at their departure was a bad portent. She knew by the baying of Ciardan's hound every noontide that she would have ill news of her three. She knew by her want of rest all night long and constant floods of tears from her eyes that the prospects were dismal. She knew by the awful vision which indicated her own danger—when head and hands were hacked off her—that her three were overthrown.

She knew by noisy Uaithnin—Liagan's favourite dog—baying every morning early that the death of her three was certain. She knew on seeing the lake of blood in the place of the dun that her three were vanquished by the treachery from which Fionn was never, never free.

[Grainne again, according to the fuller version, protests against the heart-broken Ailne impeaching Fionn and the noble Fianna. Ailne retorts that her three could not be killed otherwise than by treachery. A long argument ensues, Grainne maintaining treachery was a device unknown to the Fianna, and Ailne still maintaining her three could not be vanquished in open fight. Grainne failing to carry conviction threatens that others too will fall, and Ailne in turn promises that the whole Fianna will be slaughtered. Grainne, nevertheless, invites Ailne to refreshments, but Ailne declines. Conan intercedes, threatening to behead Ailne, who retorts, much to the amusement of the Fianna. Conan draws his sword, but Oscur wards off the blow. Whereupon Conan shrieks, complaining he is fatally wounded. Then the Fianna retire from the hill, Oscur leading. Ailne and her host do likewise.

Next morning, the Fianna are again on the hill, and see Ailne and her hosts approach. Grainne and Ailne advance, and arrange that the issue be decided by thirty heroes from each side. So they alternately name the men (as men are called for a local hurling match). In time they fight and fall until of the whole sixty mutually engaged only two of the Fianna survive. The surviving Fianna raise a shout of triumph, and Grainne counsels Ailne to desist, and return home. No, Ailne will fight to the last man, and not return home without the head of Fionn. Then Fionn sounds the Barrbhuadh, and when his followers have assembled declares for a general engagement. The foe do likewise. Fionn expresses to Ailne his regret that her followers must be slain, and then sounds the Dord Fhiann. The fight proceeds—the greatest since the beginning of the world. The enemy all fall save the princess Ailne and three others who fled. Six hundred of the Fianna fall besides the twenty-eight originally chosen. And their names are duly recorded in a poem not included here.]

Metre: Ossianic stanza. See p. vi.

Cuid a Dó.

Sealg Sléiḃe Fuaid.

(THE CHASE OF SLIABH FUAID):

Fionn and a large number of the Fianna are hunting on Sliabh Fuaid, when a deer appears. They give chase at top speed. The deer fights its way until it has a good lead, and is pursued to Cnoc Liadhais, and thence to Carrigans, near Derry. On reaching Carrigans, however, the Fianna have no trace of the deer, so they go, accompanied by their hounds, in three detachments, east, west, south. Sceolan picks up the trail, and all pursue back again towards Sliabh Fuaid. Fionn and Daire deviate from the general course, and soon cannot distinguish between east and west, on seeing which Daire chants a note of woe, and Fionn sounds the Dord Fhiann. They are soon heard by the Fianna, but cannot be located. So the two travel aimlessly until they meet a beautiful woman, stately, winsome, affable. Fionn asks what has brought her alone to the mountain. Herself and her husband, she explains, coming along the slope, heard the noise of the chase, and he followed, leaving her alone Fionn asks her name and that of her husband, as well as tidings of the chase. Lobharan is her husband's name, Glanluadh her own ; where the chase sped to she knows not. She ventures to think her interrogator is a hero at large, and from his appearance she is convinced he is Fionn MacCumhaill. Yes—Fionn is candid—the chase is his ; but he knows not where the Fianna or the deer have gone. How did he part with the Fianna, and how happens it that he has not a fine company of his followers with him ? He and Daire followed the deer like the others, but utterly lost the track. But if Glanluadh only come with them, they will take her in safety everywhere, and never forsake her. And, if she thought the chase were on the slope of the hill she would accompany them without hesitation.

They now hear fairy music near at hand, followed by commotion and uproar. Fionn asks if the music is by her: he would not grudge a period there if the Fianna were not missing. The music is not by her: nothing, nobody with her—but Fionn and Daire. The music and the uproar increase until all three are charmed to sleep, and fall into a swoon. On recovering, they see beside them a royal fortress. Soon they find themselves surrounded by a raging sea, and notice coming over the waters towards them a stout warrior and a gentle lady, by whom in time they are bound and borne off to the Dun.

Fionn, says the man (Meargach), on arrival at the Dun, I am a long time awaiting this opportunity, and having now got it, here you must remain for ever. You remember your treachery towards my two sons and Tailc and his followers.

I remember, answers Fionn, how they fell at the hands of the Fianna, not through treachery or deceit, but by weapons and valour, as they would aver if they were here.

But it is sufficient that pleasant Ailne is here—many a battalion and heavy host now languid after them.

And what is your relation to Ailne? man of the rugged voice.

I am her brother, verily; my own name is Draoigheantoir.

Daire, Fionn, Glanluadh are now bound by Draoigheantoir and heartlessly hurled into prison, where they remain five days and five nights without food, drink, or music. Ailne, says Fionn, you will remember having one day got an invitation from the Fianna. Yes, says Ailne, with tears in her eyes, I doubtless got a generous invitation from your spouse, Grainne to share the food of the Fianna. Then, Ailne, it ill becomes you, says Fionn, to put us to death when you have us in your power, instead of giving us food liberally and regularly. Ailne would rather have the whole Fianna with him in the same predicament. Fionn defies her.

Then Ailne asks Glanluadh why she eloped with Fionn, who had his own wife. Glanluadh explains she did not know where she went at the time, and Ailne tenders her sympathy. She tells the story to Draoigheantoir, who comes to the fort, and sets her free. Glanluadh is distressed at the sight of Fionn and Daire in chains, as she takes leave of them. On leaving the dungeon she gets food from Ailne, and on partaking of it goes off to sleep. Awaking, she is given a drink from a magic goblet by the other, and has no sooner taken it than she is restored to her old form. But she still laments Fionn; and Draoigheantoir remarks she does not wish Fionn and Daire in bondage. She replies neither of them is a relative of hers, still she is very sorry that they are fasting and in confinement. If Glanluadh choose they will get food and relief. Glanluadh does not want them protected against death—merely that they get food, dear Ailne! They will not be put promptly to death by me, rejoins Draoigheantoir, for I am anxious to get the others, who are all eagerly searching for Fionn,—confined with them.

Ailne shows Glanluadh everything in the fortress. Glanluadh again points out that the prisoners are much in need of their accustomed meal, so both take them food to the dungeon. On seeing them, the prisoners lament the absence of the Fianna. Glanluadh addresses Fionn, and weeps on noticing his appearance. Ailne heeds him not and utters not a word. Fionn and Daire then partake of food and drink; and the two women depart, leaving them in lamentation.

Draoigheantoir asks the women where they have been: With refreshments to Fionn and merry Daire. How comes Daire to be reputed merry? Through his music and his temperament. Draoigheantoir would like to hear his music, if harmonious. Most harmonious, says Glanluadh. So Draoigheantoir visits Daire and suggests he is a great musician. Much would depend on the presence of the Fianna; but Draoigheantoir Daire believes to be unsympathetic. Play, says Draoigheantoir, that we may see. Daire is not in the humour, he is weak and spiritless through the geasa. Draoigheantoir will remove the geasa, and release him from bondage if the music be good. But Daire cannot play while Fionn is in chains; he is more troubled about Fionn and the Fianna than about himself. Fionn's geasa will be removed if Daire play, and, if well, all the better. The spells are removed from the two, and they get food and drink. Daire then plays faultlessly. Draoigheantoir is elated, and summons Glanluadh, who also is delighted, as is Ailne.

Draoigheantoir would be pleased if the hosts of the Fianna were assembled round Fionn. And they do assemble from every point. On hearing Daire they raise a shout of exultation, and Draoigheantoir hearing the shout inflicts the geasa on the pair. So Daire's music is stilled; and the assembling Fianna thereupon hear noise as of billows instead. Soon they, too, are under geasa; and Draoigheantoir and Ailne emerge and lead them to a man into the Dun. Then he threatens to remove them from his path, and binds them to the last man. On seeing them Fionn and Daire weep, and the Fianna respond: and they are left there in their misery.

Glanluadh suggests to Draoigheantoir that Daire be asked to play again. Draoigheantoir agrees, and with Ailne and Glanluadh comes to the dungeon. He asks Daire to play for the ladies. Daire is unhappy with the Fianna under geasa all around him. Draoigheantoir will remove the geasa from him that he may play strains of mourning and music of battle. Daire never played while the Fianna were in distress! Fionn would be released as an inducement, but the others would not. Daire could never play on ravishing strings so long as even one member of the Fianna remained in distress. So, Fionn and the Fianna are all released, and Daire plays. Draoigheantoir expresses himself pleased with the different selections, but adds that the Fianna to a man would soon make the acquaintance of death. Then Daire plays music of triumph, and a lament, and Draoigheantoir hastens to the door and enters. Fionn turns a distressful glance on him; but he regrets not the condition of the men. Daire ceases playing until Fionn urges him to do so even without their permission. Daire does Fionn's bidding, and Draoigheantoir is angry thereat, and threatens them. He shuts the door of the prison, and returns to Ailne and Glanluadh. Lobharan being absent, he inquires for him, and is told by the ladies that they have no trace of him. He shouts aloud for Lobharan in the hearing of the Fianna. Lobharan answers from a recess in the Dun, and comes in hot haste. Draoigheantoir asks angrily where he has been, and bears him off to where the whole host lay locked-up, and leaves him there. He finds there in the jaws of death three hundred warriors of the Fianna, and Draoigheantoir beheads them on the spot. He approaches Conan Maol angrily. Conan bounds from his seat, and craves mercy. Draoigheantoir withdraws, leaving the others still imprisoned.

Lobharan tells Fionn the remedy for their spells is within reach if they could only find it. Fionn makes anxious inquiry, and is further told the remedy is in a goblet: Lobharan heard from Glanluadh that it would release them from every difficulty. Soon Draoigheantoir appears again on the scene to behead the survivors, and asks Conan to prepare his big head for the lance. Conan once more craves mercy, and begs to be healed before he is beheaded. So Draoigheantoir summons Ailne, and asks her to bring him the goblet that he may heal Conan's wound. Ailne urges him to put Conan and the whole Fianna to instant death. Conan does not want to escape death, mar ḋeaḋ : he merely asks to be healed before death overtakes him. So Ailne rushes off, and soon returns with a skin and fleece, which she recommends Draoigheantoir to affix to Conan's loins : it will heal his wound at once. Then, put Fionn and the rest to death. Draoigheantoir takes the skin and attaches it to Conan, as a result of which a nickname has attached to him ever since.

Conan once favoured, now asks Draoigheantoir to spare him, and he will follow him in the future. Lobharan joins in the appeal to spare Conan, and Draoigheantoir at length accedes to the prayer. So he and Conan leave the dungeon together, and go to what may be styled the geasa department. Ailne and Glanluadh are summoned to their presence, and informed that Conan has been brought thither, and is about to be released. Ailne anticipates trouble as a result : treachery, she believes, is inherent in him. Draoigheantoir will put the whole Fianna to instant death, so that Conan cannot possibly relieve them in any case. Conan is heedless, until Draoigheantoir gives him the goblet, and he is instantly released.

Draoigheantoir hereupon hears music of lamentation and hastens back to the dungeon, where he finds the heroes of the Fianna in a state of general prostration. He has, however, forgotten the goblet, and Conan, armed with it, follows in company with Glanluadh. Draoigheantoir at sight of Conan, by whom he is misinformed, rushes back for the goblet. In his absence Conan releases Fionn and Daire. Soon Oscur gets hold of the goblet, and releases the whole host. Fionn sounds the Dord Fhiann, and the Fianna raise a deafening shout. Ailne and Glanluadh approach the prison, and Draoigheantoir realises the situation. Ailne clasps her hands in a fit of rage, and Conan utters the usual malediction. Oscur reminds Draoigheantoir that his sway is past, and Ailne drops dead of terror. Draoigheantoir admits his sway no longer exists, because he released Conan.

Oscur adds he has even no escape from death now, and invites him to single combat. Draoigheantoir disregards him. Oscur repeats the invitation, and Draoigheantoir, sword in hand, awaits Conan at the door to take his life first. Oscur observing this, advises Draoigheantoir to defer the matter until they reach the battle-plain. Draoighenatoir makes no reply, but on seeing Conan seeks to give him a mortal blow. Conan screams, and attracts Oscur, who engages Draoigheantoir, and puts him to death in no time.

The Fianna feast themselves in the Dun : next morning not a trace of it is visible.

[Close on 100 lines of the poem have been omitted here.]

Metre : Ossianic stanza. See p. vi.

coın nᴀ ꝼéınne.

(THE HOUNDS OF THE FIANNA).

Extracted from the Chase of Loch Lein.

The survivors of the Fianna, after the battle of Cnoc an Air, proceed to the borders of Loch Lein, near Killarney. Loch Lein, Oisin assures St. Patrick, is the most beautiful lake that " e'er the sun shone on," thus anticipating Moore by somewhat more than a generation or two. Much store that belonged to the Fianna, he declares, lies hidden there to-night. In the north side fifty breastplates, in the south fifty helmets, all together. In the west side ten hundred shields, the Dord Fhiann, ten hundred swords and the Barrbhuadh, all in a line ; in the east gold and clothing and countless treasures that came daily from abroad.

And, though sad the thought for the old and solitary survivor, Oisin will give Patrick the names of the hounds they had on that occasion. [Three hundred individual hounds in all are mentioned. The names are so applicable that the whole three hundred, with the exception of about a dozen, are here explained in the vocabulary as ordinary words. The origin of some of the names would afford students so disposed much ground for conjecture and speculation. Oisin says in addition to the hounds named they had a further thousand, not enumerated. Irish boys may well regard this piece as a reference list, and draw on it when occasion presents itself for the names by which the hounds famed in native song and story were known to our ancestors from the earliest times, and thus restore them once more to popular favour.]

The more complete version of the poem contains between forty and fifty additional quatrains, consisting of the usual conflict between Oisin and Patrick, Oisin standing throughout pretty much on the borderline of Christianity, ready to pit Fionn and the Fianna against all the powers of heaven and earth, dilating on their pastimes and their customs, referring in varying terms to the bells and the insignia of the new faith, and consistently condemning the parsimony of Patrick's household in the matter of food.

Metre: Ossianic stanza. See p. vi.

muca draoiḋeaċta aonġuis an ḃroġa.

(THE MAGIC SWINE OF AONGHUS OF BRUGH).

This piece is ascribed to Caoilte Mac Ronain, who invites the attention of the men of Inis Fail that he may explain the cause of the conflict between Fionn and Aonghus. A feast is given by Aonghus at Brugh na Boinne, and the Fianna are invited and attend to the number of ten hundred, exclusive of Goll and Conan. The Fianna wear green mantles and purple cloaks, the mercenary troops scarlet satin. Fionn is seated beside Aonghus, and a handsomer pair could not well be seen on earth. Strangers wonder at the rapidity with which the goblets are passed from hand to hand by the attendants.

Aonghus remarks in a loud voice how much better is this life than the chase. Fionn answers testily: it is inferior to the chase—with no hounds, no steeds, no battalions, no battle shouts. Why refer to the hounds, rejoins Aonghus, when they could not kill even one pig? Fionn answers: neither Aonghus nor the Tuatha De Danaan have a pig that Bran and Sceolan can not slaughter. Aonghus will send a prodigious pig that will first kill the hounds and then escape from Fionn and the Fianna.

The discussion is interrupted by the steward, who says in a peremptory tone: To your couches all, before you become highly intoxicated! And Fionn, whose suspicion has been aroused, commands the Fianna to equip and return, for they are strangers there amid the Tuatha De Danaan. So they proceed westward to Sliabh Fuaid, where they spend the night.

Twelve months pass away; and mutual threats are indulged in before the chase takes place, through which torrents of blood are shed on the plain.

The course of this chase by Mac Cumhaill is past Sliabh gCua, Sliabh gCrot, Sliabh gCuileann, to the coast of Ulster, evidently in the County Down. Thence by Magh Cobha to Cruachain, Fionnabhraigh (Kilfenora), and Fionnais. The chase thus made leaves Aonghus and the Fianna alike destitute; still Aonghus sends a courier to Fionn asking him to fulfil his undertaking. Fionn rests on the hill. The Fianna and their hounds do likewise. Oisin rests with Fionn, and they are not long laying wagers on their hounds until they see coming from the east an awe-inspiring drove of swine. Fionn wonders at their height, each one the height of a deer, and all led by one blacker than blacksmith's coal. Higher than a ship's masts the bristles of its cheeks and ears; like a thicket its colour and the bristles of its eyebrows and its eyes.

Oisin releases Anuaill, and without the aid of a wattle Anuaill disposes of the first pig, from which the Valley of the Leading Pig derives its name. Bran bursts its leash, and makes havoc among the swine. At this Aonghus is disconsolate, and addressing Bran as the son of Fearghus, chides him with having killed his (Aonghus's) son. On hearing the strange voice, Bran (addressed insdicriminately as male and female), takes the pig by the breast and holds it, a feat ever to be remembered. Though Aonghus had boasted loudly of his hundred and one pigs, not one of them remains alive that evening. But the Fianna are found at roll-call to have lost ten hundred men, besides favourite servants and hounds. [Ten hundred seems a favourite round number with the Fianna.]

Oscur recommends an attack on Brugh na Boinne, to wreak vengeance for their loss. Oisin disapproves of the counsel, convinced that if the swine are left where they fall they will again be restored to life. So he counsels that swine and swine herds be burned, and their ashes cast into the sea. Forthwith seven fires are lighted by each of the seven battalions of the Fianna, on the borders of the lake, as directed by the king; but not a solitary pig is burnt in the end. Meanwhile, Bran gets away somewhat stealthily, and in a short times returns, bearing three wattles, from what wood no one is able to ascertain. The wattles on being placed in the fire light like candles, and by them the pigs are burned, and their ashes cast adrift into the sea.

[The extended version represents Oisin as now counselling an attack on Brugh na Boinne. Terrible oppression and carnage ensue, until Aonghus implores Fionn to spare his people, and offers him reward beyond measure. This Fionn declines while a trace of Brugh remains standing. Be it so. Aonghus regrets more than that his good son, metamorphosed into the black pig slaughtered on the plain. In short, the pigs were all royal heroes similarly metamorphosed, and it was particularly sad that Bran should kill the foster-brother with whom he had lived for seven years in Brugh na Boinne. He will curse Bran beyond all the hounds in the land, so that he can never more see a deer. If he curse Bran, interposes Fionn, every room in Brugh will be burnt to ashes. But Anoghus in return will place trees and stones before Fionn in battle, and slay every man of the Fianna from the highest to the humblest. Oisin counsels reconciliation: let there be fosterage and honour fines. Agreed. Roigne, son of Fionn is given in fosterage to Aonghus, and the son of Aonghus is handed over to Fionn. Enmity ceases; peace reigns.

Here the bard, Caoilte Mac Ronain, nephew of Fionn mac Cumhaill, proclaims himself. Like Oisin, he has too long survived the Fianna, his strength and agility are gone, and he is truly and visibly ill at ease.]

Metre: Oglachas on Deibhidhe. The essentials of Deibhidhe have been set out in the note to "Fiaḋaċ na Féinne," page xi. Oglachas is referred to as "the ape of metres," and can be written in imitation of all metres, but is generally an imitation of Deibhidhe, Seadna, Rannuidheact Mhor, Rannuidheact Bheag, or Casbairdne, which differs from Rannuidheact Bheag in this that its lines end in trisyllables. In Casbairdne Ceanntrom every line ends in a word of four syllables. Seadna is somewhat similar to Deibhidhe, except that it has eight syllables in the first and third lines, and seven syllables in the second and fourth. The first and third lines usually end in dissyllables, the second and fourth in monosyllables. The last word of the first line, and the first word of the second line must, moreover, begin with the same letter.

Tuarasgaḃáil Ċaṫa Gaḃra.

(STORY OF THE BATTLE OF GABHRA).

Patrick asks Oisin, on his word, who was the most valiant of the Fianna. Fionn, Oisin himself, and Oscur, won every victory and almost every feat of valour. Who was the man that took fourth place in battle ? There were four of them who never knew defeat : Faolan and Caireall, Mac Luighdheach and Diarmuid. God bless you, Oisin, and give me the names I seek. Art, Goll, Garraidh, and Oscur are some of those whose names you seek. Tell us, for the sake of the souls of the Fianna, which of you were bravest at the battle of Gabhra ? There were but comparatively few of us opposed to all Ireland : Fionn and his people having gone to their reward. Thirty of us led the host. Leaving Howth there were ten hundred of the Fianna all told. With us a detachment of the Fianna of Scotland, and the high-king of the Britons, as well as the Fianna of Lochlann. Against us Cairbre Lifeachair and the great hosts of Erin ; nine battalions of the men of Ulster, the men of Munster, and the men of Leinster. The King of Connacht and his people were also against us ; and Oscur mac Garraidh with ten hundred seasoned warriors were opposed to my son. It was an unequal fight, and we in a hopeless minority.

The king of Ireland asks Oscur mac Garraidh if he would engage Oscur mac Oisin hand to hand. Oscur mac Garraidh declares there is not a hero on earth to fight Oscur mac Oisin, whereupon Cairbre taunts him with having come from Scotland without the courage to stop the warrior of the Fianna ! The descendants of Treanmor slew his father Garraidh ; he is called on to behead them, and remember his grudge. The king of Ireland and mac Garraidh lead their host and their standards into battle. Oscur, on seeing them in the van, promises to vanquish Cairbre. Caireall volunteers to lead the Fianna. Mac Luighdeach, leader of every foray, volunteers to support him. Beinne mac Breasail volunteers to support Oscur. Jealousy, insubordination result. Caireall, in an unaccountable fit of rage, charges mac Breasail and pierces him to the vitals with his dagger. Oscur furiously demands why Caireall attacked his brother. Caireall replies if Oscur be the son of Oisin he would make light of injuring him, too. Fury siezes Oscur; he bounds towards Caireall, and cannot be restrained. They fight. Faolan and Fiachra try in vain to separate them: ten hundred of the Fianna as a matter of fact are eventually killed in the effort to separate them, which must have left their ranks almost hopelessly reduced. Then the Fianna of Ulster unfurl their standards, and engage mac Morna. Fearghus, Fionn's bard, urges them on. They fight desperately: nothing like the contest is on record. The son of Oisin hews his way through the hosts of Tara like a falcon among the smaller birds, or a gliding boulder careering down a declivity. Oscur mac Garraidh in time engages him. Twenty-four wounds on the son of Oisin as a result of the encounter, one hundred and twenty on the son of Garraidh. Were the Oscurs not a marvellous pair! The men of Ireland stand still in amazement to watch the struggle. Sufficient shields for forty they break between them. Three showers arise as a result of their Titanic struggle, a shower of blood, a shower of fire, and a shower of chalk from their glittering shields. The son of Garraidh is vanquished at last by the generous son of Oisin. The king of Ireland then hastens on the scene, and stabs Oscur to the heart, but Cairbre falls by Oscur at the same moment.

Patrick here asks Oisin, as he has been baptised, how many princes fell by Oscur. As easy count the blades of grass or the sand on the seashore as all that fell by Oscur. By Oisin himself fell the king of Ulster, and by Mac Ronain fell the king of Leinster. All who fell on the plain of Gabhra can never be enumerated. Caireall and Faolan, sons of Fionn, fell; Oscur fell, and that marked the downfall of the Fianna, though Cairbre fell with them. The two Oscurs fell who maintained the battle—and we are in want under the Bishop of Armagh!

[Close on two hundred quatrains in all, but not uniform in metre, appear under this title in the Transactions of the Ossianic Society. They open with "Truaġ liom Tulaċ na Féinne, and include "Mór anoċt mo ċuṁa féin," which" is our next piece in this collection. The whole collection and much more in reference to the battle of Gabhra are frequently met with in MSS. under different headings. The lines here suppressed consist for the most part of petty altercations between Oisin and Patrick, of the kind elsewhere referred to].

Metre: Rinn Ard (Leath deachnadh). Four lines of six syllables each, the lines ending each in a dissyllable. and the final words of the second and fourth rhyming. The poem is not a perfect example of this metre.

mór anoċt mo ċuṁa féin.

(GREAT TO-NIGHT IS MY OWN GRIEF).

The bard indicates the depth of his grief, thinking of the disastrous battle against Cairbre, a king so ready to wage war—sad for the Fianna to have come under his yoke. Cairbre admits in confidence to his host that he would himself rather fall on the plain opposed to the whole host of the Fianna than take the sovereignty of the world and the Fianna surviving. And Parran replies promptly: Remember Mochruimhe, remember Art! Our fathers fell there through the envy of the Fianna. And remember the grinding rents and the excessive pride, for not a province of Ireland at the time but paid tribute to the son of Cumhaill. The counsel of the clans of Conn and of Cairbre was to sacrifice themselves or behead the Fianna, for the oppression would ever last while they remained in Almhain. As we must all die ultimately, let us suffer to fall in one decisive struggle; let us fight furiously and manfully this Battle of Gabhra. The Fianna fell foot to foot, as did the royal nobles of Ireland, and many a person throughout the world was pleased with the slaughter of the host. For there was not from the East Indies to the western world a solitary king who was not under subjection to us until that battle, Tailgin.

Patrick asks here, if foreign invaders came after that, what would Fionn and the Fianna do? Whoever came would get Fodhla free without battle, oppression, effort, wounding or insult. Why, by your hand, chaste cleric, there were left in Ireland by that time only doting old veterans and untried youths. We sent a courier to the east to Fothadh Canainne, son of Maċ Con, asking him to come and lead us to win the sovereignty of Ireland.

That, says Patrick, was a great blow struck at you by the well-armed king of Ireland; and you in turn took pride in the number you had slaughtered: Tell us, Oisin, how that havoc was made, how your son was put to death there—and whether you reached him while he had the power of speech ?

I stood over my son at the close of the slaughter. Caoilte stood over his six sons ; the survivors of the Fianna stood over their respective relatives, a section thus lamenting the section that lay dead. It was a scene never to be forgotten, a conglomerate of armour, decorations, shields, and the stark forms of vanquished chieftains spread over the battle plain. Not one returned from the magic scene, and none was borne from it but a prince or noble. Oscur was found lying on his left elbow, his sheath beside him, his lance in his right hand, and his heart's blood flowing over his tunic. His father, Oisin himself, drops his spear, and utters a wail, meditating on his own fate after his son. Oscur looks into his father's face in despair, and extends him both hands in an effort to rise. The father takes the hand, and sits on the son's left. From that moment he does not heed the world. The son has left him but the strength to gasp : " The gods be eternally praised, father, that you are alive and well."

Caoilte here appears on the scene, and on examining Oscur finds his entrails rent in twain, and his spine shattered beyond all hope through a wound inflicted by Cairbre's fatal lance. Caoilte's arm is hidden to the elbow in tracing the course of the fatal wound ; still he tries to revive the dying Oscur by recalling the bloody day at Drumcliff, when he counted men through his mangled skin and person, and yet succeeded in restoring him. 'Tis vain. The son of Ronan wails, and falls to earth, wringing his hands and tearing his hair and beard. As he gazes on the wounds he recounts the achievements of Oscur, whose death " between our hands " was some consolation to the aged father. Alas, valiant, generous Oscur !

That night they remain amid the carnage, keeping vigil over the corpse of Oscur, and bearing the slaughtered descendants of Fionn to airy mounds in the neighbourhood. Noble Oscur they bear on their spears to another pure mound, and remove his clothing. A palm's breadth of his body from head to foot is not whole, save only his face. They are lamenting him in this way for some time, when Fionn mac Cumhaill is seen approaching. On recognising Fionn coming towards them they hasten to meet him, and he reciprocates (though it is to be remembered Fionn is long dead by this time). They all greet Fionn, but he heeds them not until he has reached the mound where lies Oscur. Then Oscur says: "My head at death's disposal, now that I have seen you Fionn." "Pity, chivalrous Oscur, good son of my good son; after you I shall be helpless, and after the Fianna." On hearing Fionn's lament Oscur's life ebbs away; he extends his hand in death, and closes his once bright eyes. The members of the Fianna present, excepting Fionn and Oisin, raise three shouts of grief that are heard and reheard throughout Erin. Fionn turns away, and sheds copious tears. Except over Oscur and Bran he never before wept over anyone. No one laments his own son, none even laments his brother: on witnessing the death of my son, Oscur, every one lamented him alone.

The curse of Art Aonfhir has fallen on my host to-night; Oscur's death has caused my woe. Twenty hundred of us there, not one of us unscathed; on the contrary, nine poisoned wounds was the least any one bore. Countless hosts lay dead on the plain, so that Fionn from bearing witness (another anachronism) never slept comfortably from that night till the day of his death. Oisin is no better. The sovereignty of the whole world would not restore his happiness. Good-bye, conflict and valour; good-bye, the taking of rent. From that day of Gabhra we have not spoken boldly; no day, no night has passed over us without a heavy sigh.

Oscur is buried on the northern side of Gabhra, as are Oscur mac Garraidh and Oscur son of the king of Lochlann. And he who was not sparing of his gold, Mac Lughaidh, is buried in a grave worthy of a king. The graves of the Oscurs, on the other hand, are narrow beds, save that of Oscur Mor, who occupies the whole rath.

Oisin concludes by praying the king of the world and Patrick himself that his voice may grow weak as his grief to-night is overwhelming.

Metre: An imperfect or broken Deibhidhe.

caoiḋ oisín i nDiaiḋ na féinne.

(OISIN'S LAMENT FOR THE FIANNA).

Alas, Oisin in sadness in the Church; but what mattered any loss but the absence of Fionn and his host. Want of agility, strength, quickness could not be accounted loss; 'twas hunger, thirst, and long fasting stole his vigour since parting with Fionn. Uch, when I hear the clergy, not to speak of my crosses or of Fionn and the Fianna, to take pity on me would enhance God's own infinite mercy. Uch, when my meal comes, and I think of Fionn's feasts, I wonder a heart of stone would not regret my fate. If Fionn and the Fianna but saw my afternoon meal, no demon of misfortune that ever existed would prevent their coming to my relief. Uch, had I Fionn and the Fianna down from you, God of Heaven, I would never part from them again, and I would not regret not going up (to heaven). And, God, if you envy the love I bear Fionn, blame not my avowal of it, for I am in dire distress. The source of my weeping is my helplessness, without sight, life, movement; withered, palsied, destitute; a skeleton unable to run or jump. If Fionn of the steeds lived, or Oscur of the lances, they would force food from the very demon, and Oisin would not be weak and friendless, as he is.

Farewell to roving, hunting, drinking, music, to battles, conflicts, sharp-edged lances. Farewell to life and strength, to freedom, fighting, hacking, to going away, returning, exchanging. Farewell to food and drink, to running, jumping, coursing, to the noble and the brave. Farewell to Fionn, again and again, a hundred times farewell, fair king of the Fianna; you it was who allayed my thirst, not the "porridge" of the clergy. Farewell you who waged war, farewell mighty arm, farewell rival of the world's hosts, sad are my thoughts and weary. Uch, Fionn, if it be true that you are in the pits of pain, to no demon who is there yield authority or liberty.

Farewell, Oscur, champion of the mighty blows, were you with me these clergy would beat a quick retreat. Alas, that I do not see Sceolän after the shout of the Fianna on rousing the deer,—how I would set her free! Uch, gloomy Conan Maol, why do you not visit me, where you could play havoc with the clergy? Noonday is upon us now, and where are the seven battalions of the Fianna? I wonder where they have turned that they come not to visit me.

I have often seen in the royal house of the Fianna one feast to surpass all Patrick ever had, and the whole body of the psalming clergy. Uch, I am Oisin mac Fhinn without energy or spirit counting my beads; whenever I get a mouthful of food, not for an age do I get a drink. And uch, my God, I am in want, and the Fianna beyond my reach. I would listen to the voice of the clergy if I were but justly treated.

[The extract here given represents but a tithe of the full poem, as edited by Dr. Standish Hayes O'Grady, for the Ossianic Society. The poem consists in great part of the style of argument between Oisin and Saint Patrick with which we have become fairly familiar. Oisin wavers a good deal—now defiant, now submissive, now clamouring for bread, but scarcely ever doubting the invincibility of the Fianna.

Metre: Ossianic stanza. See p. vi.

INTRODUCTION.

Native tradition, written and oral, affords many examples of the anachronism by which Oisin is made contemporary of Saint Patrick. One of the most widely known is the popular legend in its various versions which places Oisin in the Land of Perpetual Youth from a period subsequent to the Battle of Gabhra to the coming of the National Apostle. In *Agallamh na Seanorach* we have a different theory: A score of the Fiana, including Oisin and Caoilte, have survived the battles of Comar, Gabhra, and Ollarba, and having roamed and re-roamed around the country, they find themselves after a century and a half, on Breaghmhagh. Here they separate, Oisin taking a northerly direction, and Caoilte moving south until he meets Patrick pronouncing benedictions on the rath of Dromdearg, in which Fionn Mac Cumhaill had been. Fear seizes Patrick's clerics on seeing the tall men with their huge wolf-hounds draw near. But Patrick blesses the Fiana, and enters into conversation with Caoilte, who accommodates himself to the new situation, and accompanies the saint on his mission. Having made the circuit of Ireland they get back to Tara, where they find Oisin at the court of the High King, and the Feis of Tara in progress.

Keating is by no means discursive in his treatment of this period. His brief account of the Fiana is pretty much on the lines of popular tradition:

Whoever should say that Finn and the Fian never existed, thought the great historian, would not state the truth. To prove that the Fian existed we have the three things that establish the truth of every history in the world except the Bible, namely, oral traditions of the ancients, old documents and antique remains. For it has been delivered to us from mouth to mouth that Finn and the Fian did exist; and, moreover, there are numerous documents that actually testify to this. There are also antique remains named after them in plenty.

Now, the Fian used to be quartered on the men of Ireland from Samhain to Bealtaine, and it was their duty to uphold justice and prevent injustice for the kings and the lords of Ireland, as also to guard and preserve the harbours of Ireland from the violence of foreigners. From Bealtaine to Samhain they were engaged in hunting and the chase, and in such other duties as the king of Ireland might impose on them, as, for instance, preventing robbery, exacting the payment of tribute, putting down malefactors, and so of every other evil in the country. For this they received certain remunerations, as every king in Europe remunerates the captains and the generals who serve under him. However, from Bealtaine to Samhain, the Fian were obliged to depend solely on the products of their hunting and of the chase as maintenance and wages from the king of Ireland: thus, they were to have the flesh for food and the skins of the wild animals as their reward. They took but one meal every twenty-four hours, and that in the afternoon. It was their custom to send their attendants about noon with whatever they had killed in the morning's hunt to an appointed hill, having wood and moorland in the neighbourhood. There they kindled raging fires and put into them a large number of emery stones. They then dug two pits in the yellow clay of the moorland, and put some of the meat on spits to roast before the fire. They bound another part of it with *súgáns* in dry bundles, and set it to boil in the larger of the two pits, and kept plying them with the stones taken from the fire, making them seethe often until they were cooked. And these fires were so large that to-day their sites are burnt to blackness, and they are now called *Fulachta Fian* by the peasantry.

When the body of the Fian had assembled on the hill they ranged themselves round the second pit, bathing their hair, washing their limbs, and removing their sweat, and then exercising their joints and muscles, thus ridding themselves of their fatigue. After this they took their meal, and having taken it they proceeded to erect their hunting tents, and so prepare themselves for rest. Each of them made himself a bed of three things: the tops of trees, moss, and fresh rushes; the tree tops on the ground, the moss on these, and the fresh rushes on top. These are called in the old books the three tickings of the Fian.

The ordinary host that served under Fionn consisted of the three battalions of the Gnaithfhiann, having three thousand in each battalion when the men of Ireland were at peace with one another. But whenever any party of the nobles of Ireland were at enmity with the high king, or whenever it became necessary to send a host to Alba to help the Dal Riada against the foreigners, Fionn used to have seven battalions to enable him to aid Dal Riada and protect Ireland at the same time.

There were many chief leaders of the Fian, a *caithmhileadh* in charge of a battalion, as a colonel is in charge of a regiment, the leader of a hundred like the modern captain, the chief of fifty like the lieutenant, the head of thrice nine like the corporal, and the head of nine like the decurion of the Romans. For when the hundred were divided into ten divisions there was an officer over each who was called a leader of nine. And when mention is made in the records of Ireland of a man being match in battle for a hundred, or fifty, or nine, we are not to understand that such a man would vanquish a hundred, or fifty, or nine, with his own hand, but that he was leader of a hundred, or fifty, or nine, and was with his following a match in battle for a similar leader in command of a corresponding following.

There were four injunctions placed on everyone admitted to the ranks of the Fian. The first not to accept a dowry with a wife, but to accept her for her good manners and her accomplishments; the second never to deceive a woman; the third, not to refuse a request for valuables or food; the fourth, that none of them should flee before nine men. Fionn attached ten further conditions to the degrees in valour which one was bound to obtain before being received into the Fian. Under them no man was received into the Fian, or the great assembly at Uisneach, or the Fair of Taillte, or the Feis of Tara, until his father, mother, clan and relatives gave guarantees they would never demand retribution from anyone for his death, so that he might look to no one to avenge him but himself. No man was admitted until he had become a *file* and had made up the twelve books of *Filidheacht*. No one was admitted until a large trench reaching above his knees had been made for him, and he was placed in it with a shield and a hazel staff as long as a warrior's arm in his hand. Nine warriors with nine spears then approached him to within the space of nine furrows; they hurled nine spears together at him, and if he was wounded in spite of his shield and his hazel staff he would not be received into the Fian. No man was admitted into the Fian until, with his hair plaited, he was sent through several woods and all the Fian in pursuit of him with a view to wounding him, while he got but the odds of a single tree over them, and if they overtook him they might wound him fatally. No man was admitted into the Fian whose weapon trembled in his hand. Nor was any man admitted if a branch of a tree in the woods unloosed from its plait even a single braid of his hair. No man was admitted among them if he broke a withered bough beneath his feet in running. Again, no one was admitted unless he leaped over a tree as high as his forehead, and stooped when running at top speed beneath a tree as low as his knee through the great agility of his body. Neither was any one received unless he could pluck a thorn from his foot with his hand without stopping in the race for the purpose. Finally, no man was admitted among them unless he had sworn to the Ri Feinindh that he would be faithful and submissive to him.

The reason why Fionn was made Ri Feinnidh over the warriors of Ireland was that his father and grandfather before him occupied the same position. Another reason was that he surpassed his contemporaries in knowledge and learning, in skill and in strategy, in wisdom and in valour on the field of battle.*

There is nothing in these conditions to render it improbable that they obtained at the period to which they are said to refer, nothing in them to render compliance with them beyond the ambition of the flower of an Irish national militia to-day, if circumstances only favoured its existence. In our own time, athletes have not only jumped over a bar the height of their forehead, but have walked erect under a bar and in a twinkling jumped clean over it. Many of us, too, have known more than one native *seanchaidhe* who had stored in his memory perhaps more native lore than candidates for the Fiana were required to know. And it was quite the normal thing for the passing generation of fishermen in Kerry, and probably in other places, to subsist on one meal a day even as the Fiana did. Thus, in athletic achievements, as in endurance and intellect, our own diminutive people seem not far behind the heroes of mac Cumhaill.† Extravagant language has been in-

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* See *Forus Feasa ar Eirinn*. Edited by Rev. P. S. Dinneen, M.A., for the Irish Texts Society.

† Dr. O'Donovan (in the twenty-third number of the Ulster Journal of Archæology) quotes a French author who visited Ireland in the time of Diarmuid Mac Murchadha, as saying :—"They assailed us both in van and rear, casting their darts with such might as no habergeon or coat of mail were of sufficient proof to resist their force, their darts piercing them through both sides. Our foragers that strayed from their fellows were often murdered (killed) by the Irish, for they were so nimble and swift of foot that like unto stags they ran over mountains and valleys, whereby we received great annoyance and damage."

And again, quoting Froissart :—

"But I shewe ye because ye should know the truth. . . For a man of armes beying never so well horsed, and run as fast as he can, the Irisshemen wyll run afote as faste as he and overdulged in to describe some of the greater feats of the Fiana; struggles with reptiles, monsters, magic swine, which tax our credulity, often form the burden of Ossianic lays. Titanic combats, scarce surpassed by the Fight at the Ford, are not infrequent; many a page is brightened up by flashes of chivalry which seem incredible to the modern man, and evidences of fidelity and fraternity are met with before which the loyalty of Muiron in sacrificing his life at Arcola to save Napoleon fairly pales. Daire cannot play ravishing music while his comrades of the Fiana lie in anguish near by; the children of Fionn will not prove untrue to Diarmuid O Duibhne, though their father is his deadly and sworn foe. Most of ourselves have witnessed examples of the Irish peasantry coming to the rescue of the neighbouring widow and the stricken and the helpless. In the battle of the Sheaves we are told of twenty hundred of the Fiana and ten hundred in one array reaping wheat for the widow of Caoilte of Collamair. Fionn had a four-pronged fork piling up the sheaves, and there were but three swords guarding the reapers. For the Fiana always relied on the strength of their arms, their love of truth, and their mutual fidelity to bring them triumphantly through life's ordeals. Their bounty was unbounded, their means virtually common property. No wonder Oisin, in contrasting their prowess and their period with the subdued and ordered civilisation of a more austere age, should utter a lament calculated to stir men's hearts to sympathy until time is no more.

take hym, yea, and leap up upon his horse behynde him, and drawe him from his horse."—*Trans. Oss. Soc.*, 77—iv.

Fr. Edmund Hogan in his excellent work, "The Irish People: Their Height, Form and Strength," dedicated to the Gaelic League, quotes both those fourteenth-century writers and various other authorities, including Carew, as evidence of "the fine physical form of Irishmen."

It may be assumed as but natural that such a race were as ardent in their love as they were intense in their hate, that their partings were attended by more than the grief associated with partings in our day, that their death scenes were such as to move the stoutest hearts to sorrow and to tears. Nor are we without pictures of those scenes. A typical example is Caoilte's description of the passing away and death of Oscur on the fatal field of Gabhra. No canvas could present a more realistic picture than has been visualised by the quill which first recorded in immortal verse the details of this ancient Irish scene. In it generations without number can see Oscur lying on his left arm, his lance still held in his right hand, his heart's blood gushing over his tunic, his body literally covered with fatal wounds, and not a palm's breadth of it whole save only his face. Caoilte essays to revive him by calling to mind the memorable day at Drumcliff when he was able to count whole hosts in the distance through the hacked and gaping wounds in Oscur's body, and still restored him to his original vigour. Next, Oisin stoops over Oscur, and holds the faltering hand of his dying son, with all a father's feverish affection. The gods be eternally praised, father, that you are alive and well, gasps Oscur. And, on seeing the spirit of Fionn, his grandfather, appear, Oscur again gasps : My head at death's disposal now that I have laid eyes on you, valiant Fionn. Hereupon life ebbs away, the hands extend and grow rigid, the once bright eyes grow dim, and close in death. The Fiana present raise three shouts of grief that reverberate through Ireland. Fionn's spirit turns from the sad spectacle to weep and mourn for the departed hero.

Interspersed all through the Ossianic literature as settings for those incidents which arouse our wonder and admiration are pictures full of minute details of the life and character of the Fiana and the general features of the age in which they moved and had their being. Contrary to a widely-accepted theory from which Keating does not seem to have deliberately dissented, these pictures represent them as by no means exclusively nomadic. For we learn from one fairly venerable poem published in *Dunaire Fhinn* that

Fionn made a feast for Cormac at Sidh Truim, the king of Alba, the king of the Greeks, and the two sons of the king of wealthy Lochlainn having come on a visit to Cormac. The king of the Greeks and the king of Alba sat side by side at the shoulder of Cormac, the sons of the king of the Lochlainn on his right, the kings of Ulster, Munster, and Cruachain all around him. The king of Leinster was likewise there. In all, eight men and eighteen score leaders of hosts were around the king of Ireland. On the farther side sat the high-king of the Fiana, Fionn, a better man than all in the mansion. Goll, Oscur, Diarmuid, Oisin, Garaidh, Conan, and all the nobles of the Fiana are there. Thirty poets grace the company with their presence, each man wearing a silken cloak. Men of wisdom are in attendance ; and the feast goes on gloriously. In time a merry *Gruagach* enters with a sweet-stringed harp, followed by a slave with a cauldron large enough to cook for seven hundred. Conan takes a part in the conversation, as a result of which there is friction. Anger seizes Oscur, and he accepts the challenge of the Gruagach. Up springs the man that usually shook the chain, and shaking it now, silence falls on the company.

The normal order of the Fianna at a festival is thus set out :

The head of the handsome host sat down—Fionn, son of Cumhaill from Formaoil. On his right hand Goll mac Morna the terrible. Next, Oscur at the shoulder of Goll, and Garraidh, with a grip like a griffin's, beside

Oscur. Beside mac Lughaidh, probably on the left, sat obstinate Conan. After them sat the Fiana, beautiful company with waving hair. Ten score sons of kings are at the feast, and before them gold and silver in profusion. When they are all seated the door-keeper enters, and shakes a dangling chain to announce a visitor.

Evidently the chain was in frequent use, and its tingle a signal not to be disregarded.

Fionn's Household of Almha, as we gather from *Agallamh na Seanorach* and other sources, contained twelve musicians, six doorkeepers, three butlers, two stewards of hounds, two masters of horse, two overseers of the hearth, two bedmakers, two keepers of vessels, two horn-players, two spear-bearers, a shield-bearer, a strong man, a master of the banquet, a candle-bearer, carver, metal-worker, smith, carpenter, charioteer, barber, comber, three clowns, three jugglers, three fools, a chief poet, and a just judge.

Further, three hundred golden cups for strong drinks, thrice fifty golden vessels, thrice fifty silver goblets to hold the mead of May, a vat for six hundred to drink from, drinking horns, a gold cup, a candelabrum seven feet high with gold and silver and precious stones.

Besides these, a hundred spotless couches and thirty warriors to every bed around Fionn's carved couch of gold ; ornaments of gold throughout with golden pillars ; and couches of wattle and plank. The youthful soldiery are on the floor. The Fiana come with packs of hounds in beautiful leashes, each man bearing the spoils of the chase. Fair-haired women are there with rings of gold and warriors with multi-coloured clothing.

The dress of the Fiana, we are told elsewhere, was of various colours, and according to the *Book of Lismore* not unlike the Highland garb of the present day. At the feast by Aonghus at Brugh na Boinne, the Fiana are represented as wearing green mantles and purple cloaks, and the mercenaries scarlet satin. In the hunt on Sliabh na mBan Oisin describes their uniform and accoutrements thus: not one of them but had a satin shirt, a tunic, a silken robe, a glittering breast-plate, green shield, a lance, two spears and two hounds.

The hounds most favoured by the Fiana were Bran and Sceolan, particularly Bran, though hundreds of other famous hounds are enumerated in the hunting lays. Some three hundred hounds are named in the Chase at Loch Lein, and Oisin says there were a thousand additional hounds besides those mentioned. Minute details are given of Bran. Her back over the loins was speckled, her belly snow-white, her sides jet black, her legs yellow and her ears crimson. Fionn was wont to lavish praise on Bran, as Oisin would on Oscur, to incite her to greater effort in a critical struggle. Such was his attachment to his favourite hound that he was never known to weep, except over Bran, save when his spirit wept over Oscur: —

Aċt fó Oscur is fó Ḃrain
Níor ċaoin fó neaċ ar ṫalṁain.

Nor can Oisin have been less attached to the hounds; for when Patrick told him heaven was not for the Fiana, he is reputed to have rejoined:

"Tell us in confidence, oh priest,
If Fionn be kept without, at least,
Will they let Bran and Sceolan in
Those gates of heaven fast shut on Finn?"

The horses of the Fiana, we are informed, were brought from England by nine of the Fenian leaders, who went to England to recover Bran, Sceolan and Ardnuaill from Arthur, son of Beinne Brit, and brought the same

Arthur prisoner with two horses, male and female. In time, the horses of the Fianna, as we read in " The Headless Phantoms," would come to the race, and the horses of the Munstermen of the great races: they once held three famous contests on the green of the Sons of Murridh. A black horse belonging to Dil, son of Da Chreag, in each race that they held at the rock above Loch Goir, won the three chief prizes at the Fair. Fiachra then besought the horse from the druid, and gave him a hundred cattle of each kind, that he might give it in return. There is the fast black horse for thee, said Fiachra to the Fiana's chief, here I give thee my sword of fame and a horse for thy charioteer.

Take my helmet equal to a hundred, take my shield from the lands of the Greeks, take my fierce spears and my silvern weapons. . . Three days and three nights we spent in Cathair's hospitable house. Fifty rings Fionn gave him, fifty horses, and fifty cows.

Fionn went to try the black steed to the strand over Bearramhain.* . . .

Later the churl kills their horses, cooks them, and offers them as food. Horseflesh I have never eaten, quoth the Fenian chief, and never yet will I eat at the fair of Maigh Eala.

Their banners† were magnificent, being made of *srol*, in the manufacture of which the ancient Irish, like the Egyptians, are said to have excelled all other nations. They were of various colours—blue, green, red, white, and had representations of trees, animals, military weapons: the yew tree, oak, ash; the wolf dog, stag; the sword, the spear; the bagpipes and the harp were particularly favoured. Fionn's standard, called the

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* *Duanaire Fhinn*, p. 28.

† They are described by Oisin in the poem of the Sixteen Chiefs.

gal greine, had on its bosom a representation of the sun shooting forth its dazzling rays.

The arms of the Fiana were battle axes, swords, spears, javelins, slings, arrows. We are told of Oscur's sword in the Address to the Shield of Fionn, that Minelus passed it to Saturn, son of Pallor; later it descended to Dardan, son of Electra; through his son Mana to Tros, and thence through Ilus to Laomedon. Hercules having defeated Laomedon, and lost, the sword duly passes on to Priam, from whom it passes, through Hector, Eneas, Silvius, Julius Cæsar, Cu Chulainn, Fearghus, Conall Cearnach; and having been 116 years in Lochlainn it passes on to Oscur, and is used later at Cul Dreimhne.

Fionn, Lord of the Shield, is here referred to* as a poet, a man of science, a battle hero of assemblies, a prince without a peer in bestowing gifts, a brave warrior in stern battles. He is, moreover, a craftsman, an excellent metal-wright, a happy ready judge, a master in every free craft. Woe to him who met him in conflict.

In the Pursuit of Diarmuid and Grainne, we are told that Fionn while at Tara held the keys of Tara. And *Silva Gadelica*† says of him:—

Now, he whom Cormac had for chief of his household and for stipendiary master of the hounds was Fionn, son of Cumhall. . . Warrior better than Fionn never struck his hand into a chief's; inasmuch as for service he was a soldier, a hospitaller for hospitality, and in heroism a hero; in fighting functions he was a fighting man, and in strength a champion worthy of a king, so that ever since, and from that time until this day, it is with Fionn that every such is co-ordinated.

This co-ordination was a favourite practice with Irish writers. In the account of the Battle of Clontarf ascribed to Maelsheachlainn, the co-ordination is extended to Murchadh, son of Brian, metaphorically the Hector of Eirinn. That Fionn was not without his own peculiar refinement is obvious :

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* *Duanaire Fhinn*, p. 34.

† *Silva Gadelica*, 107—ii.

The wish of the son of Cumhall, as explained in our notes, was to listen to the moaning of the bleak winds, the murmuring of the rippling streams, the crooning of the billows on the shore, the creaking and straining of ships' hulls in a storm, the warbling of the blackbird, the screaming of the seagulls of distant Erris, the croaking of the vultures over serried hosts, the lowing of the kine, the noise of young deer in their gambols, the music of the chase, the cry of the hounds, the barking of Bran, Oscur's call, a seat in season amid the bards, sleep by the stream at Assaroe.

Oisin is described in this wise : In the matter of gold or silver, or concerning meat, Oisin never denied any man, nor though another's generosity were such as might fit a chief, did Oisin seek aught of him.*

Caoilte was a soldier, a guide at need, a burgher that entertained all men, a hero that carried the battle, a man constant and right proved. Elsewhere, we read of Mac Ronain, whose chief function was casting of lots, or *crannchur*, when matters of dispute arose among the Fiana.†

Conan Maol is unqestionably the outstanding character of the period. Originally courageous to a degree, he becomes by stages braggart, laggard, renegade, traitor, coward, all but buffoon, the butt of the satire and ridicule of bards and chroniclers—whom foes seem to have regarded with contempt and comrades with anything but confidence.

There were seven battalions of the Fiana, and each legion consisted of three thousand men. They are referred to as Seaċt gcaṫa na Féine: caṫ mionúr, caṫ na dtaoiseaċ, caṫ na bfear meaḋonaċ, caṫ na bfear bfeósaċ, caṫ na mbunfear, caṫ na bfear mbeag agus caṫ na n-iarṁarán.

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* *Silva Gad.*, 106—ii.

† *Trans. Oss. Soc.*, 20—iv.

The Leinster and Meath Fian were composed of the Clanna Baoisgne, and called after one of the ancestors of Fionn. They seem to have been established by Fiachadh, brother of the monarch, *Tuathal Teachtmhar.*

The Connacht Fian consisted of the Gamhanraidhe and Fir Domhnann of Erris, Mayo, and Roscommon. Their best known leader was Goll mac Morna. This Morna was son of the daughter of Fiachaidh, founder of the Fian of Leinster, and for twenty years their ruler.

The Men of Munster seem to have taken as ubordinate position in the Fiana, and to have rendered loyal allegiance, the Fiana of Connacht and Leinster being prominent at Ventry Harbour, Cnoc an Air, and all the great battles of the South. Desmond's early Heroic period, like that of Ulidia, appears to have passed away with the advent of the Fiana.

According to the battle of Ventry Harbour the Fiana were able to communicate with each other by means of beacons or signals from Cathair Chonroi to Iorrus Domhnann, and thence to Eas Aodha Ruaidh. This must have demanded pretty keen vision. But the chroniclers of the early achievements of the Gael might be entrusted with a little detail of the kind. They saw much farther afield, indeed, and even conquered distant regions —at least on parchment. The opening lay of this volume records that Fionn, with a few of his followers, made the king of the Saxons prisoner, fought successfully against the king of the Greeks, was king of Lesser Greece, invaded Eastern India, compelled the Indian Empire, Scandanavia, Denmark to send tribute of gold to his house, fought nine battles in Spain, eight in Southern Spain, and so on. Evidently the history of Alexander the Great tickled the fancy and the ambition of the chroniclers of the early modern Irish period, and induced the admirers and panegyrists of the Fiana to make them also the conquerors of distant Oriental regions.

Oscur has some foreign conquests to his credit, too. He and his followers, we are told, go to Dun Monadh: here the men of Scotland submit to Oscur. Thirty-five ships he brings from Scotland to London of the red ramparts, where he is met by a ready army. Oscur ruthlessly overthrows the Saxons all on one field. He got thirty ships, men and provisions from London. Thence he goes with sixty ships to Rheims. The natives assemble vauntingly, and oppose him, but the ambitious Franks are overthrown in this northern expedition of Oscur. They then go forth from France, and tarry not till they arrive in Spain and vanquish the Spaniards, so that the high tribute of Spain is paid into the hands of Oscur. From Spain they go to great Almain. The valiant king of the two Almains is slain by Oscur, his host overthrown, and the gold and treasure of the two Almains a fixed tribute, and the command of their cities ceded to Oscur and his followers. There was not from Almain to Greece a land whose tribute, wealth and booty they did not capture. A terrible struggle ensues in Greece, but Oscur in time vanquished the high king and compelled seventeen kings to submit to tribute. Thence they go to India, and are opposed. Oscur slays the king, and bestows the gold of the Indians on his followers. Seven shipfuls to be paid him every year, a great tribute to

Oscur. Thence again they go to Sorcha, where they meet a great army. The kings of Sorcha, Hesperia, Italy, Lochlainn, Wales are all visited, attacked, vanquished, and placed under tribute in turn in the course of this voyage to the East by Oscur.*

Goll makes a voyage of conquest also, and subdues the Welsh, Lochlannaigh, Scotch, Saxons and French in succession before returning to Ireland.†

Thus we see that neither in ambition nor in achievement were the pre-Patrician Irish hemmed in by the narrow horizon within which hostile and prejudiced historians would confine them. Intellect, refinement, achievement, empire, all on a vast scale have been awarded them by tradition, and authentic history cannot do otherwise than take cognisance of their existence and their civilisation. It is, therefore, with no little surprise we find that the two volumes of Fenian lore most recently issued from the press have been utilised as media for the diffusion of theories entirely at variance with the traditions and the history which must have found favour with the Irish people from time immemorial. One distinguished editor, referring to the Fiana, says :—

"Though it might not be pleasant to come across them, and though the Church had little good to say of them as of the whole profession of arms, they were by no means held in abhorrence ; their deeds and adventures were celebrated in songs and stories, and their existence was even considered essential to the welfare of the community.‡

Further :—

The first authentic rig-feinidh of whom we read in Irish history was Maelumai mac Batain, surnamed Garg, the Fierce, or the hero. . . He was the son of Baitain mac Muirchertaig . . and thus belonged to the royal race of Ailech. His death is mentioned in the annals under the year 610."*

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* *Dunaire Fhinn*, p. 170. † *Dunaire Fhinn*, p. 200.

‡ *Fianaigecht*, ix.

Later we are told that as early as the seventh century Leinster claimed Find ua Boiscne as a scion of its royal race.† And again we read: "Here for the first time (in a ninth century poem) Fionn is called, not mac Cumhaill, but *mac Umaill.*"‡

In the tenth century poems he is called Finn mac Umaill and mac Cumaill, and in an eleventh century poem Finn is named mac Cumaill Almaine and addressed as *a ardri a fhlaith na fian.*§

This practically implies that the full-blooded Fionn mac Cumhaill is a literary creation of the eleventh century. If so, or whether so or otherwise, what becomes of the assertion that the Church had little good to say of the Fian as of the whole profession of arms? The Fiana of tradition, annihilated at the battle of Gabhra, had virtually disappeared from history before the advent of the Church. Is it likely that the Church, in the circumstances, gratuitously denounced the ghost of a military organisation with which it could not even have come into conflict? If the Church were opposed to the Fiana and to the profession of arms from, let us say, the fifth to the eleventh century, is it conceivable that a heroic legend made up in great part of such elements as magic, metamorphosis, mythology, paganism, would have sprung up, as implied, and developed at the very time when the hostile native church advanced towards its meridian splendour, and shed its rays not only on the remotest glens and fastnesses of Ireland but over the entire of western Europe. And, for the sake of Dr. Meyer's argument, let us assume, a military profession to have co-existed with the early Irish Church. The Dail gCais and similar tribes would be survivals or component parts of it, and surely they would be fit subjects for the censure or the wrath of the contemporary native Church, as Dr. Meyer alleges. But what do we find to be the attitude of the Irish Church towards the profession of arms as here represented from the coming of Patrick to the coming of Strongbow? The lives of Colm Cille, Cormac mac Cuileannain, Feidhlimidh, Brian Boirmhe, Saint Lorcain O Tuathail and many others will answer abundantly. Admittedly, in some of the dialogue that has come down in our Irish lays, language of an uncompromising, undignified and all but offensive tone has been put into the mouth of Saint Patrick, and sentiments of an irreverent and un-Irish character have been put into the mouth of Oisin by way of reply. But surely the editor of *Fianaigecht*, from which the extracts quoted have been taken, does not pretend—critical reviewer of Irish history and Irish historical methods that he is—that these dialogues, consisting often of obvious interpolations, afford an adequate basis for the statement he makes as to the attitude of the Irish Church towards the Fiana and the profession of arms in general. The distinguished doctor's opinion seems to be merely the expression of a prejudice which manifests itself whenever there is question or mention of the native faith of Ireland. 'Twere better be less on the alert for such contingencies.

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* *Fianaigecht*, xiii. † *Fianaigecht*, xviii. ‡ *Fianaigecht*, xxi.
§ *Fianaigecht*, xxv.

Mr. Eoin MacNeill, editor of the second volume referred to, seems disposed to locate all the culture and the heroism of Early Ireland east of the seventh degree of longitude and north of the forty-fifth parallel. He is of opinion that about the middle of the seventh century the literati of the northern Milesians learned the Ulidian sagas from the surviving literati of the well-nigh extinct Ulidian dynasty. As nearly as possible in his own words his theory is briefly this :

It was apparently during the seventh century that the Milesian poets adopted the Ulidian hero-lore. We find them about the same time adopting the Ulidian scheme of history. It would appear from all this . . . that the Ulidian remnant was the first section of the Irish to cultivate a written literature dealing with matters Irish and secular. For this purpose they were specially advantaged. They had a rich hero-lore, a proud tradition, and their country was the scene of Saint Patrick's earliest and most thorough labours, which brought the new stimulus of Christian and Roman literary culture, of thorough familiarity with the arts of writing and reading. Between their conversion to Christianity and the seventh century the Ulidians appear to have secured for themselves a literary primacy amounting nearly to a monopoly of Irish secular literature.

Hence the Milesian writers, when they adopted the Ulidian hero-lore, adopted it as a classic with all the extreme reverence shown by people new to any form of culture towards those from whom that culture is received, and by whom it has been developed. The Ulidian sagas having once passed into the hands of the dominant race became rigidly crystallised, and ceased to evolve.

The early history of the Fenian hero-lore was quite different. This cycle remained in the possession of the subject races apparently until about the tenth century. . . It must have spread from North Leinster where it first took shape, through a large part of Ireland, ultimately reaching the furthest bounds of Gaelic speech. The period I postulate for this extension is the early centuries of Milesian domination, mainly between the years 400 and 700. During this time the Fenian tradition must have been purely oral, and therefore susceptible of local development to any extent. It seems to have taken a particularly strong grip of the Iverian population of West Munster, the region around Loch Lein becoming a second home not only for the cultivation of the epic but for the life and actions of the heroes. The story of Diarmuid must have been developed among the Corca Duibhne, whose territories embraced the modern baronies of Corcaguiney and Iveragh, and extended to Loch Lein.

In the published portions of the Cycle, the part of Goll and his kindred has not been relatively prominent. But one has only to go upon the track of Fenian folk-lore among the Connacht peasantry of to-day to find that in that region Goll is the foremost hero of nearly every tale. The race of Goll, the Clanna Morna, as already stated, were believed to have been a sept of the Connacht Fir Bolg. Naturally, this branch of the Fiana was not made much of either in North Leinster or West Munster. These regions adopted Fionn as their chief hero, and the Clanna Morna were his hereditary foes. It was the descendants of the Fir Bolg who then and since then were numerous in the western province, that magnified the part of Goll. In Donegal, as in Connacht, Goll is the chief popular hero of the Fiana, the paragon of valour. Donegal was Fir Bolg territory until its conquest by the sons of Niall, and after conquest was largely peopled by the vassals of the Fir Bolg race.*

Unlike the Ulidian epic, the Fenian cycle thus became the property of the whole nation, without any burden of learned prestige. Its credentials were solely popular. Its general character and scheme were, indeed, too firmly fixed in the popular mind to admit of change. Otherwise, it was open to every kind of development as the taste of the author and the public might dictate.†

A bold device—the addition of more than a century to the lives of two of the heroes—enabled the (Fenian) epic to secure for itself the most commanding figure in Irish history, St. Patrick, and to develop a humorous side in the contrast between Pagan and Christian ideals.*

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* *Duanaire Fhinn*, xxxv.—xxxviii.

† *Duanaire Fhinn*, xli.

To sum up, the story of Fionn appears to have arisen like most primitive lore in the region of mythology. It obtained a peculiar development among the ancient vassal race of North Leinster. . . Ignored by the dominant peoples, the story in this form spread widely among the subject States, and received various local developments. By the ninth century it had begun to be written down.†

Here we have conflict between the two editors. According to the one the first righ-feinidh known to history belonged to the royal house of Aileach and died in 610 while Leinster claimed Fionn ua Baoisgne as a scion of its royal race as early as the seventh century. According to the other the story of Fionn began to be written down in the ninth century, and between the years 400 and 700 the Fenian tradition must have been purely oral. The edifice so elaborately set up by Mr. MacNeill in *Dunaire Fhinn* and elsewhere is not uniformly indestructible. Let us admit the Ulidians had a rich hero-lore—dating practically from the Incarnation—and let us further admit that their country was the scene of Saint Patrick's earnest and most thorough labours: it hardly follows that they could have secured a literary primacy for two hundred years, or that the Milesian writers adopted the Ulidian hero-lore as a classic with all the extreme reverence shown by people new to any form of culture towards those from whom that culture has been received. It has to be remembered that Corca Duibhne, too, is credited with a heroic and bardic tradition, centring round Curoi mac Daire, contemporary and more than peer of Cu Chulainn, and Feircheirtne the faithful bard of Curoi. Cathair Chonroi remains to prove the Southern tradition, though antedating the Fenian tradition, did not originate altogether in the region of mythology. Aileach is noted by Ptolemy as existing in the second century. That it existed much earlier is one of the commonplaces of history. Cathair Gheal, in a fine state of preservation twenty years ago, and even yet worth travelling to Iveragh to see, is of similar outline and plan to Aileach, and just as ancient. The existence of two such structures argues a common civilisation as having obtained at the two extreme points of the western seaboard in the earliest centuries of our era. It argues more. It argues culture, an advanced state of society, corresponding lore and a trade route with its back on, not its face to, Britain. What tangible traces have we of the Ulidian civilisation of that era?

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* *Duanaire Fhinn*, xlii.

† *Duanaire Fhinn*, xliii.

And coming to the Patrician period, what do we find? First, on its eve royal students like Niall, monarch of Ireland, and Corc, king of Munster, among the pupils of the distinguished poet, Torna Eigeas, at O'Dorney in Kerry. Next, a well-verified tradition that there were at least three ecclesiastics preaching the Gospel in the South before Patrick's arrival; a host of saints and sages there, who had little, if anything, to learn from the culture of the Ulidians at any epoch of the long period under survey; a series of ruins dating from the sixth century by which we can trace the development of native ecclesiastical architecture step by step from its earliest stages down to its appropriation by the anglo-Normans—from the house of Fionan Cam to the Chapel of Cormac—an epic literature based not on the Tain Bo Cuailnge but on the hero-deeds with which it deals and is associated; traces of common institutions and friendly intercourse along the whole western coast from Toraigh to Cliodhna Cais, in striking contrast to the friction and jealousy inseparable from the system of succession to the throne which long agitated the Ulidian neighbourhood. Whoso takes the trouble to investigate the matter will find it easier to establish from existing memorials, hoary though many of them be, the credibility of the history and traditions that have been decried as deliberately coloured and distorted where not actually prophesied to justify the pretensions of Brian Boirmhe than it has been found to erect on the assumption of a gigantic Southern conspiracy against history and truth an edifice which, while it commands our attention and admiration for its many excellent features, seems unfortuately to rest on bubbles at vital points. Though it bespeaks more than ordinary candour and freedom from prejudice in the author, it is still rather a poor compliment to the Ulidians and their neighbours, militant from Rudhraighe, dominant to Brian, tenacious, earnest, patriotic to this hour, to suggest that notwithstanding the advantages of early Roman culture their hero-lore became rigidly crystallised on passing into the hands of a dominant though once vassal race, while neighbouring tribes continued to progress intellectually and physically, as well as socially and politically.

An introduction to a volume like this which can itself be regarded as nothing more than an introduction to the vast subject of Ossianic literature, is not the place to discuss fully the age and authorship of the pieces that constitute it. Suffice it to say the tradition among the unlettered that they were extempore utterances of Oisin, Caoilte, Patrick, and others, but particularly of Oisin, obtains nowhere or next to nowhere now. The truth seems to be that they were the work of successive generations of bards, who handed the traditional lore on to posterity, and amplified it, through no love of reward or of repute, but as the spontaneous expression of what may be called inherited convictions. All that is aimed at here, therefore, is to place within the reach of young students of modern Irish, appropriate extracts from the more representative Ossianic poems that happen to be available in the modern language, and to classify the more distinctive traditional features of an ancient civilisation to which our race may always turn with profit and with pride. The editing of such material, particularly if intended for young readers, needs to be done with sympathy and care, for naturally there is much in the general body of the literature not quite intended for persons of tender years or immature judgment. Exceptionable matter, like some of the language used by Oisin in contrasting the old with the newer order of things, the functions and the character of the *leanain sidhe*, the procedure followed in converting a poet into a druid,* theories in relation to oracles like *Binn-each Labhra*, and to metamorphosis like the story of Tuan mac Caireall, has its interest for the advanced student and its uses for the historian, but no good purpose is served by its indiscriminate circulation. So, too, parsimony of notice best befits the status of woman in early Ireland. For, notwithstanding the high standard of conduct enjoined by the code of rules that governed the Fiana, the status of woman, as disclosed by certain passages in the literature, left much to be desired, judged, that is, by our conception in rural Ireland of the relations that should exist between the sexes.

To some extent, the volumes issued by the Ossianic Society over half a century ago have been made the basis of this collection. Mention of that series recalls the excellent but ill-requited work quietly accomplished in face of difficulties by the Ossianic Society and kindred bodies and by individuals of surpassing intellect and industry like O'Curry and O'Donovan whose successful labours have never been acknowledged adequately. Further, it emphasises the want of aim and cohesion in the efforts being made in our time for the perpetuation of our native literature, and suggests the urgent need for the rapid publication, through popular channels, of the volume of modern Irish prose and poetry so long awaiting the light, if only to serve as safe models of composition and speech for the rising writers and students that are fast growing up on all sides. How much might not be done in this way if the sympathetic daily and weekly and provincial press were utilised systematically and to the full, how many a person young and old permanently interested in the language of our race, how many a historic place-name identified by the generation of native speakers best equipped with traditional lore that we can hope ever to see again, how many a precious tradition recalled by mention of another and placed on permanent record. A good deal has been done by various bodies to bring certain Irish texts within the reach of students, a great deal more might be done with a little more order and some understanding between the bodies and individuals that interest themselves in this work. Uniformity and method are yet required, a common plan to be adhered to by everybody so as to obviate unnecessary duplication of work. The matter is urgent, and fortunately calls for no exceptional skill. The means, moreover, are at hand. Many helpers are available, who, at least, are capable of preparing material in modern Irish for the press. The really important thing is to get it in type with the necessary accuracy and care, and thus incalculably lighten the labour of the lexicographer, the historian and the student, who hitherto have had to wade through musty manuscripts for almost everything. Until the literature has been published our Irish dictionary must remain incomplete, as must our national history, social, political, ecclesiastical. If we have to wait for the professional editors who, while hailing the best efforts of sincere and competent workers with a shrug of the finger-tips, will themselves venture to do no more for our native literature than hand out fragments or experiments at long intervals from behind the shelter of some great name—with the maximum of advantage to themselves—the generation that have inherited the traditional lore and uncontaminated speech will pass away unutilised, possible writers will not only be deterred but driven to utter inaction, eager students, having as a consequence only the minimum of Irish matter to read, will turn to some other study, and, finally, the almost universal ardour and sacrifice which have brought Irish studies to the position they occupy to-day will be damped and nullified by the example of the privileged professional spirit disposed to manifest itself in places of influence and the organised glorification of certain names to the general detriment. Irish literature is worthy of a better fate, and, as there is really no Fursey in *our* midst, no Keating, no Gallagher, it is hardly necessary to argue that all Irish writers who realise their duty to their native tongue are entitled as a right to equal facilities in placing before students and readers of Irish appropriate matter against which no fault can be alleged even in a negative way.

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* *Trans. Oss. Soc.*, 76—iv.

Leatnaimís uile an ġlan-Ġaeḋilg mar soin.

Seán Ua Ceallaiġ.

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CUID A hAON.

AGALLAṀ OISÍN AGUS PÁDRAIG.

Oisín: Tá scéal beag agam-sa ar Ḟionn:
  Ní raḃamair ann aċt ċúig fir déag,
Do ġaḃamair rí Sacsan na bfleaḋ
  Is ċuireamair caṫ ar ríġ Gréag.

Do ġaḃamair an India ṡoir
  Le corp ár neirt agus ár dtréan;
Críoċ Loċlann is an India ṁór
  Tig a gcuid óir go tiġ na bFiann.

Ṫug Ḟionn naoi gcaṫa is an Spáinn,
  Naoi bfiċid caṫ i nÉirinn uill,
Is ní'l ó'n sruṫ 'n-ar baisteaḋ Críost
  Naċ tigeaḋ a gcíos go tiġ Ḟinn.

Ṫug sé oċt gcaṫa 'san Spáinn ṫeas
  Is áirdrí Loċlann ar láiṁ leis,
Is beaċt do ḃí an doṁan fó n-a ċíos,
  Is é ba rí ar an nGréig ḃeig.

Mairg doṁ-sa d'ḟan dá éis
  Is gan mo spéis i gcluiċe ná i gceól
Im' donán ċríon d'aiṫle an tsluaiġ;
  Uċ! dom is truaġ mo ḃeiṫ beó.

Tá scéal beag fós agam ar Ḟionn:
Ní raḃamair ann aċt cúig fir déag,
Do ġaḃamair rí Ḃreatan na bflaṫ
Le neart ár sleaġ agus ár laoċ.

Do gaḃaḋ linne Maġnus mór
Mac ríoġ Lóċlann na long mbreac,
Ṫángamair gan ḃrón gan scíos
Is ċuireamair ár gcíos a bfaḋ.

A Ṗádraig, is truaġ an scéal
An ríġ-féinniḋ beiṫ fó ġlas,
Croiḋe gan aingiḋeaċt gan fuaṫ,
Croiḋe cróḋa cruaiḋ ag cosnaṁ caṫ.

Mian ṁic Ċumaill ba ṁaiṫ gnaoi
Éisteaċt le faoiḋ Droma Deirg
Codlaḋ fá ṡruṫ Easa Ruaiḋ
Is fiaḋ Gailliṁe na gcuan do ṡeilg.

Scaltarnaċ loin Leitreaċ Laoi
Tonn Ruġraiḋe ag buain re tráiġ
Dordán an daiṁ ó Ṁaiġ Ṁaoin
Búiṫre an laoiġ ó Ġleann dá Ṁáil.

Foġar seilge Sléiḃe gCrot
Fuaim na n-os um Ṡliaḃ gCua
Mongáir faoileann Iorruis tall
Gáir na mbaḋḃ ós cionn na sluaġ.

Túrnaṁ creat na mbárc re tuinn
Anuaill conairt de Ḋruim Lis
Briaṫra Brain i gCnoc an Áir
Is gáir na sreaḃ um Ṡliaḃ Mis.

Glaoḋaċ Oscuir ag dul do seilg
Gota gaḋar ar leirg na bḞiann 50
Ḃeiṫ 'n-a suiḋe i measc na ndáṁ
Ba hé sin de ġnáṫ a ṁian.

Níor ḃ'iongnaḋ ḋúinn a ḃeiṫ brónaċ
Is ceann ár slóiġ do ḃeiṫ ḋár ndíṫ,
Giḋbé do ṁaoiḋfeaḋ orainn gean gáire 55
Is ḋúinn do b'áḋḃar ḃeiṫ ag caoiḋ.

SEALG SLÉIḂE NA MBAN.

Oisín: Lá dá ndeaċaiḋ Fionn na bḞiann
Do seilg ar Ṡliaḃ na mBan bFionn:
Trí míle dá ṁaiṫiḃ tréan'
Sul a ndeaċaiḋ grian ós ár gcionn—

Pádraig: 'Oisín is binn liom do ġlór, 5
Is beannaċt fós le anmain Ḟinn;
Innis dúinn cá ṁéid fiaḋ
Do tuit ar Ṡliaḃ na mBan mbinn?

Innis dom roiṁ gaċ scéal,
Is beannaċt ar do ḃéal gan ġó; 10
An mbíoḋ éide oraiḃ ná arm
Ag dul do seilg gaċ aon ló?

Oisín: Do ḃí éide orainn is arm
Ag dul do seilg linn mar soin,
Is ní raiḃ duine ḋíoḃ dom' ḋóiġ 15
Gan léine sróill is dá ċoin.

Gan cotán is síoda séiṁ
  Is lúireaċ ḃarr-ġéar ġloin
Is cinnḃeart ċloċ-órḋa ċóir
  Is ḋá ṡleiġ i ndóid gaċ fir.

Gan sciaṫ uaiṫne ar a mbíoḋ buaiḋ
  Is lann cruaiḋ re scoiṫtiḋe cinn;
Dá siorṫaiḋe an doṁan fó seaċ
  Ní raiḃ neaċ do b'fearr 'ná Fionn.

An uair do ṡuiḋeaḋ Fionn ár gcoin
  Do b'iomḋa, anoir agus aniar,
Guṫ gaḋar ag dul fó'n gcnoc
  Ag dúiseaċt torc agus fiaḋ.

Do ḃí Fionn féin agus Bran
  'N-a suiḋe seal ar an sliaḃ,
Gaċ fear díoḃ i n-ionad a sealg
  Gur eiriġ cealg na ḃfiaḋ.

Do leigeamair trí ṁíle cú
  Do b'fearr lúṫ is do ḃí garg;
Ṁairḃ gaċ cú díoḃ ḋá fiaḋ
  Sul do cuireaḋ iall 'n-a harg.

Do ṁarḃamair sé ṁíle fiaḋ
  Is an ngleann do ḃí 'san sliaḃ
I n-éagmuis áiġ agus feara:
  Ní dearnaḋ sealg mar soin riaṁ!

Do b'é deireaḋ ár seilge ṡiar,
  A ċléiriġ na gcliar 's na gclog,
Deiċ gcéad cú go n-a slaḃraḋ óir
  Do ṫuit um nóin le céad torc.

Aċt tuiteadar linn na tuirc
  Do rinn' na huile ar an sléiḃ ;
Muna mbeaḋ ár lanna is ár láṁa
  Ċuirfiḋís ár ar an bḟéinn.

A Ṗádraig na mbaċall bḟiar,
  Ní ḟaca mé ṡiar ná ṡoir
Seilg ag Fiannaiḃ Ḟinn
  Le mo linn ba ṁó 'ná soin.

Ag sin sealg do rinne Fionn,
  A ṁic Ċalprainn na mbaċall mbláṫ,
Gáir ár gcoileán is an ngleann,
  Uċ, a Ṗádraig, ba ḃinn an lá !

AR ṪUIT DE ṖIASTAIḂ LE FIONN,

Slioċt as

FIAḊAĊ FIANN ÉIREANN AR ṠLIAḂ TRUIM.

Ar ṫuit de ṗiastaiḃ le Fionn
  Ní ċuirfear i suim go bráṫ,
A ndearnaḋ d'áġ is d'éaċtaiḃ
  A n-áireaṁ ní ḟéadaid cáċ.

Do ṁairḃ péist Loċa nEaċaċ
  Agus aiṫeaċ Ġlinne Smóil,
Is ilṗéist Loċa gCuileann
  Do ṁairḃ mac Cuṁaill an óir.

Do ṁairḃ péist Ḃinne Éadair
  A cosc nár ḟéadaḋ i gcaṫ,
Fuaṫ agus péist Ġlinne Dorċa
  Do ṫorċair sin leis an ḃflaiṫ.

Do ṫuit leis piast Éirne ge'r ġorm
  Agus piast borb Loċa Riaċ,
Do ṁairḃ ge'r ṫréan i gcroiḋe
  Péist is cat niṁe i nÁṫ Cliat.

Do ṁairḃ sé fuaṫ Loċa Léin,
  Mór an ḟéiḋm dó dul dá claoiḋ,
Do ṁairḃ sé fuaṫ i nDruim Cliaḃ,
  Fuaṫ agus péist Loċa Rioġ.

Do ṁairḃ mac Cuṁaill ba ṁór croiḋe
  Fuaṫ Ġlinne Rioġ na róḋ áiġ,
Gaċ péist le neart a dá dóiḋ
  'I ngleanntaiḃ Fódla gur ḃáiṫ.

Fuaṫ agus péist Ġlinne hArma
  Do ṁairḃ ge'r calma iad;
Do díbir Fionn fós ó na Ráṫaiḃ
  Gaċ péist ġránda fó ndeaċaiḋ a ṫriall.

Péist eile ar Ṡionain fó solus—
  Do ċoisceaḋ sí sonas na ḃfear,
Is do ċlaoiḋ sé taiḋḃse an doṁain
  Péist Loċa Reaṁair na dtreas.

Do ṁairḃ, ba ṁór a ṫollaḋ
  Fuaṫ Sléiḃe Cuilinn ge'r borb
Is dá oillpéist Ġlinne hInne
  Do ṫuiteadar-san le n-a ċolg.

Do ṁairḃ sé péist Loċa Méilge,
Lór a tréine do láiṁ ġasta Ḟinn;
Do ṁairḃ ilṗéist Loċa Ceara
Is do ṁairḃ sé arraċt Áṫa Truim.

Do ḃí oillṗiast ar Loċ Measca,
Mór a treasa ar ḟearaiḃ Fáil,
Ṁairḃ le n-a ċolg buaḋa
Gé'r ḃorb an t-ualaċ dá láiṁ.

Ar Loċ Laoġaire go cinnte
Piast do-ġníoḋ teinte do ḃí
I n-íoc a ḃfuair dá foġlaiḃ
Do ḋiṫċeann le n-a armaiḃ í.

Fuaṫ Ḋroḃaois' lór a tréine
Agus aimid Sléiḃe an Ċláir
Do ṁairḃ Fionn le Mac an Loin
Gé'r ġarḃ a ngoil is a ngáir.

Fuaṫ Loċa Lorgan giḋ dian
Le Fionn na ḃFiann do ṫuit sí,
Ní ḣinnistear go ḃráṫ buan
Gaċ ar ċuir dár sluaġ do ḋíṫ.

Do ṫuit piast ar Ḃanna ḃinn
Le láiṁ-Ḟinn na gcoṁlann gcruaiḋ,
Do b'iomḋa ár nḋíṫ ó n-a treas
Gur marḃaḋ í i nEas Aoḋa Ruaiḋ.

EAĊTRA NA MNÁ MÓIRE TAR LEAR,

nó

SEALG GLEANNA AN SMÓIL.

Lá dá raḃamair Oisín is Fionn
  Is Fearġus binn, a ṁac féin,
Oscur fuilteaċ, Diarmuid donn,
  Conán maol, is tuilleaḋ de'n bFéinn

Ag triall ċum seilge maidean ċeoḋaċ
  Go Gleann an Smóil le n-ár ngaḋair go moċ,
Dar do láiṁ-se, a ċléiriġ ċóir,
  Ba ṁór ár ndóċas as luas ár gcon.

Do ḃí Sceólán is Bran ar éill
  Ag Fionn réiḋ i n-a ḋóid ;
Do ḃí a ċú ag gaċ nduine de'n Ḟéinn
  Is ár ngaḋair binn-ḃéal ag déanaṁ ceoil.

Do ġluaiseamair ċum tulċa ós cionn gleanna
  Mar ar b'aoiḃinn duilleaḃar na gcrann ag fás,
Ḃí éanlaiṫ ann ag ceileaḃar linn
  'S an ċuaċ go ceoil-ḃinn i ngaċ árd.

Do leig a raiḃ againn ann de'n Ḟéinn
  Ár gconairt léimneaċ fé'n ngleann ;
Do scaoil Fionn a ḋá ġaḃar déag
  Is ba ḃinne linn 'ná téada a nglam.

Dúistear leó an eilit ṁaol
  Ba ġile a taoḃ 'ná eala ar linn ;
An taoḃ eile ḋí ar ḋaṫ an ġuail
  Is ba luaiṫe í 'ná seaḃac ar ċoill.

Scaoil gaċ duine againn a ċú ḋá héill.
  Is do scaoil Fionn féin Bran;
D'imṫiġeadar ar ár radarc go léir,
  Is ba beag ár ngaor teaċt i n-a ngar.

Is mór an iongnaḋ do-rinn an rí
  De'n eilit ṁaoil fá n-a luas
Le n-ar ṡáruiġ maiṫeas con na gcríoċ
  Is Bran nár leig riaṁ seilg uaiḋ.

Ó ṁoċ maidne ba mór an fiaḋaċ
  Do lean go dian an eilit lúiṫ
Go dtáinig orainn duḃ na hoiḋċe
  Is ná facamair gaḋar ná cú.

Ċuir Fionn a órdóg i n-a ḃéal
  Is do ċogain fá n-a ḋéad go cruaiḋ;
Annsoin, d'ḟiafruiġ Conán Maol
  Cár ġaḃ ár ngaḋair ḃéil-ḃinne uainn.

Dar do láiṁ-se, a Ċonáin Ṁaoil,
  Do ráiḋ Fionn groiḋe an flaiṫ,
Ní ḟillfiḋ ṫar n-ais orainn arís
  D'ar lean an eilit ṁaol aċt Bran.

Do ṫuit an Fiann go mór i mbrón,
  Is níor ḃ'iongnaḋ ḋóiḃ de ḋíṫ a gcon,
Is eaḋ duḃradar nár sealg cóir
  Do ṫárla ḋóiḃ 'san ġleann go moċ.

Níor ḃ'ḟada go ḃfacamair ċuġainn 'san ġleann
  Bran is í suaiḋte tnáiḋte fliuċ,
Is ar dteaċt di d'ár láṫair-na
  Dar do láiṁ ba ṫruaġ a cruṫ.

Do luiġ sí síos i bfiaḋnais Ḟinn,
Do ġoil go fuiḋeaċ is do screaḋ go truaiġ;
Is cosṁail, a ċoileáin, ar Fionn,
Go bfuil ár gcinn i gconntabairt ċruaiḋ.

Neiṁniḋ linne, do ráiḋ an Ḟiann,
Laoċ dá ṫréine do ṫig tar muir;
Is measa linn a ḃeiṫ d'ár ndíṫ
Ár ngaḋair béil-binne is ár gcoin.

Ar ráḋ na bfocal san dóiḃ,
Tig rómpa bean do b'áille snóḋ;
Ḃí folt ór-ḃuiḋe léi síos ag fás
Go roċtain a sála is go feór.

Fillear an bean do b'áille scéiṁ
'San ród céadna 'n-a dtáinig 'n-ár ngar,
Is do leanamair a raon go luaṫ
Go hOileán Inse sluaġ na mban.

Do fáiltiġeaḋ romainn ag bantraċt Ġréag,
Suiḋtear búird is gléastar biaḋ;
Cuireaḋ orta fíon is beoir
Mar buḋ ċóir do ríġ is do ṫriaṫ.

'Nuair ċoscamair ár n-ocras do biaḋ
Is ár n-íota d'ḟíon agus do ḃeoir
Do labair Fionn an flaiṫ fial
Is dubairt go raċaḋ ċum suain go fóil.

Ar ráḋ na bfocal tig dá láṫair
Bean ba ġráinne ar biṫ snóḋ,
A coróin óir ar a ceann
Is folt duḃ sleaṁain léi síos go bróig.

Do ḃí a draid taoḃ 'muiġ dá béal
  Ag an bpéist nár ḃ'aoiḃinn cruṫ ;
A déad ḟiacal ḃarra-ġéar
  Is réama léiṫe síos 'n-a sruṫ.

Do ḃí brat fairsing ḟada sróill
  Dá folaċ go bróig, is taoḃ de bán,
An taoḃ eile ar ḋaṫ an ġuail :
  Ní raiḃ bean 'san sluaġ ba ṁó gráin.

Fáilte romat, a rí na bFiann,
  Is iad na briaṫra do ċan sí ;
Is leat iomḟlán mo ċoda ḃarc
  Mo ḃantraċt, is me féin mar ṁnaoi.

Is mé ingean áirdríoġ Gréag,
  Naċ dearna cumann le céile fir
Go dtáinig mé anoir fód' ḋéin,
  A rí na Féinne, ṫar mór-ṁuir.

Do-ġeoḃair airgead is ór
  Do-ġeoḃair urraim fós is buaiḋ
Ṫar a bfuil de laoċra cróḋa
  'San doṁan ṁór ó ṫeas go tuaiḋ.

Dar mo láiṁ-se, a ingean an ríoġ,
  Do ráiḋ Fionn, croiḋe nár ṁeirḃ,
Ní ġeoḃad féin leat-sa mar ṁnaoi
  Is gur tú ḃí roṁan indiu 'san tseilg.

Aiṫniġim ar do ḃrat fairsing sróill
  Gur tú ḃí i nGleann an Smóil go moċ,
Is fiafruiġim díot an maireann beó
  Ár ngaḋair binn-ḃeól agus ár gcoin ?

Dar do láiṁ-se féin, a Ḟinn,
Gé'r ṁór é ḟíoċ ḃur gconairt garg, 110
Táid uile marḃ glan gan ḃríġ
Aċt Bran an ríoġ rug buaiḋ gaċ sealg.

Is iomḋa laoċ lom láidir luaṫ
Agus gaisciḋeaċ ba ċruaiḋ i gcaṫ
Do leagaḋ liom-sa i dtosaċ sluaiġ, 115
Is ar mo ḃuaiḋ ní ḃeireaḋ neart.

Is ní mó ní ḟillfead-sa ṫar tuinn
Go mbeiread cruinn liom buaiḋ ó'n ḃFéinn,
Scoṫfad ó ċorp ḃur gcinn go mear
Cé mór ḃur neart agus ḃur dtréin. 120

Do ṡeinn sí ceólta binne siḋe
Le'r ċaill gaċ laoċ againn a neart ;
Do ceanglaḋ sinn le inġin an ríoġ
Cé'r ṁór ár ngníoṁarṫa i ngaċ caṫ.

Do ṫarraing a lann fuilteaċ líoṁṫa 125
Is í lán de ḟíoċ i n-a láiṁ ḋeas
Gur scoiṫ na cinn de ċéad laoċ
Is ba ṁór an t-uaṁan diṫ na ḃfear.

Ní raiḃ beó 'san Inse aċt mé
Conán Maol is Diarmuid Donn 130
Fearġus file is Oscur tréan
An tan do laḃair mo aṫair Ḟionn.

Gaḃaim do ċomairc, a inġean an ríoġ,
Ná cuir de'n saoiġeal aon ḟear níos mó,
Is go ngeoḃainn féin leat mar ṁnaoi, 135
Muna mbeaḋ Goll caoċ na ngníoṁ gcruaiḋ.

Dar do láiṁ-se féin, a Ḟinn,
Bainfead a ċeann de Ġoll mór
Agus dá ngabann leis de'n Ḟéinn
Muna nglacaid mé mar ḃainríoġain dóiḃ. 140

Do ṫóg sí léi a caḃlaċ móḋṁaraċ
Is a cranna seoil go hárd le gaoiṫ
Gur ġaḃ sí cuan i mBeinn Éadair na slóġ
Mar a raiḃ Goll cróḋa na lann gcaoin.

An tan do ċonnairc Goll tréan 145
An caḃlaċ gléasta ag teaċt ċum cuain
Is eaḋ aduḃairt nár ṁaiṫ an scéal
An ṁéid de'n Ḟéinn do ṫeastuiġ uaiḋ.

Annsoin do ḟiafruiġ Goll tréan
Cia ḃéarfaḋ scéala ċuige ó'n gcuan, 150
Aduḃairt Caoilte gur ḃ'é féin
Do ṫaḃarfaḋ tuarasgaḃáil ó'n sluaġ.

Gluaiseas an laoċ láidir luaṫ
Meanmnaċ buan lán de ḃríġ
Go ráiniġ sé corp an tslóiġ 155
Is do ḃí an ḃean ṁór roiṁe i dtír.

Ar ḃfeicsin míscéiṁe na mná
Méad a cnáṁa agus a faoḃair
Do ċrioṫnuiġ sé ó ḃonn go barr
Cé d'ḟiafruiġ go hárd cár ḃ'as do'n ṁnaoi. 160

Mise inġean áirdríoġ Gréag,
Do ḋéanfainn coṁrac le deiċ gcéad laoċ
Is beir sin leat-sa uaim mar scéal
Mar a ḃfuil an Ḟiann is Goll caoċ.

Aiṫris dóiḃ fós gan ḃréig
  Go scriosfaiḋ mé feara Fáil
Muna dtoġfaiḋ mé mar ċéile
  Do ríġ na Féinne Fionn an áiġ.

Ar filleaḋ do Ċaoilte tar n-ais
  Is ar ċlos na mbriaṫar do Ġoll ċaoċ
Ċuir deiċ gcéad cróḋa a n-airm gaisce
  Ċum dul do ċoṁrac inġin' ríoġ Gréag.

Ní'l neaċ do ḃí tréan i n-arm
  Nár leagaḋ 'san gcaṫ soin ris an mnaoi
Go nduḃairt Goll dá ngéilleaḋ các
  Go dtaḃarfaḋ éiric dá ndearna sí.

Go moċ de ló eiriġeas Goll
  Fé ċlogaḋ trom agus fé sciaṫ,
A ċlaiḋeaṁ fuilteaċ i n-a ḋóid
  Ċum dul ag coṁrac ris an mnaoi.

Cé go mba laoċ láidir Goll
  Ba lag lorg a láṁ 'san ġníoṁ,
Cé cruaiḋ a lúireaċ is a sciaṫ
  Is iomḋa cneaḋ do ḃí 'n-a ṫaoiḃ.

M'aṁgar croiḋe! ar feaḋ trí lá
  Gan fios tláis ná treise buaḋ
Do ḃí an dís go tréan feargaċ
  Gan biaḋ gan codlaḋ is gan suan.

Do ḃí a raiḃ 'san Inse ḋinn de'n Ḟéinn
  Is Conán Maol naċ raiḃ gan gruaim
D'ár ndian-ċoimeáḋ ag caogaḋ ban
  Go ndeaċadar uile uainn ċum suain.

Labrar Diarmuid déid-ġeal grinn
De ċoṁráḋ ċaoin leis an óiġ :
M'aṁgar croiḋe, a spéirbean ṁín
Gan mé is tú 'n-ár n-aon fadó.

Is tú is áilne niaṁ ṫar mnáib
'S is glaire moḋṁaire filleaḋ súl ;
A ġráḋ mo ċroiḋe, ṫar ṁnáib an doṁain,
Éalóḋ leat sall is é mo ḋúil.

Dar go deiṁin, má's fíor do scéal,
Do ráiḋ an óġ de ċóṁráḋ ċaoin
Fuasclóċaiḋ mé tusa ar do ṗéin
Is a bfuil de'n Ḟéinn annso ar do ṡliġe.

Fuascail sinne ar ár bpéin,
Is leat go deiṁin ná déanfainn bréag
Is go mbeiḋir-se féin agam mar ṁnaoi
An faid is ṁairfeaḋ ar an bFéinn.

Tógbar ár ndraoiḋeaċt dínn gan ṁoill
Is tugar dúinn ár lúṫ 's ár neart,
Toirbrear Diarmuid gean is gráḋ
Do'n ṁacaoṁ mná do b'áilne dreaċ.

Do buain Conán go prap an ceann
Le n-a lann de'n ṁacaoṁ úr
Do ḟuascail é ó n-a ġéir-ṗéin
Is a raib de'n Ḟéinn ann fá ṗúḋair.

Ṫug Diarmuid stracaḋ buile ar an bFéinn
'S ar Ċonán Maol bí riaṁ go holc ;
Muna mbeaḋ Oscur do ċosc a lann
Do stróicfeaḋ sé an ceann dá ċorp.

Laḃras Diarmuid go raċtṁar niṁneaċ
Lán de ḟeirg is fíoċ 'n-a ṁéin :
Cad é an fáṫ gur ḃainis an ceann
De'n ṁnaoi do ḟuascail sinn ó ṗéin ?

Do ġluaiseamair gan scíṫ gan stad
Mar ar treascaraḋ an Ḟiann le mnaoi
Is ar dteaċt arís dúinn ċum láṫar
Do ċonnacamair ár is earba laoiċ.

Do ḃí Goll fá ċlogad is fá sciaṫ
Ag síor-ċoṁrac le ingin an ríoġ
Is í dá ġoin le iomad créaċt
Do ḟág an laoċ gan neart gan ḃríġ.

Iarras Oscur cead ar Ġoll
Dul do ċoṁrac leis an mnaoi
Is duḃairt gur ḋoilḃ leis a ċás
A ḃeiṫ fé ċneáḋaiḃ is fé ṁíoġnaoi.

Ní ḟuil aon laoċ 'san doṁan beó
Ná i ḃFódla fós dá airde cáil
Do leigfinn coṁrac leis an mnaoi
Go n-íocaiḋ liom ar son an áir.

Laḃras Fearġus na mbriaṫar gceart,
Ó's é do ḃronnaḋ an t-ór ar ḋraoi,
Go ḃfuair do Oscur cead ó Ġoll
Dul ċum coṁraic leis an mnaoi.

Gléasas Oscur a ċlaiḋeaṁ 's a sciaṫ,
A ṡleaġ ró-ġéar 's a ċlogad cruaiḋ ;
Ní raiḃ 'san ċruinne beó 'n-a ḃeaṫaiḋ
Neaċ do ṫaḃarfaḋ urraim uaiḋ.

Do ḃí an dís lúiṫ láidir tapa,
Ċuiridís ceaṫa fé na néalaiḃ
Le neart na troda is an ċoṁraic
Ag feól-ċoscar a ċéile.

Labrar Fearġus suairc Finn-ḃéil
Is Conán Maol ḃí tréan ar arm:
A ṁic Oisín, cuiṁniġ an uair
Do ḃís i gcuan na hInse i gceangal.

Caiṫear Oscur lán-léim leoġain
Ṫar corp an tslóiġ go luaṫ amaċ
Gur ċuir an tsleaġ le neart a ḋóid
Tré ċroiḋe na mná móire isteaċ.

Do ṫógḃamair trí ġárṫa 'san ḃFéinn,
'S níor ṁaiṫ le Goll tréan-ḃuilleaċ sin,
Mar ṫuit an ḃean le Oscur áiġ
Do ḃí lúṫṁar áḋṁarаċ calma glic.

Ar ṫuitim ċum talṁan do'n ṁnaoi,
"Mo ṁallaċt," ar sí, "dom' aṫair féin
Do ḃí taoḃ liom-sa mar ingin
'S do ċuir, mo ḋíṫ! fó ġeasaiḃ mé.

Na draoiṫe ḋearḃuiġ fáistine ḋó,—
Mo ṁallaċt ḋóiḃ go bráṫ arís!
Go mbéarfainn mac do scriosfaḋ an Ġréig
'S do ḃainfeaḋ de féin a ċeann gan scíṫ.

Dá ḃfaġainn-se gaḃáil liom mar ṁnaoi
Ó ċeannport groiḋe no ó ċeann slóġ
Do ḃéarfainn mac dá ngéillfeaḋ an doṁan
Is do ḃeinn i n-am arís im' ċlóḋ.

Do ḃíos-sa lá cé duḃaċ mo scéal
Ar áilneaċt béiṫ ag filleaḋ súl,
Le draoiḋeaċt ċrosda m'atar féin
Do ċailleas mo scéiṁ agus mo ṡnúaḋ.

An lá soin marḃaḋ an ḃean ṁór
Is do scriosaḋ fós a caḃlaċ ban:
Ag sin agat, a ċléiriġ ċóir,
Eaċtra na mná móire ṫar lear.

FIAḊAĊ NA FÉINNE ÓS CIONN LOĊA DEIRG.

A PÁDRAIG ṀÓIR, a ṁic Ċalpruinn,
An gcualaiḋ tú Fiann Ḟinn
Ag eirġe ós cionn Loċa Deirg
Mar aon is cáċ i gcóiṁfeilg?

Piast do ḃí ar Loċ an tSléiḃe
Le n-ar cuireaḋ ár na Féinne,
Fiċe céad nó niḋ ḃus mó
Dá dtug bás i n-aon ló.

Ógláċ maiṫ do ḃí ag Fionn
Innisim duit, a Ṫailġin,
Ablaċ an Óir mac ríoġ Gréag
Do ṫuigeaḋ glór ó gaċ péist.

A dtuigṫiḋe an niḋ deir an ṗiast?
Do ráiḋ Ablaċ leis an ḃFiann:
Caogad eaċ nó niḋ ḃus mó
Do ċur ċúiċe gaċ aon ló.

Innis dí go bfaġaiḋ sí sin,
A Ablaiġ an ċrota ġil;
Is fearr san 'ná aon laoċ lonn
Do ṫuitim léi i gcoṁlann.

An ṗiast an oiḋċe sin gan biaḋ,
Codlaḋ níor ṫionscain an Ḟiann;
Ar dteaċt na maidne go moċ
Do ċuir anfaḋ ar an loċ.

Do ḃíoḋg an ṗiast ar an dtráiġ,
Do leigeadar an Ḟiann trom-ġáir:
Do b'iomḋa fear ag briseaḋ a cinn
Re iomad laoċraḋ 'n-a timċeall.

Sul do ṫáinig meoḋan de'n ló
Ba lia ár marḃ 'ná ár mbeó;
Ba samail le slóġ cille
Uirearbaḋ ár nglan-laoċraiḋe.

Do sloigeaḋ léi mac ríoġ Gréag
Agus Oisín cé mór an béad;
Do sloigeaḋ léi go cruinn beaċt
Fear agus céad i n-aenfeaċt.

Níor sloigeaḋ mac Cuṁaill léi
Ná an ṁéid do ḃí amuiġ dá Ḟéinn,
Is ní raiḃ díoḃ gan dul tart
Aċt beagán re huċt imṫeaċt'.

Do sloigeaḋ Daolġus agus Goll
Is Fionn mac Rosa na gcoṁlann
Is Conán Maol, scéal nár ċóir,
Déidġeal agus Tréanmór.

Tug Fionn an riṫ srap,
Gaḃas an péist ar alt
Agus tug cor go dian di
Gur ċuir a cliaḃ i n-áirde.

Mar ċonnaic Dáire mac Finn
An ríġ-ḟéinne cionn i gcinn
Tug léim i mbéal na péiste,
Do' bé sin an riṫ áiġṁéile.

Ar ndul do Ḋáire 'n-a ċléiḃ
Is ann do ċuiṁniġ ar a scéin;
Do-rinn sliġe ḋó féin amaċ,
B'é sin an ċoscair iongantaċ.

Do ċuir sé airti de'n ḃFéinn
Oisín agus mac ríoġ Gréag;
Gníoṁ ba ḃeó 'ná é sin
Annaṁ duine do ċualaiḋ.

An dá ċéad ṫáinig amaċ
Ḃíodar gan folt gan éadaċ;
Maiṫ do ċeannuiġ na Fianna
A ḃfuair siad ariaṁ i nÉirinn.

Turas Ċonáin mar nár ċóir
I mbroin an ḃeiṫiḋiġ ró-ṁóir
Mar ná raiḃ gruag ar a ċeann
Níor ḟan leaḋḃ ar a ċloigeann.

Fionn-loċa Deirg ba hainm
Do'n loċ ar dtús duit, a Ṫailgin,
D'ḟan Loċ Dearg air re beó
Ó ár na Féinne i n-aon ló.

Trí lá is mí is bliaḋain
Do ḃí Loċ Dearg fó ḋiaṁair,
Ó ló marḃṫa Féinne Finn
Adeirim leat, a Ṫailġin.

Is mé ag canntlaṁ i nḋiaiḋ na ḃFiann,
A Ṗádraig, ḋealḃas gaċ grian,
An scéal soin do innsim ḋíḃ
Iomḋa duine do ċualaiḋ.

---

sealg sléiḃe gcuileann.

Lá dá raiḃ Fionn an ḟlaiṫ
Ar an ḃfaiṫċe i nAlṁain úir
Do ċonnairc ċuige is an ród
Eilit óg ar léim lúiṫ.

Do ġlaoiḋ ar Sceólán is ar Ḃran
Is do leig fead orṫa araon,
Gan fios do ċáċ is an sliaḃ
Do lean go dian an eilit ṁaol.

Ní raiḃ ag Fionn aċt a ḋá ċoin
Mac an Loin is é féin
I gcóṁḋáil na heilite sin
Go Sliaḃ gCuileann na rian réiḋ.

Ar ndul do'n eilit fó'n sliaḃ
Is Fionn 'n-a ḋiaiḋ is a ḋá ċoin
Níor ḃ'ḟeas dó soir seoċ siar
Cár ġaiḃ an fiaḋ is an gcnoc.

Do ġaiḃ Fionn soir go dian
  Is a ḋá ċoin siar ar lúṫ
Is, a Ṗádraig, nár ṫruaġ le Dia
  Mar ṫugadar an triar a gcúl?

Do ċualaiḋ Fionn is ní i gcéin
  Bean ar ḃléin an loċa ag caoiḋ,
Is ann do ḃí an macaoṁ mná
  Do b'ḟearr cáil dá ḃfacaiḋ is gnaoi.

Ba ḋeirge a gruaḋ 'ná an rós
  Do ḃí a beól ar ḋaṫ na gcaor
A cneas cailce mar an mbláṫ
  Is a leaca ḃán mar an aol.

Druideas Fionn ag iarraiḋ scéil
  Ar ṁnaoi ḟéiṁ na gcuaċ n-óir
D'ḟiafruiġ mo rí de'n ġnúis ġluin:
  An ḃfaca tú mo ċoin 'san tóir?

I do ḟeilg ní'l mo spéis
  Is ní ḟaca mé do ḋá ċoin,
A rí na Féinne gan tlás,
  Is measa liom fáṫ mo ġoil.

An é do ċéile do fuair bás
  D'inġean ḃláiṫ no do ṁac?
Nó créad is fáṫ ḋuit ḃeiṫ ag caoiḋ,
  A ainnir ċaoin is míne dreaċ?

No créad ar a ḃfuil do ḃrón,
  A ainnir óg na mbas mín,
No an féidir d'ḟurtaċt? ar Fionn,
  Is duḃaċ liom tú beiṫ mar ċím.

Fail óir ar mo ġlaic do bí,
Do ráiḋ ríoġan na bfolt réiḋ,
Do ṫuit re fánaiḋ na sreab:
Ag so an fáṫ do beir mé i bpéin.

Geara ná fulaingid fíor-laoiċ
Cuirim ort-sa, a rí na bFiann:
An fáinne do ṫabairt ṫar n-ais
Do ṫuit le fánaiḋ na sreab ndian.

Do ċuarduiġ Fionn an loċ fó ṫrí
Is níor ḟág innte cúil ná anaċ
An fáinne caoin go bfuair ṫar n-ais
Do ċaill ban-ḟlaiṫ na ngruaḋ ndearg.

Ar ḟíneaḋ an ḟáinne do'n laoċ
Sul fó dtáinig sé go bruaċ
Do rinn seanóir críon liaṫ
De ríġ na bFiann go tim truaġ.

Do bíomair uile Fianna Ḟinn
I nAlṁain aoibinn na bfleaḋ séad
Ag imirt fiṫċille ag ól
Is ag clos ceoil na mbuiḋean ba ṫréan.

Adubairt Caoilte mac Rónáin
I gclos árd do gaċ fear:
Cár ġab mac Cuṁaill ḟéil
Na reaċt séiṁ agus na sleaġ?

Adubairt Conán mac Mórna:
Ní ċuala riaṁ ceól dob' aoibne;
Mac Cuṁaill má tá ar iarraiḋ
Go raib i mbliaḋna, a Ċaoilte.

Mac Cuṁaill má ṫeastuiġeann uait,
  A Ċaoilte ċruaiḋ na gcos gcaol,
Glacaim ċugam ar mo láiṁ
  Ós cionn cáiċ gur rí mé féin.

Do ḃíomair an Ḟiann fá ḃrón
  Fá ċeann ár slóġ do ḃeiṫ dár ndíṫ,
Giḋ gur ṁaoiḋ orainn gean gáire
  Is dúinn do b'áḋḃar ḃeiṫ ag caoiḋ.

Gluaiseam-na as Alṁain amaċ
  Buiḋean ċalma na gcaṫ gcruaiḋ
Ar lorg a dá ċon is Ḟinn
  Triúr grinn do ḃeireaḋ buaiḋ.

Mise is Caoilte i dtosaċ
  Is an Ḟiann uile 'n-ár ndáil go dlúṫ
Fó Ṡliaḃ gCuileann ó ṫuaiḋ
  Go rugamair buaiḋ an triuḃail.

Féaċain dá dtugamair ṫorainn
  Is an lorg do ḃí dian
Ċonnarcamair ar ḃruaċ an loċa
  Seanóir críon agus é liaṫ.

Do ċuaḋmair uile i n-a dáil
  Is ċuirfeaḋ gráin ar gaċ fear:
Cnáṁa loma do ḃí críon
  Le'r ceileaḋ a ġnaoi is a ġean.

Do ṡaoilear féin gurab earbaḋ ḃiḋ
  Ṫug ar an laoċ a ḃeiṫ gan ċruṫ,
No gur 'n-a iarsaire do ḃí
  Ṫáinig fó ṫír leis an sruṫ.

D'ḟiafruiġeas féin de'n ḟear ċrion
  An bfaca laoċ ba ġeal cruṫ
Ag seilg roimis is an ród
  Is eilit óg is dá ċoin?

Ní ṫug seisean freagra dúinn,
  Do luiġ taom ar Ḟionn na bFiann
Do bí sé go héagcaoineaċ duḃaċ
  Gan léim gan lúṫ gan riṫ gan rian.

Do noċtas-sa mo ċlaiḋeaṁ géar
  Is prap 's is tréan do noċt an Ḟiann;
Is gearr go bfaġair aiṫne an báis
  Muna dtugair uait tásc an triair.

Níor ṁeas sé a innsin dúinn
  Gurab é Fionn do bí ann
No gur leig a rún le Caoilte
  Fear i ngníoṁaiḃ do bí teann.

An tan fuaireamair dearḃ an scéil
  Gurab é Fionn féin do bí ann
Do leigeamair trí gárṫa goil
  Do ċuirfeaḋ broic ar gaċ gleann.

Annsoin laḃras Conán go borb
  Is noċtas a ċolg go dian,
Malluiġeas Fionn go beaċt
  Is malluiġeas fó ṡeaċt an Ḟiann.

Dar do láiṁ-se féin, a Ḟinn,
  Bainfead-sa ḋíot do ċeann
Ór tú nár ṁaoiḋ mo ġníoṁ
  Ná mo ġaisce riaṁ i n-am.

Is é m'aon loċt ar do ċruṫ
  Gan an Ḟiann uile ḃeiṫ mar táir
Go ndeargainn mo ṡleaġ 's mo lann
  Go dtigeaḋ liom do leaċt 's do lá.

Ó'n lá ṫuit Cuṁall na gcliar
  Le Clanna Morna na sciaṫ n-óir
Níor scarair ó ṡoin aċt ar ár dtí
  Is an méad do ṁair dinn ní dod' ḋeoin.

Muna mbeaḋ, ar Oscur, rioċt Ḟinn
  Is gur doiliġ linn a ḃeiṫ mar tá,
A Ċonáin Ṁaoil atá gan ċiall
  Do ḃrisfinn-se do ḃéal go cnáṁ.

An uair naċ maireann im' ḋáil
  Fear gan scáṫ ag coṁrac críoċ
Féaċam araon ós cóṁair cáiċ
  Neart ár láiṁ agus ár ngníoṁ.

Sinne, ar Conán, do-ġníoḋ gaċ gníoṁ
  Is ní hiad clanna Ḃaoisgne bog;
A Oscuir, leig dod' ráiḋtiḃ baois'—
  Ní glór ḋearḃuiġeas aċt gníoṁ grod.

Eirġeas Oscur an aigne ṁir
  Is riṫeas Conán i measc cáiċ,
Cuireas comairc ar an ḃFéinn
  Furtaċt air ó ṗéin an ḃáis.

D'eiriġeamair uile de ṗreib
  Ag cosc Oscuir na n-arm n-áiġ,
Idir Ċonán Maol 's mo ṁac
  Do ċeangalamair síṫ is páirt.

Fiafruiġeas Caoilte le dúil
  De ṁac Cuṁaill na n-arm n-áir:
Cia ċuir as do ġnáṫ-ċruṫ ṫú
  No bfuil leiġeas do ġeas le faġáil?

Inġean Ċuileann, do ráiḋ Fionn,
  Do ċuir geasa iomḋa im' ċeann
Dul go bruaċ an loċa do ṡnáṁ
  Ag iarraiḋ fáinne ċaill sí ann.

Nár buḋ slán sinne ó'n gcnoc.
  Do ráiḋ Conán ba olc méin,
Go n-íocfaiḋ Cuilinn gan ṁoill
  Mara gcuirfiḋ Fionn 'n-a ċruṫ féin.

Cruinniġmíḋ anoir agus aniar
  Is cuiream ár sciaṫa faoi go deas
Go Sliaḃ gCuileann ba ṫuaiḋ
  Go rugamair ar ár nguaille an fear.

Ar feaḋ cúig n-oiḋċe is cúig lá
  Do ḃí an Ḟiann ag toċailt na huaṁan
No gur eiriġ inġean Ċuileann
  De ṗreib anios ṫar a bruaċ.

Ar dteaċt d'inġin Ċuileann ċóir
  Is corn dearg-óir i n-a láiṁ
Dáileas deoċ do ríġ na bFiann
  Le gráḋ is mian do'n Oscur áiġ.

Iḃeas Fionn an deoċ gan ṁoill
  As an gcorn síḋe do ḃí 'n-a láiṁ
Go dtáinig a ċruṫ is a ḋealḃ glé
  Do ríġ na Féinne aċt an léiṫe aṁáin.

Ḃa ṫaiṫneaṁaċ liom-sa is leis an ḃFéinn 185
An daṫ liaṫ do ḃeiṫ ar a ḟolt,
Is duḃairt Fionn leis an ainnir ċaeṁ
Gur ṁaiṫ leis féin a ḃeiṫ air.

A Ṗádraig na mbaċall mbán,
Dar do láiṁ, ní ċanaim bréig 190
Do b'ḟearr linne ná flaiṫeas Fáil
Fionn i n-a ḟláinte ḃeiṫ 's 'n-a ġné.

Uċ, is duḃaċ mé i ndiaiḋ mo ríoġ
Is i ndiaiḋ na laoċ do ḃí garg;
A Ṗádraig is gann fó'n mbiaḋ, 195
Sin mar rinneaḋ leó an tsealg.

CAṪ ĊNUIC AN ÁIR.

Do ḃíomair uile an Ḟiann is Fionn
I gcóiṁṫionól ar an gcnoc so ṡiar
Ag imirt ar ċleasaiḃ lúiṫ
Is sinn go suḃaċ ag caiṫeaṁ liag.

Cíoḋ tráċt, dúinn aṁlaiḋ sin 5
Aduḃairt rí Teaṁraċ go glic glinn:
Is eagal liom, a Ḟinn na ḃFiann,
Naċ fada an rian gur doiliġ ḋíḃ.

Créad so anois, do ráiḋ Fionn,
Le n-a dtuigṫear leat ár gcúis doḃróin 10
Is gan laoċra eile fé an ġréin
Naċ fuil 'san ḃFéinn seasaṁ leó?

Creid uaim-se, a Ḟinn na lann gcruaiḋ,
  Go bfuil an tóir i ngoireaċt daoiḃ:
Féaċ na néalla fola úd
  Ag bagairt duḃaċ taoḃ ar taoiḃ.

D'ḟéaċ Fionn ós a ċionn suas
  Is tuar fola do ċonnairc go tréan:
Is baoġlaċ liom, do ráiḋ an saoi,
  Go mbéaraiḋ sceiṁle ar an bFéinn.

Do ġoir Fionn ċuige Oscur
  Is duḃairt, a ċuraiḋ na lann ngéar,
Is cuiḃe duit a beiṫ ag caoiḋ,
  Féaċ ar ṡiġniḃ an aeir.

A rí na bFiann, do ráiḋ Oscur,
  Ná glac bíoḋg ná anbfann tríd;
Atá neart is lúṫ id' ġéagaiḃ
  Is trom-ṡlóġ tréan re do ṫaoiḃ.

Do ċaiṫeamair uile an Ḟiann
  Sealad ag géar-aṁarc na néall,
Do ḃí dream againn go soilḃir suḃaċ
  Is dream eile duḃaċ 'n-a ngné.

Do laḃair Conán de ġuṫ árd
  'S is é do ráiḋ go borb tréan:
Ní fuil neaċ agaiḃ dár aṫruiġ daṫ,
  Mar adṁaim-se aċt fear faon.

A Ḟionn ṁic Cuṁaill, do ráiḋ an draoi,
  Tionóil-se do buiḋin id' dáil
Is roinntear iad leaṫ ar leaṫ
  Go ndéanaid faire ar ṫeaċt do'n náṁaid.

Do seinn Fionn an Dord Ḟiann,
  Is d'ḟreagair siad i n-a ngáir,
Gaċ fear aca má luaiṫ ag teaċt
  Idir ḟlaiṫ is triaṫ is táin.

Aiṫneoċad anois, ar Fionn, go fior 45
  Gaċ neaċ dem' ḃuiḋin le'r b'annsa mé
Is fós gaċ neaċ dá ḃfuil dom' ḟuaṫ
  Má ċuirid suas do ḃeiṫ dom' réir.

A Oscair, do ráiḋ Fionn ar dtús,
  Ós' tusa ursa is lúṫ na ḃFiann 50
An ḃfairfiḋ tú go ló re cáċ
  Teaċt do'n náṁaid tá ċuġainn ag triall?

Fiafruiġim diot anois, a Ḟinn,
  An dul fé ḋion do b'áilne leat?
Nior ṁaise ḋuit, is ba ṁioċáil, 55
  Má's eagal leat do náiṁde ṫeaċt.

Ni le hanḃfann roiṁ láiṁ ċáiċ
  Do raċainn-se tráṫ ċum suain
Aċt gur fios duit liom gur gnáṫ
  Taisbeánaḋ d'ḟaġáil ar gaċ guais. 60

Ni diúltóċaiḋ mise faire re cáċ
  Ni'l mór-scáṫ ná anḃfann orm
Giḋ is eagal liom, a Ḟinn,
  Gur beag ded' ḃuiḋin gan eagal orta.

Goireas Fionn ar Ḋiarmuid Donn 65
  Is fiafruiġeas go ceannsa de'n ḟáiḋ:
An ḃfairfiḋ tú mar aon le Oscur
  Má's mó meas orm-sa agat ná ar ċáċ?

Níor ṫeib mise riaṁ fós, a Ḟinn,
I gcaṫ ná i gcoiṁeascar na dtrom-ṡluaġ
Aċt go mbeaḋ Oscur rún mo ċléib
Roṁam no im' ḋéiḋ le teaċt buaḋa.

A Ġoill ċalma na gcruaḋ-lann,
An cumann leáṫ-sa rí na bḟiann;
An bḟanfaiḋ tú i bḟoċair ċáiċ
Sib a dtriúr rug barr na ngairg-ġliaḋ?

Ní eagal liom-sa láṁ dá ċruaḋaċt
Ó ṫárla Oscur na nguas im' ḋáil
Is Diarmuid cróḋa croiḋe na bḟiann:
Beiḋ mise mar iad go lá.

Táinig Faolán do láṫair Ḟinn
Agus do labair go fíoċṁar árd;
Adubairt sé, a rí na bḟiann,
Ní mór linn duit do ṡuan go sáṁ.

A Ċonáin Ṁaoil, do ráiḋ Fionn,
Fan i gcuasaib duba leaṫ-áird
Ó's tusa is gairbe uallġáir binn
Ċum scarta má's teaċt do'n náṁaid.

Má's dul dom féin, a Ḟinn, do'n uaiṁ
Ag faire ar buaḋairt no ar táin
Im' aonar gan tuilleaḋ de'n Ḟéinn,
Go ngointear mé isteaċ trém' lár.

Ní cuibe duit, a Ċonáin Ṁaoil,
Diúltaḋ Ḟinn, do ráiḋ mac Lóġaiḋ,
Atá 'n-a ríġ os cionn na bḟiann
I gcoṁrac i mbiaḋ agus i n-ór.

Má's rí Fionn os cionn na bFiann,
  A ṁic Luġaiḋ, do ráiḋ Conán,
Ní cosṁail gur cuiḃe dom
  Dul im' aonar go huaiṁ Leaṫ-áird.

Ní'l 'san bFéinn uile, ar mac Luġaiḋ,
  Fear ċoṁ dlúṫ ċoṁ garḃ gáir;
Cluinfiḋ an Ḟiann uile do ġlór
  Má's teaċt do'n tóir i ngar do'n Árd.

Ná bí feasta liom dá luaḋ,
  A ṁic Luġaiḋ na mín-ġéag,
D'Ḟionn ná 'n Ḟéinn ní raċad ann,
  Cuirim suas de le mo ré.

Éirig ann, a Ċonáin Ṁaoil,
  Do ráiḋ Oscur, is béid id' ḋáil
Aoḋ Beag cróḋa mac Ḟinn
  Is tuilleaḋ, má's gnaoi leat d'ḟaġáil.

Beir leat Fearan is Bran luaṫ
  Sceólán Fuaim is Meargán
Boigléim is Aireaċ-ċluais
  Is imṫiġ gan ġruaim, a Ċonáin.

Do ġluais Conán ar ċómairle Oscuir,
  D'ionnsuiġ sé doras na huaṁan;
Na coin agus Aoḋ Beag mac Ḟinn
  Do leanadar an tán-ċuaird.

Do ċuaiḋ Fionn annsoin ċum suain
  Is ní cian do ḃí i suaiṁneas ann
An tan do saṁluiġeaḋ ḋó tríd
  Aoḋ Beag mac Ḟinn a ḃeiṫ gan ċeann

Mar aon ris sin taisbeánaḋ dó
  Go raiḃ Goll cróḋa i láiṁ-ġléiḋ
Le gaisciḋeaċ fír-éaċtaċ calma
  Dárab ainm Tailc mac Tréin.

Go prap do ṁúscail ar a ċodlaḋ
  Is do ġoir ċuige draoi na bFiann
Dar ba coṁainm de ḟíor
  Draoi ealaḋan no fear fáitċiall.

D'ḟaisnéis a rún iomlán do'n draoi
  I ngaċ taisbeánaḋ ḋíoḃ súd;
Arsa Fionn: a ḃfáitċiall-san
  Innis anois gan ṁoill dúinn.

Tiocfaiḋ ruaṫar ar an bFéinn,
  A Ḟinn, is baoġal, do ráiḋ an draoi,
Giḋ ní ġoinfear an dís 'san ġleó
  Goll cróḋa calma ná Aoḋ.

Níor ḃ'fada aṁlaiḋ sin dúinn
  An tan do ċualamair uallġáir;
Do ṡeinn Fionn an Dord Ḟiann
  Is d'ḟreagair dian-scairt Ċonáin.

'N-a ṫréinriṫ do ġluais Conán
  Is na coin ar lánlúṫ i n-a ḋiaiḋ,
D'ḟan Aoḋ Beag ar ḃruaċ na huaṁan
  Gur cluineaḋ leis fuaim na sciaṫ.

Do ṡeinn Fionn an Dord arís
  Sul do ráinig iad Conán Maol;
Créad an fáṫ? do ráiḋ Oscur;
  Tá an tóir ċugainn, cá ḃfuil Aoḋ?

Do ḃí Aoḋ i nDoras na huaṁan
  An tan do ġluais mise ar lúṫ;
Níor aṁarcas ó ṡoin tar m'ais 155
  Is níor ḃ'é Aoḋ ba ṁeara liom.

Créad eile do ḋaiṫniḋ, ar Oscur,
  A Ċonáin liosta ṁaoil gan ċéill;
Cia aca Fionn na ḃFiann no mise,
  No cia an fear eile de'n Ḟéinn? 160

Ní Fionn ná neaċ de'n Ḟéinn, ná tusa
  Is ḋaiṫniḋ liom-sa i n-am gaċ béim;
Giḋ gur ionṁuin liom ḃur maiṫ,
  Ní siḃ mo ḋaiṫniḋ aċt mé féin.

Do ġluais Oscur de lúṫ tréan 165
  Go ráinig sé doras na huaṁan
Is fuair Aoḋ Ḃeag mac Ḟinn féil
  Gan anḃfann gan éag gan ḃuaḋairt.

Créad an fáṫ ḋuit, 'Aoḋ Ḃig ṁic Ḟinn,
  Ar Oscur, fuireaċ i nDiaiḋ an ḟir ṁaoil 170
Is náṁa taoḃ leat i n-a riṫ,
  A leinḃ nár ṫuig gur beag é d'aois?

Cé ḃí an tóir i ḃfogus dom
  Is mé amuiġ ó ċaḃair na ḃFiann
Níor ċrioṫnuiġ m'intinn ná mo ċroiḋe, 175
  Ná mo ṁisneaċ níor claoiḋeaḋ riaṁ.

Pádraig: Innis mar is cuiṁin leat,
  A ṁic Ċuṁaill, tásc an ġleó;
Aiṫris, is mo Ḃeannaċt ort,
  Scéal fíor, is ná can gó. 180

Oisín: Ní canaimís-na an Ḟiann gó,
Bréag leó níor saṁlaḋ riaṁ,
Aċt le fíre is neart ár láṁ
Tigmís slán as gaċ gliaḋ.

D'eiriġeamair go moċ amaċ,
Fianna Éireann na n-eaċ seang;
Ar an gcnoc so líon an slóġ,
Níor b'iongnaḋ dóiḃ teaċt go teann.

Bean do b'áilne 'ná an ġrian
Ċonnaic an Ḟiann ag teaċt fá'n leirg,
D'Ḟionn mac Cuṁaill, innisim duit,
Do ḃeannuiġ bean an ḃruit deirg.

Cia tu, a ríoġan, ar Fionn féin,
Is áilne néiṁ 's is breaġṫa dealḃ?
Is binne liom-sa fuaim do ġlóir
Ioná a ḃfuil re ceól go dearḃ.

Niaṁ Nuaḋċroṫaċ is é m'ainm
Inġean Ġarraiḋ meic Ḋolair Ḋéin
Áirdríoġ Gréag, mo ṁallaċt air!
Do naisc sé me le Tailc mac Tréin.

Créad do-ḃeir dá seaċnaḋ tu?
Ná ceil rún orm anois;
Ar do ċomairc go ló an ḃráṫ'
Gaḃaim do láiṁ tu tar a ċrois.

Ní gan fáṫ tugas dó fuaṫ,
Daṫ an ġuail do ḃí 'n-a ġné,
Ḋá ċluais earball is ceann cait
Tá ar an ḃfear naċ maiṫ scéiṁ.

Do ṡiublas an doṁan fó ṫrí
  Is nior ḟágas ann rí ná flaiṫ 210
Nár ṡireas acht sib-se, an Ḟiann,
  Is nior ġeall triaṫ m'anacal air.

Díonfad ṫu, a inġean óġ,
  Do ráiḋ mac Cuṁaill nár clóḋaḋ riaṁ,
No tuitfid uile ar do scáṫ 215
  Na seaċt gcaṫa tá de'n Ḟéinn.

Dar do láiṁ-se féin, a Ḟinn,
  Is eagal linn go ndearnais bréag;
An té go dteiċim roiṁe a ḃfad
  Tuitfiḋ leis seaċt gcaṫa is céad. 220

An fear mór adeirim liḃ
  Is é d'ḟág mise le fada i bpéin;
Is sul ar nascaḋ mise leis
  Do scriosaḋ leis fá ḋó an Ġréig.

Ná dein iomarḃáiḋ ar a ġaisce, 225
  A ḟoilt ċais ar ḋaṫ an óir;
Ní ṫáiniġ laoċ fó an ġréin
  Naċ fuil 'san ḃFéinn fear a ċloiḋ.

Ba ġearr go ḃfacamair ag teaċt
  Rí Fear gCaitċeann ba ċruaiḋ láṁa, 230
Níor ḃeannuiġ is níor uṁlaiġ d'Ḟionn
  Aċt iarras caṫ tar cionn a ṁná.

Cuirimíd deiċ gcéad 'n-a ḋáil
  Do b'fearr láṁ i láṫair ġleoiḋ,
Duine ḋioḃ níor ḟill tar ais 235
  Gan tuitim le Tailc mac Treoin;

Do ċuireamair ann is ba ċóir a ṁaoiḋeaṁ
  Gan aṁras Caoilte mac Rónáin,
Deiċ gcéad sciaṫ gorm glas
  Go n-a ḃfearaiḃ meara b'ḟearr.

Deiċ gcéad taoiseaċ deiċ gcéad laoċ
  Taoḃ re taoiḃ dá'r muinntir féin,
Is, a Ṗádraig an ċreidiṁ ċruaiḋ,
  Sin ar ṫeastuiġ uainn de'n Ḟéinn.

Iarras Oscur cead ar Ḟionn,
  Giḋ doiliġ liom é do luaḋ,
Dul do ċoṁrac an fir ṁóir
  An tan do ċonnairc díṫ na sluaġ.

Do-ḃeirim duit mo ċead, ar Fionn,
  Cé eagal liom do ṫuitim tríd;
Éiriġ, is beir mo ḃeannaċt leat,
  Cuiṁniġ do ġail agus do ġníṁ.

Gluaiseas Oscur, an fear áiġ,
  Ar a láiṁ níor cuireaḋ béim
An laoċ calma do b'ḟearr glaic
  Go ráiniġ sé Tailc mac Tréin.

Tabair aġaiḋ orm-sa féin,
  A Ṫailc ṁic Tréin, ar Oscur breaġ;
Óir bainfead-sa díot do ċeann
  I ndíoġail na ndream so ġoin do láṁ.

Dar do láiṁ-se, Oscuir ċáiḋ,
  Giḋ buiḋeaċ díot bárd is bean,
Beiḋ tú agam anoċt gan ċeann
  Is beiḋ an fear úd Fionn go leaṁ.

Feaḋ ċúig n-oiḋċe is ċúig lá
  Do ḃí an ḋís nár ṫláṫ i ngleic
Gan biaḋ gan deoċ ar ḋíṫ suain
  Gur ṫuit Tailc le buaiḋ mo ṁeic.

Do ṫógamair trí gárṫa ós árd
  Tar éis an áir ba ġarḃ glaic,
Gáir caointe tré n-ar cailleaḋ de'n Ḟéinn
  Is ḋá ġáir ṁaoiḋte tré éag Ṫailc.

Niaṁ Nuaḋċroṫaċ ba ṁó an béad
  Mar do ċonnairc méad an áir
Glacas náire an ġruaḋ ḋearg
  Is tuiteas marḃ i measc ċáiċ.

Bás na ríoġna d'éis gaċ uilc
  Is é is mó do ċuir ar ċáċ;
Ar an gcnoc so d'éis an ġliaiḋ
  Do ḃaist an Ḟiann Cnoc an Áir.

LAOI ṀEARGAIĠ NA LANN nGÉAR.

Pádraig: Beannaċt le caṫaiḃ na bFiann,
  Ba ṫréanṁar iad is ba ṁaiṫ a gcáil;
Aiṫris dúinn anois gan ḃrón
  Cia rug buaiḋ ar Ċnoc an Áir.

Oisín: Cé gur ṁian liom a dtráċt súd
  Do ḃeiṫ ar siubal le iomad páirt,
Leanfaḋ duit, má ġeiḃim rian,
  Ar ċoimsgleó ḋian Ċnuic an Áir.

D'ionnsuiġ Meargaċ na lann nglas
Is Oscur teann i gcóiṁgléiḋ:
A Ṗádraig, dá ḃfeicṫeá an dís
Ní ṁolfá gníoṁ Aen-ṁic Dé.

Do ḃíomair uile an Ḟiann
I gcreaṫaiḃ diana fá ḃrón go tláṫ
Le heagla gur ṫuitim d'ár laoċ
Le Meargaċ tréan na gcruaḋláṁ.

Do ḃí slóġ Ṁeargaiġ na nglaslann
Gan ċroiḋe gan ċeann ag sileaḋ déar
D'eagla marḃṫa a ríoġ
Le Oscur groiḋe na lann ngéar.

Pádraig: A Oisín, scaoil ṫort go fóil
An baeṫsceól is lean dod' ṫráċt;
Innis dúinn cia 'ca de'n dís
Do ḃuaiḋ an gníoṁ ar Ċnoc an Áir.

Oisín: A Ṁeargaiġ, ar Oscur teann
Do dearg mo lann-sa ar do ċorp;
Do gearraḋ liom do ḟeoil go cnáiṁ,
Tá daille an ḃáis ag déanaṁ ort.

Ar Meargaċ: ní eagal liom do láṁ,
Ná cuir i gcás mé, Oscuir féil,
Is dearḃ liom do ṫuitim linn
Is a maireann díoḃ ded' ṡlóġ féin.

Is dearḃ liom, a Ṁeargaiġ ċruaiḋ,
Naċ fada uait-se goin an ḃáis
Is go dtuitfir féin agus do ṡlóġ
Liom-sa is le slóġ Féinne Fáil.

Do ġlac Oscur goiṁ is fraoċ
Is do ṫóg a lann lán-ḃuaḋaċ
Le mire meanman is neart láṁ
Gur leag ar lár mo Ṁeargaċ cruaiḋ.

Níor ḃ'fada do'n laoċ ar talṁain
An tan d'eiriġ gan tlás arís ;
Do ġaiḃ náire iar soin an fear
Is ṁéaduiġ a neart agus a ġníoṁ.

Do ċaiṫ an dís deaġ-laoċ glan
Ó aṁarc maidne go hiarnóin
Gan síṫ gan sosaḋ gan cáirde
Uċ ! a Ṗádraig, i ndéingleó.

D'fiafraiġ Meargaċ de Oscur áiġ
An dtréigfeaḋ go lá an gleó ;
Aduḃairt Oscur do-ġeoḃair do ṁian
Is do scuireadar araon gan ġó.

Táinig an dís láṁ ar láiṁ
Is do ġaḃ an fánuiḋe a ṡlóġ féin,
Do ġluais Oscar go calma mear
'San leirg amaċ roiṁ an ḃFéinn.

Ḃí dream againn go subaċ suairc
Is dream eile fá ġruaim 'n-a ngné
Go heirġe gréine ar na ḃáireaċ
Gur ġluais ár náiṁde ċugainn go tréan.

Do ċuaiḋ Oscur i n-éide caṫa
Is do ġlac a arm 's a sciaṫ 'n-a ḋóid,
Do ṫriall i gcóṁḋáil is i gcoinne
Meargaiġ mire an tréin-leóṁan.

D'ionnsaiġ an dís an dara lá
Ar maidin go láṁġrod dian
Ag gearraḋ is ag créaċtaḋ a ċéile
Is níor b'ḟada ḋóiḃ gur ġáir an Ḟiann.

Níor ġáir ṁaoiḋte, a Ṗádraig nuaḋ,
Do ṫóg an Ḟiann an tráṫ úd,
Aċt gáir ċaointe is cráiḋteaċt'
Gáir ġoláin is gáir ċuṁaḋ.

Do b'é fáṫ fó'r ġáir an Ḟiann,
A Ṗádraig na cléire, go dearḃ
An tréas béim tug Meargaċ na lann
D'ḟág Oscur go fann fó talaṁ.

An tan ċonnacamair ar lár Oscur
Do ṡaoileamair go raiḃ gan anam;
Aċt níor b'ḟada do'n laoċ ċróḋa
Gur eiriġ go beó 'n-a ṡeasaṁ.

A Oscuir, ar Fionn na ḃFiann,
Ní faca riaṁ do ċorp ar lár
Ar úir talṁan gur indiu
Ag aon ġaisciḋeaċ dá ḃuirbe láṁ.

Is dearḃ, ar Meargaċ na lann,
Go mbeiḋ Oscur go fann gan spás
Is gaċ fear eile riaṁ de'n Ḟéinn
Aċt tusa is Aoḋ Ḃeag aṁáin.

Cuiṁniġ, a Oscuir, ar Conán Maol,
Do ṫuitim do'n Ḟéinn gur diṫ;
Cuiṁniġ ar gaċ caṫ cruaiḋ
Do' ṡeasuiġis do ṡlóiġtiḃ Ḟinn.

Do spreag Conán Oscur áiġ
  Is tug aġaiḋ go dána ar Ṁeargaċ tréan;
Ní ḟacṫas fós, a Ṗádraig
  Caṫ do b'ḟearr idir ḋís laoċ.

Dob é siúd an caṫ ba ḋian,
  A Ṗádraig na gcliar, gan ġó;
Caṫ gan sosaḋ, caṫ gan páirt,
  Caṫ gan stánaḋ i ngairḃġleó.

Do bí an ḋís do b'áilne cneas,
  Oscur is Meargaċ, adeir mé,
An dara lá ar dteaċt do nóin
  Is níor b'aiṫne a gcló ná a scéiṁ.

Ní raiḃ ball dá gcorpaiḃ caoṁ'
  Gan rian créaċt ná goin lann
Ó ḃaṫas cinn go bonn-tráċt—
  Dúinne is do ċáċ níor ġreann.

A Oscuir, cuiṁniġ gur led' láiṁ
  Do ṫuit Gruagaċ an Dúna Óir;
Má ċuirtear le Meargaċ tú ar gcúl
  Ní aiṫnid dúinn tú, ar Fionn na slóġ.

Naċ cuiṁin leat gur teann do bí
  Noisniaḋ planda an Dúna Óir,
Ó naċ aiṫniġtear linn do ġnúis
  Cluintear linn gaċ tráṫ do ġlór.

Naċ cuiṁin leat tar éis an áir
  Gur leat do ṫuit Tailc mac Tréin,
Is gaċ gaisciḋeaċ is tréanṡluaġ
  Do ṫug tuar ar an ḃFéinn.

Ba dearḃ linn uile an Ḟiann
  Nár ḃ'ḟada ó an dís an t-éag;
Ba ró-ġearr gur ḃ'aoiḃinn dúinn
  Ar dtuitim gan lúṫ do'n ḟear ṫréan.

Cé ṫuit ar talṁain an laoċ
  I gcréaċtaiḃ dar linn 'san éag,
D'eiriġ go calma mear arís
  Is duḃairt is díṫ so do'n Ḟéinn.

Do ḃí an nóin i bḟogus dúinn
  Is tuigeaḋ d'Ḟionn is do ċáċ
Go mba cuiḃe an dís laoċ
  Do scur ó'n ġleó tréan go lá.

Do laḃair Fionn ris an dís ċalma,
  Is duḃairt gur ṁaise dóiḃ araon
Staonaḋ ó'n gcaṫ do ṫoil a ċéile
  Go heirġe gréine i mbáraċ lae.

Aduḃairt Meargaċ na nglaslann,
  Is cuiḃe sin, a Ḟinn ṁic Cuṁaill,
Is níor ṫárlaiḋ riaṁ liom i ngléiḋ
  Laoċ is tréine neart is lúṫ.

Ó noċt amaċ, a Ṁeargaiġ ċruaiḋ,
  Cuirim suas duit-se is do Ḟionn
De ló no d'oiḋċe agus go bráṫ
  No gur bás do ċeaċtar dúinn.

Do scuir an dís deaġlaoċ ó'n ngleó
  An oiḋċe sin is ba leónta tinn
I gcorp i bḟeoil agus i gcnáṁaiḃ
  Gan ḃríġ gan ḃláṫ agus gan ḟeiḋm.

Ar na ḃáraċ ar aṁarc lae
D'ionnsuiġ a ċéile an dís go dian
Ba ċalma neart is gníoṁ láṁ
Ar ṫalṁain dá dtáinig riaṁ.

Dob' iad súd, a Ṗádraig, an dís
Ba ġairḃe is ba ṫréine i ngleó,
Is fearr do ċuirfeaḋ isteaċ go cnáiṁ
Lann dá láiṁ dá ḃfacaḋ fós.

Ní ḟacṫas fós dís mar iad
I neart i rian ná i dtréan-lúṫ
I gcalmaċt i mire i misneaċ
Is i n-imirt ar ṁeanmain, dar liom.

Ní ḟacaḋ a saṁail súd araon
Ag fulaing trom-ḃéimeann cruaiḋ,
Ag gearraḋ feóla is caeṁ-ċneas,
Ag seasaṁ gan fleaḋ gan suan;

I dtreise i dtréine is i lúṫ,
Gan teirce a ḃfonn i n-a ndáil,
Do ḃí an dís gan scur ó'n ngníoṁ
De ló no d'oiḋċe ar feaḋ deiċ lá.

A Ṁeargaiġ ċruaiḋ na lann nglas,
Ar Oscur, go teann ós árd,
Is mór an náire ḋúinn araon
An faid tá an gleó so ar ár láṁaiḃ.

A Oscuir, is tú is cruaḋa láṁa
D'ár imir im' ċoṁdáil-se riaṁ;
Do ṫuitim liom is é críoċ,
Ar Ṁeargaċ, do líon na ḃFiann.

Ní hé mo ċríoċ ná críoċ na bḟiann,
  A Ṁeargaiġ ḟaen na nglaslann,
Tuitim, mar luaḋair-se, leo' láiṁ,
  Ar Oscur na ráiḋte dteann. 180

Do ġlac Oscur na lann ngéar
  Meanmain, cé gur baoṫ a ṡnuaḋ;
Níor b'ḟada go ndubairt tar a éis
  An teann-ġlór Meargaċ: buḋ ṁaiṫ suan.

Beiḋ tú ar ḋíṫ biḋ ná suain, 185
  A Ṁeargaiġ ċruaiḋ, ar Oscur áiġ,
No gur ḋuit ar ḋíṫ cinn
  No ḋóṁsa, mar ṁaoiḋir, ar lár.

Níor b'ḟada ḋúinn taoḃ ar taoiḃ
  Ag feiṫeaṁ is ag éisteaċt leó 190
Go raiḃ Meargaċ ar ċúl sgéiṫe
  Ag Oscur na mbéimeann gcruaḋ.

Ní fuair sgíṫ ná sosaḋ ó Oscur
  Aċt gaċ béim ċoilg dá leagaḋ go teann
I bfoirċeann an ċoṁraic ċruaiḋ 195
  De Ṁeargaċ gur buain an ceann.

Laoi Mná Meargaiġ

.1. Ailne Ṡnóiḋġeal i ndiaiḋ a fir agus a dias mac do ṫuit ar Ċnoc an Áir.

A Ṁeargaiġ na nglas-lann ngéar,
Do b' iomḋa gliaḋ is trom-ċaṫ
I dtionól slóiġ is aonaráin
Do ṫuit leo' ċruaḋláiṁ seal.

Nior ḃ'ḟeasaċ mé go raiḃ 'n-a ndiaiḋ 5
Créaċt ná rian ar do ċorp
'S is dearḃ liom gur cealg, a ġráḋ,
Is naċ neart láiṁ do ḃuaiḋ ort.

Do ḃ'ḟada do ṫriall i n-imċian
Ód' ṫír ba ċaoiṁ go hInis Fáil 10
D'ionnsuiġe Ḟinn agus na ḃḞiann
Do ċealg mo ṫriar do'n ḃás.

Diombáiḋ! mo ċéile, mo ċeann
Do ċailleas le meang na ḃḞiann,
Mo ḋís ógláċ, mo ḋís ṁac 15
Mo ḋís fear ba ġarḃ gliaḋ.

Mo ċuṁa! mo ḃiaḋ agus mo ḋeoċ,
Mo ċuṁa! mo ċosc ó gaċ áird,
Mo ċuṁa! mo ṫriall i n-imċian
Is gur ċailleas mo laoċraḋ ċáiḋ. 20

Mo ċuṁa ṁór! mo ḋún ar lár,
Mo ċuṁa! mo sċáṫ agus mo sciaṫ,
Mo ċuṁa! Meargaċ is Ciardán,
Mo ċuṁa! Liagán ba ḃreaġ cliaḃ.

Mo ċuṁa! mo ċoimeáḋ is mo ḋíon,
  Mo ċuṁa! mo ḃríġ agus mo ṫeann,
Mo ċuṁa! is é is doilḃ ó'n olc,
  Mo ċuṁa anoċt! siḃ go fann.

Mo ċuṁa! mo lúṫġáir is mo ġreann,
  Mo ċuṁa! mo ġeall i ngaċ áit,
Mo ċuṁa! mo lúṫ agus mo neart,
  Mo ċuṁa ó noċt amaċ go bráṫ.

Mo ċuṁa! mo ṫreoir agus mo ṫriall,
  Mo ċuṁa! mo ṁian go ló an ḃáis,
Mo ċuṁa! mo ṫaisce is mo réim,
  Mo ċuṁa! mo laoċra ba ċáiḋ.

Mo ċuṁa! mo leaba agus mo ṡuan,
  Mo ċuṁa! mo ċuairt agus mo ṫeaċt,
Mo ċuṁa! m'oide agus mo ḃláṫ,
  Mo ċuṁa ċráiḋte! mo ṫriúr fear.

Mo ċuṁa! mo ṁaise is mo sgéiṁ,
  Mo ċuṁa! mo ṡéada is mo ṫaisce,
Mo ċuṁa! mo ċiste is mo ṁaoin,
  Mo ċuṁa! mo ṫrí coinnle gaisciḋ.

Mo ċuṁa! mo ċáirde is mo ġaoil,
  Mo ċuṁa! mo ṁuinntear is mo ċaraid,
Mo ċuṁa! m'aṫair is mo ṁáṫair,
  Mo ċuṁa is mo ċás! siḃ marḃ.

Mo ċuṁa! mo ṗáirt agus mo ḟáilte,
  Mo ċuṁa! mo ṡláinte gaċ am,
Mo ċuṁa! mo ṁeiḋir is mo ṡólás,
  Mo ḋá ḋólás! siḃ go fann.

Mo ċuṁa! do ḟleaġ agus do lann,
 Mo ċuṁa! do ċeannsaċt is do ġráḋ,
Mo ċuṁa! do tír is do baile,
 Mo ċuṁa! sib do scaipeaḋ óm' ḋáil.

Mo ċuṁa! mo ċuan is mo ċalaiṫ.
 Mo ċuṁa! mo ṫaisce is mo ḟéan,
Mo ċuṁa! mo ṁórḋaċt is mo ríoġaċt,
 Mo ċuṁa is mo ċaoiḋ sib go héag!

Mo ċuṁa! mo raṫ go hiomḟlán,
 Mo ċuṁa sib i n-am gléiḋ,
Mo ċuṁa! mo ṫionól slóġ,
 Mo ċuṁa! mo ṫriar leóṁan féin.

Mo ċuṁa! mo imirt agus m'ól,
 Mo ċuṁa! mo ċeól agus m'aoibneas,
Mo ċuṁa! mo ġrianán is mo bantraċt,
 Mo ċuṁa ċanntlaċ sib claoiḋte!

Mo ċuṁa! m'fonn agus m'fiaḋaċ,
 Mo ċuṁa! mo ṫriar dearblaoċ
Mo ċuṁa! oċ! mo ċuṁa iad!
 Is a leagaḋ i n-imċian do'n Ḟéinn.

D'aiṫin mé ar an sluaġ siḋe tréan
 Do bí i ngléiḋ ós cionn an Dúin
I gcaṫ le ċéile i nglintib aeir
 Go raib an léan le buaint dom' ṫriúr.

D'aiṫin mé ar an bfoġar-ġuṫ siḋe
 Do ḟéid go cruinn isteaċ im' ċluais
Nár b'fada uaim goiṁ nuaḋ scéil:
 Ḃur dtuitim-na is é do ṫuair.

D'aiṫin mé i dtúr an lae
  Do scar mo ṫriúr deaġlaoċ liom
Ar aṁarc déara fola 'n-a ngruaḋ
  Ná fillfidís fá buaiḋ ċuġam.

D'aiṫin mé ar ġuṫ na mbaḋḃ
  I nbur gcaṫair fá ṁeiḋir gaċ nóin
Ó scarabair go croṫaċ liom
  Gur b'fogus dom léan is brón.

Is cuiṁin liom a ṫriuir ba ṫréan
  Gur ṁinic mé liḃ féin ḋá luaḋ
Dá mba imṫeaċt go hÉirinn ḋíḃ
  Ná feicfinn bur ngnaoi fá buaiḋ.

D'aiṫin mé ar ġuṫ an ḟéiġ
  Gaċ maidean ó ṫriall siḃ uaim
Gur ṫuitim ḋíḃ i láṫair Ḟinn
  Is nár b'filleaḋ ḋíḃ do'n tír go deó.

D'aiṫin mé, a triuir ba ċáiḋ
  Ar ndearmad bur n-iall gcon ḋíḃ
Nár b'filleaḋ ḋíḃ arís le buaiḋ
  Gan ċealg ó ṡluaiġtiḃ Ḟinn.

D'aiṫin mé, a ċoinnle gaisciḋ,
  Sruṫ an easa ar ṫaoiḃ an Dúin
Ar mbeiṫ 'n-a ḟuil le linn bur dtriaill
  An feall so riaṁ go raiḃ i bFionn.

D'aiṫin mé ar ċuaird an iolair,
  Gaċ nóin ag filleaḋ ós cionn an Dúin,
Nár b'fada, uċ! go gcluinfinn féin
  Tásc droiċscéala ó mo ṫriúr.

D'aiṫin mé 'nuair d'ḟeoiḋ an bile
'Dir ġéig is duille ós cóṁair an Dúin,
Nár ṫeaċt fá buaiḋ ṫar n-ais díḃ
Ó ċealgaiḃ Ḟinn ṁic Cuṁaill.

D'aiṫin mé ar aṁarc ḃur ndiaiḋ
An lá do ṫriaill siḃ ó'n nDún
Ar eitil an ḟéiġ róṁaiḃ amaċ
Nár ċóṁarṫa ṁaiṫ ar ċasaḋ ċuġam.

D'aiṫin mé ar ċoin Ċiardáin
Ag gláiṁ goláin gaċ nóin
Nár ḃ'ḟada go ḃfaġainn, mo pian!
Ḃur dtásc a dtriar, mo ṁíle ḃrón!

D'aiṫin mé ar easbaiḋ suain
Gaċ oiḋċe buan fó ṡruṫaiḃ deór
Óm' roscaiḃ ó scar siḃ liom
Nár ṫuar cuṁdaiġ díḃ-se a ṡórt.

D'aiṫin mé ar an aisling ḃróin
Do ṫaisbeáin mo ġuais dom féin—
'Nuair gearraḋ ceann is láṁa díom—
Gur siḃ-se do ḃí gan réim.

D'aiṫin mé ar Uaiṫnín ġlórach
Gaḋar ba ró-searc lem' Liaġán
Ag glamġail gaċ maidean moċ
Mo ṫriúr gur ċinnte dóiḃ an bás.

Is d'aiṫin mé 'nuair taisbeánaḋ dom
An loċ fola ar áit an Dúin
Torċarṫa go raiḃ mo ṫriar
Ag an gceilg ó nár saor riaṁ Fionn.

CUID A DÓ.

SEALG SLÉIḂE FUAID.

Lá dá raiḃ Fionn is a ṡlóiġte
  Go líonṁar cróḋa calma mear
Ag seilg ar ṁullaċ Sléiḃe Fuaid
  An fiaḋ gur ġluais i dtúis na bfear.

Do leanaḋ leó fá lúṫ an fiaḋ 5
  Gaċ laoċ go dian 'n-a ṡáir-riṫ,
Do ḃí an fiaḋ go beannaċ borb
  Ag seasaṁ 'san leirg go dána glic.

Níor stad an fiaḋ fó ṫroid ġairḃ
  Gur ḟág sé dearḃ amaċ an sliaḃ 10
Is lean an Ḟiann í fó lom-lúṫ
  Go roiċeadar úr-ċnoc sLiaḋair;

De ṫriall go tréan ó ċnoc Liaḋair
  Gan luiġe i rian ná i léim,
Ar soin arís go Cairrgín cruaiḋ 15
  Do leanadar a luas 's a réim.

Fó'n am 'n-a dtáinig an fiaḋ
  Go Cairrgín cinn tráġa na gcloċ
Níor ḃ'ḟeas dóiḃ soir seoċ siar
  Cár ġaḃ an ḃean-fiaḋ 'san gcnoc. 20

Do ṫriall dream againn soir
  Is dream siar agus ó ṫuaiḋ;
Dream arís fó'n áird ba ḋeas
  Is ár gcoin go prap is an gcuaird.

Do ṫóg Sceólán an fiaḋ
  Is do leanamair go dian an treilg
Go dtáinig ṫar n-ais fó'n sliab
  Go bruaċ Sléibe Fuaid 'san teiċeaḋ.

Do scar Fionn is Dáire binn
  Sealad ó ṡliġe na bFiann,
Níor b'ḟada mar soin dóib
  Gur b'ionann leó soir is siar.

An tan d'aiṫin Fionn is Dáire
  Go raib an seaċrán 'n-a sian
Do seinneaḋ le Dáire truaġ-ċuṁa
  Is seinneaḋ le Fionn an dord Ḟiann.

Do ċualamair uile an Ḟiann
  Dáire is ár dtriaċ ag ceól,
An uair ṁeastuiḋe linn ó ṫuaiḋ
  Do b'ḟada uainn fogar an ġlóir.

Do bíodar an ḋís ag triall
  Go rángadar 'san sliab go fann,
An macaoṁ mná do b'áilne snuaḋ
  Coṁpáirt gan ġruaim, lán de ġreann.

D'ḟiafraiġ Fionn flaiṫ na bFiann
  De'n ġnúis seo ba sciaṁaċ snuaḋ:
Créad do-beir tú id' aonar
  I n-imeall ċnuic Sléibe Fuaid?

Mé féin agus mo ċaoin-ċéile
Do beiṫ ag triall tré an leirg;
Cualaiḋ sé goṫa gaḋar mbinn,
Do scar liom is lean an tseilg.

Créaḋ an t-ainm atá ort féin
A ḋeiġ-ḃean tréiṁ na ngruaḋ rós,
Is fós coṁainm d'ḟir ġrinn,
No cár gaḃ laoġ na seilge ar seól?

Lobarán coṁainm mo ċéile,
Mo ċoṁainm féin Glanluaḋ;
Ní fear dom cár ṫriall súd
No an tseilg fó lúṫ cár ġluais.

Is cosṁail reḋ' ġnúis áluinn
Gurab laoċ tu atá ar cuaird,
Is dearḃ mar an gcéadna liom
Gur tú Fionn mac Cuṁaill ċruaiḋ.

Liom-sa, ar Fionn, an tsealg,
A ríoġan ċailce na n-órċuaċ,
Ní fear anois dom soir seoċ siar
Cár ġaḃ an Ḟiann ná an fiaḋ uainn.

Cionnus do scarais ris an ḃFéinn,
A Ḟinn na n-éaċta ba ċruaiḋ?
Is iongnaḋ liom ná fuil iḋ' ḋáil
Dream breaġ no táin deḋ' ḟluaġ.

Do ġluaiseas féin agus Dáire
Go lom seoċ các i ndiaiḋ an ḟiaiḋ,
Ní fear dúinn, a ríoġan, anois,
Cár gaḃaḋ linn soir ná siar.

Triall-se linn, a Ġlanluaḋ, ar Fionn,
  Is cibé taoḃ 'n-a ngluaistear linn
Béarfam tusa i n-ár gcóṁḋáil
  Is ní ṫréigfeam go bráċ do ġnaoi.

Dá mbuḋ ḋóiġ liom, a Ḟinn na bḞiann,
  Ar an leirg ag triall go bḟuil an trealg
Do ṫriallfainn i nḃur nḋáil gan cáirde
  Is do ċóṁairle, a Ḟinn ġráḋṁair, ġlacfainn.

Níor ċian ḋóiḃ ag labairt go caoin
  An tan ċualadar síṫċeól suain
Dá seinnim go binn re n-a dtaoiḃ
  Is ġluais fotram 'n-a ḋiaiḋ is fuaim.

An leat-sa an ceól, a inġean ċaoṁ,
  Dá seinnim re n-ár dtaoiḃ go binn?
Níor ḃ'ḟada liom-sa seal id' ḋáil,
  A ríoġan áiġ! aċt an Ḟiann im' ḋíṫ.

Ní'l ceól ná níḋ ar biṫ im' ḋáil
  Aċt tusa aṁáin is Dáire binn,
Ná neaċ eile fí an ġréin
  Aċt mar ḟeiceann siḃ féin mo ġnaoi.

Do ṁéaduiġ ceól agus fuaim
  I dtollaiḃ na gcluas ag an trír,
Do ḃíodar ag dul i dtrom-néalaiḃ
  Gan seasaṁ, féin, i n-aon díoḃ.

Níor ċian ḋóiḃ aṁlaiḋ sin
  Gur ṫuiteadar uile ċum láir
Is do ċuaiḋ an triar ba ċaoin réiḋ,
  A Ṗádraig, i dtrom-néalaiḃ báis.

Ar dteaċt ar na néaltaiḃ dóiḃ
I gcruṫ i gclóḋ i ndaṫ 's i snuaḋ
Do ċonnarcadar le n-a dtaoiḃ
Dún breaġ ríoġḋa fé réim buaḋa.

An ḃfeicir an dún órḋa úd,
Ar Fionn mac Cuṁaill le Dáire séiṁ?
Do-ċím go glan soiléir, ar Dáire.
A Ḟinn, ar an fáiḋḃean, ċím-se féin.

Do ċonnarcadar fós 'n-a dtimċeall
Fairrge linn-ġorm tonn-tréan;
Is ġluais amaċ ó'n Dún 'san snáṁ
Laoċ corpánta is bean ba ḟéiṁ.

Do ġreamuiġ an laoċ is an ḃean úd,
A Ṗádraig, gan lúṫ an triar
Is do rugadar leó iad i n-a ndeoiḋ
Do'n Dún órḋa 'san snáṁ go dian.

Is fada mise, a Ḟinn na meang,
Ag leanṁain an t-am ort d'ḟaġáil,
Anois ó táir fóm' ḋian-smaċt
Ní dul amaċ duit go ló an ḃráṫ'.

Is cuiṁin leat, ar Meargaċ na lann,
A Ḟinn, an feall do rinnis tráṫ
Is ar mo ḋís de ṁacaiḃ caoṁa,
Tailc mac Tréin is a raiḃ 'n-a ḋáil.

Is cuiṁin liom, ar Fionn áiġ,
Gur ṫuiteadar le láiṁ na ḃFiann,
Ní le ceilg ná fós le meang
Aċt le cruaḋlann is cóiṁġliaḋ.

Is do b'ḟíor dóiḃ, a ḟir ṁóir,
  Dá mbeidís beó, gur neart lám
Do ṫug dóiḃ aiṫne ar an éag
  Is naċ cealg ó'n bḞéinn ar Ċnoc an Áir.

Aċt is leór linne mar ḟiaḋnuise ḟír
  Ailne an ġrinn annso mar tá,
Iomḋa caṫ is trom-ṡlóġ
  Anois fá ḃrón 'n-a diaiḋ go tláṫ.

Cad é do ġaol-sa le Ailne an ġrinn,
  A ḟir ṁóir líoṁṫa is garḃ glór?
Mise a dearḃráṫair go fíor
  Mo ċoṁainm féin Draoiġeantóir.

Ceanglaḋ Dáire, Fionn, Glanluaḋ
  I gcuiḃreaċ cruaiḋ le Draoiġeantóir,
Do ċuir i gcarcair iad go dian
  Gan ceannsaċt gan rian gan treoir.

Do ḃí an triar ar feaḋ ċúig lá
  Is ċúig n-oiḋċe iomlán gan ġó
'San ċarcair ḋaingin ċráiḋte úd
  Gan biaḋ só ṗúdair, gan deoċ gan ċeól.

A Ailne ṡnuaḋ-ġeal, ar Fionn lá,
  Ar Ċnoc an Áir is cuiṁin leat
Go bḟuairis cuireaḋ fial na bḞiann
  Cé lom an triar so anois fód' smaċt.

A Ḟinn, ar Ailne, de ġlór ṫruaiġ,
  Ní ġó go bḟuair mé cuireaḋ fial
Ód' ṁnaoi ċéile Gráinne an ġrinn
  Dul do ċaiṫeaṁ biḋ na bḞiann.

Ní cuiḃe duit-se, a ríoġan tsuairc,
Fád' smaċt ó fuairis dealḃ sinn
Ár gcur gan cáirde ċum báis
'S gan biaḋ gaċ tráṫ do roinn linn.

Do b'ḟearr liom, a Ḟinn, gan ḃréig,
An Ḟiann re ċéile go mbeidís tláṫ
'San ċarcair sin i gcuiḃreaċ cruaiḋ
Id' ḋáil, is níor ṫruaġ liom a gcás.

A ḃean, ó noċtais dúinn do rún
Cé doiliġ ár bpúḋar is ár gcruaḋċás
Is sinn go daingean dian fód' smaċt,
Ár slán fód' ġearaiḃ aċt niḋ amáin.

Créad sin amáin, a Ḟinn na nduas,
Leat dá luaḋ? ar Ailne an ġrinn,
Ní ṫiocfaiḋ leat go ló an ḃráṫ'
Led' ċealgaiḃ gnáiṫ na geasa ċlaoiḋe.

D'ḟiafruiġ Ailne de Ġlanluaḋ
Créad fáṫ ar ġluais le imṫeaċt Ḟinn
Is a ḃean ċéile aige féin:
Dod' ṡamail-se ní réiṁ an gnioṁ.

Do noċt Glanluaḋ annsoin gan ḃréig
A turas féin le Fionn go glic
Nár ḃ'ḟeasaċ í, soir seoċ siar,
Go ḃfacaiḋ riaṁ é roime sin.

Is cosṁail, ar Ailne, má's fior,
A Ġlanluaḋ, már innisir dúinn,
Naċ cuiḃe dúinn tú ḃeiṫ fó smaċt
'San ċarcair seo i nglas gan ċúis.

Do noċtaiḋ Ailne an luaḋ go fíor
Is a scéal i mbríġ le Draoiġeantóir
Ar móḋ go dtáinig sé do'n ċaṫair
Is Glanluaḋ ó n-a gearaiḃ d'ḟóir.

An tan do fuair Glanluaḋ a réim
Ba doiliġ léi i ngéiḃeann Fionn,
D'ḟág slán aige is ag Dáire binn
Is níor ṁian léi i gcuiḃreaċ a ngealġnúis.

An tráṫ d'ḟág Glanluaḋ an carcair
Do fuair sí biaḋ le caiṫeaṁ ó Ailne;
Do ṫuit sí go beaċt i néalaiḃ
Is ba ṫruaġ, a ċléiriġ, bean a cáile.

Fó'n am gur ṫéarnaiḋ as na néalaiḃ
Ṫug an stéidḃean di gan spás
Deoċ as ballán geara síḋe
No clear-ċorn ḃí aici 'n-a láiṁ.

Coṁ luaṫ is d'iḃ Glanluaḋ an deoċ
Ṫáinig go grod 'n-a gnáṫ-ġnaoi
I n-a réim is a clóiḋscéiṁ ċeart
Aċt Fionn i nglas is fliuċ do ċaoin.

Is dearḃ gur aiṫnid id' ġnaoi,
A Ġlanluaḋ ġroiḋe, ar Draoiġeantóir,
Naċ ionṁuin leat-sa Fionn is Dáire
I ngéiḃeann mar atáid gan fóir.

Ní gaol dom Fionn, ní gaol dom Dáire,
Ar Glanluaḋ, ná táin na ḃFiann,
'S is truaġ liom go fíor a saṁail
Do ḃeiṫ i gcarcair gan deoċ gan ḃiaḋ.

Má's ionṁuin leat-sa, a Ġlanluaḋ,
Biaḋ gaċ uair do tabairt do'n dís
Do-ġeobaid é, ar Draoiġeantóir,
Is beiḋ a ngeara gan fóir i mbríġ.

Ní iarraim a gcosnaṁ ar an éag
Ná ó'n gcarcair a réim do luaḋ
Aċt aṁáin go ḃfaġaid an biaḋ,
A Ailne ḟial, do ráiḋ Glanluaḋ.

Ní ċuirfead-sa Fionn ná Dáire
Go gród ċum báis, ar Draoiġeantóir,
D'ḟéaċain an ḃfaġainn an Ḟiann go léir
Go cruaiḋ i ngéiḃeann mar aon leó.

Atá an Ḟiann uile gan ḃréig
Ar lúṫ go léir ar lorg Ḟinn,
Is dearḃ liom-sa féin go beaċt
Go ḃfaġad fó ġéar-smaċt a lion.

Do ġoir Ailne ar Ġlanluaḋ
Ag gaḃáil cuaird' an Dúna óir,
Is ní raiḃ seoid ann dá áilne
Nár ṫairbeain tráṫ do'n ríoġain óig.

A Ailne, ar Glanluaḋ ċaoin,
Atá an dís 'san ċarcair féig
D'easbaiḋ na ḃfleaḋ ba ġnáṫ leó
Do ċaiteaṁ gaċ ló i gcaṫ 's i ngléiḋ.

Do rug Ailne is Glanluaḋ
Biaḋ sé luas i láṫair Ḟinn
Gur an gcarcair i n-a raiḃ féin
Is Dáire go faon gan ḃríġ.

An tan do ċonnairc Fionn is Dáire 245
An dís ba áilne úd ag teaċt
Ṡileadar frasa deór go dian
Ag caoineaḋ na ḃFiann do ḃeiṫ ṫar lear.

Do ḃeannuiġ Glanluaḋ ġlé do Ḟionn,
Do ġoil go duḃaċ ar aṁarc a ġnaoi; 250
Níor laḃair Áilne oiread is focal,
Níor ċruaġ i ndoċar léi mo rí.

Do caiṫeaḋ le Fionn agus le Dáire
Annsoin, a Ṗádraig, deoċ is biaḋ,
Do ġluais an dís ban ar lúṫ 255
Is d'ḟágadar duḃaċ Fionn na ḃFiann.

D'ḟiafruiġ díoḃ Draoiġeantóir
Cá raḃadar ar cuaird an dís,
Noċtadar dó gur i ḃfoċair Ḟinn
Is Dáire an ġrinn le biaḋ is diġ. 260

D'ḟiafruiġ Draoiġeantóir díoḃ
Cionnus do b'ḟear grinn Dáire?
Do noċtadar dó, scéal gan ġó,
Gur ġreannṁar i gceól is i gcáil é.

Buḋ ṁian liom-sa, ar Draoiġeantóir, 265
Go gcluinfinn an ceól má tá binn.
Atá go dearḃ, ar Glanluaḋ,
Ní bréag a luaḋ is fós caoin.

Do ṫriall Draoiġeantóir do'n ċarcair,
Le Dáire laḃair go borb teann: 270
Do ċuala mé is ní feas an fios
Go seinnir go binn agus le greann.

Dá mbeiḋís an Ḟiann uile im' ḋáil,
  Buḋ ġreann is buḋ ṗáirt leó mo ċeól,
Creidim nać ionṁuin leat-sa
  Mo ċeól mo ċanaḋ ná mo ġlór.

Seinn anois ḋúinn do ċeól binn
  Go ḃfeasam an fíor an ċáil úd,
Má tá searḃ ní binn liom é—
  A Ṗádraig, is é aḋúḃairt.

Ní'lim-se i ḃfonn ċum ceoil,
  A Ḋraoiġeantóir, ar Dáire binn,
Atáim féig fíorlag neaṁḟuairc
  Od' ġeasaiḃ a rug buaiḋ mo ġrinn.

Tógfad-sa ḋíot bríġ mo ġeasa
  Go seinnfir ḋúinn do ċeól binn,
Is má ḃíonn annsa i ḃfoġar 's i ḃfuaim
  Ní ḟeicfead i nguais fear do ġrinn.

Ní ṫiocfaiḋ liom seinnim go binn
  Ar ḟeicsin Ḟinn i nglasaiḃ daor,
Is doiliġe liom é féin is an Ḟiann
  Ba fleaḋṫaċ fial ioná mé féin.

Tógfad-sa buaiḋ na ngeasa d'Ḟionn,
  Aċt seinn-se ḋúinn, a Ḋáire an ġrinn,
Agus má's binn liom fuaim do ṁéar
  Is aṁail is séiṁe feasta a mbríġ.

Do ċuir Draoiġeantóir i neiṁbríġ
  Geasa Ḟinn is Ḋáire fuairc,
Do ṫug sé ḋóiḃ biaḋ is deoċ,
  Is do ṡeinn Dáire gan loċt binn-ḟuaim.

Do ṫaiṫn le Draoiġeantóir go mór
  Mar do seinneaḋ an ceól le Dáire,
Do ġair do'n ċarcair Glanluaḋ
  Ag éisteaċt le suairceas ċoṁ sáṁ soin.

Do ṫaiṫniġ le Glanluaḋ is Ailne 305
  An ceól do ṡeinn Dáire binn,
Ba ġreann áḋḃal le Glanluaḋ
  Ná facaiḋ i ngruaim mar ḃí.

Buḋ lúṫġáir liom, ar Draoiġeantóir,
  Fionn go fóill fóm' smaċt ó tá, 310
Ciḋbé árd de'n doṁan 'n-a ḃfuiliḋ
  A ṡlóiġte uile do ḃeiṫ 'n-a ḋáil.

Gaċ críoċ gaċ árd agus gaċ iaṫ,
  Gaċ tuaiṫ is sliaḃ dár ṫriall do'n Ḟéinn,
Ar dian-lorg Ḟinn is Ḋáire 315
  'San leirg seo ṫángadar taoḃ re taoiḃ.

Do ḃí Dáire ag seinnim go binn
  Fó'n am 'n-ar ṫeaċt do'n Ḟéinn annsúd,
Fé léim lúiṫ agus mire
  I ḃfogus, uċ! tig siad ċugainn. 320

An tan do ċualadar an Ḟiann
  An binn-ċeól dian san Dáire
Ní fada do héisteaḋ leó
  Fé'n am gur ġleó a ngut gárṫa.

An uair do ċualaiḋ Draoiġeantóir 325
  An uall-ġlór sin na Féinne
Do ċuir a ġeara i mbuaiḋ-ḃríġ
  I nḋáil na díre re céile.

Do balbuiġeaḋ an ceól re Dáire
  Is an Ḟiann ag uallġárṫaḋ go lom,
Níor ḃ'ḟada go gcualadar foṫram
  Is fuaim 'n-a ḟoċair mar ġáir tonn.

Ní raiḃ neaċ de ṡluaiġtiḃ Ḟinn
  Nár ṫuit gan ṁoill i néalaiḃ báis
An tráṫ do cuireaḋ le Draoiġeantóir
  A ġeasa fá ḃrón 'n-a ndáil.

Táinig Draoiġeantóir is Ailne
  Amaċ ar an ráṁ go dlúṫ,
Níor ḟágadar neaċ de'n Ḟéinn
  Nár ṫugadar le ċéile do'n Dún.

Adubairt Draoiġeantóir go borb
  'Nuair fuair fá n-a ċoṁṫrom iad:
O's díḃ-se uile fóm' smaċt
  Is dearḃ go gcuirfead síḃ óm' rian.

Níor ḟág fear ar lúṫ díoḃ
  Nár ċeangail fó ċuiḃreaċ cruaiḋ,
Do ċuir 'san ċarcair iad gan ċáirde
  I bḟoċair Ḋáire is Ḟinn na nduais.

An uair do ċonnairc Fionn is Dáire
  An Ḟiann ag teaċt láiṫreaċ do'n ċarcair
Do ṡileadar srasa deór go dian,
  Is an Ḟiann le céile do ḟreagair.

D'ḟág Draoiġeantóir sinn uile
  Fó ġeasaiḃ 'n-a dtuile i n-ár ndáil,
'San gcarcair doiṁin úd fó ṗúḋair
  Ba sealad dúinn i gcruaḋ-ċás.

A Ḋraoiġeantóir, ar Glanluaḋ,
O's dom féin i nguais fó smaċt,
Má ṫaiṫniġ leat ceól Dáire
A ṡeinnim dúinn tráṫ buḋ ṁaiṫ.

Má's mian leat-sa, a Ġlanluaḋ,
Ceól binn suairc, ar Draoiġeantóir,
Is éigin do Ḋáire a ṡeinnim dúinn
Is fós do Ḟionn agus dá ṡluaġ.

Táinig Draoiġeantóir do'n ċarcair
Ailne ċaoin ċneasta is Glanluaḋ,
Sinne fó ġeasaiḃ is fó ċuiḃreaċ
Is doiliġ linn a ḃeiṫ dá luaḋ.

Seinn dom go binn, ar Draoiġeantóir,
A Ḋáire, de ċeól suairc na ḃFiann,
Is ionṁuin le Glanluaḋ ċaoin
Is le Ailne an ġrinn seinnim gliaḋ.

Is neaṁ-ṡuairc atáim-se, ar Dáire,
Ċum seanma an tráṫ so le greann
Is Fionn agus a ṡluaiġte go duairc
Fó ġeasaiḃ is fó cruaḋ-smaċt teann.

Cuirfeaḋ mo ġeasa i neiṁḃríġ
Od' ḋáil-se arís, a Ḋraoiġeantóir,
Nó go seinntear leat go binn dúinn
Do ċeól cuṁaḋ is do ċaismirt gleó.

Níor ṡeinneas riaṁ fós ceól binn,
Ar Dáire go mín le Draoiġeantóir;
An tráṫ is diaċraċ do'n Ḟéinn
Is gnáṫ liom féin ḃeiṫ diaċraċ leó.

Cuirfeaḋ i neiṁḃríġ geasa Ḟinn 385
  Go seinntear leat go binn dúinn ceól,
Aċt fágfaiḋ mé caṫa na ḃFiann
  Is na gearaiḃ go dian fá ḋoḃrón.

Ní ḟéadfainn-se, do ráiḋ Dáire,
  Seinnim go bráṫ ar ṫéid ṡuairc, 390
A Ḋraoiġeantóir, tuig go soiléir,
  Dá mbeaḋ aon ḟear de'n Ḟéinn seo duairc.

Do ċuir Draoiġeantóir i neiṁḃríġ
  Na geasa ó ḋáil Ḟinn is a ṡluaġ
No gur seinneaḋ le Dáire an ġrinn 395
  Foġar-ġuṫ téad binn is gáir fuam.

Do ṫaiṫnig go maiṫ le Draoiġeantóir
  Foġar binn an ċeoil sin Dáire,
Do ṡeinn sé annsoin a ċuma féin
  Is cuma croiḋe na Féinne dá láṫair. 400

Aduḃairt annsoin Draoiġeantóir
  Nár ḃ'ḟada ḋóiḃ do'n Ḟéinn
Go ḃfaġaidís uile le n-a ċéile
  Aiṫne ar an éag gan ḃréig.

Fó'n am soin do seinneaḋ le Dáire 405
  Ceól uall-ġárṫa is trom-ċaoiḋ,
Níor ḃ'ḟada go dtáinig 'san doras
  Draoiġeantóir go borb aṁċaoin.

Do hosclaḋ ris an doras úd
  Is dob' aiṫreaċ liom a ṫeaċt isteaċ, 410
D'ḟéaċ Fionn air go lán-truaġ
  Is níor ḋoilig leis gruaim na ḃfear.

Níor seinneaḋ níos mó re Dáire
An tan do ṫáinig Draoiġeantóir
Go nduḃairt Fionn leis arís
Seinnim go binn gan cead dóiḃ.

Do seinn Dáire ar ċómairle Ḟinn
An ceól go téidbinn do'n Ḟéinn,
Do ġaḃ fearg Draoiġeantóir:
Is gairid gur brón díḃ, ar sé.

Do dúnaḋ leis an ċarcair ġeara
Go lom daingean ar an ḃFéinn
Is ṫáinig ṫar n-ais ar cuaird
Mar a raiḃ Glanluaḋ is Ailne féiṁ.

Ní raiḃ Lobarán 'n-a gcóṁdáil
D'ḟiafruiġ go hárd cár ġaḃ sé:
D'innis Glanluaḋ is Ailne dó
Nár ḃ'ḟeas dóiḃ cár ġaḃ an laoċ.

Do scairt go borb ós árd
Ar Lobarán i gclos do'n Ḟéinn,
Do ḟreagair rúd a clúid de'n dún
Is ġluais ar lúṫ go ráinig sé.

Cá rabais, a Lobaráin, ar cuaird?
Ar Draoiġeantóir go gruamḋa teann,
Is dearḃ liom ód' ṫriall fó leiṫ
Gur mian leat me do ḃeiṫ go fann.

Do ṫriall leis Lobarán gan spás
Mar a raiḃ các i nglasaiḃ cruaḋa,
Do ċuir 'n-a cóṁdáil bríġ a ġeara
Is d'ḟág 'san ċarcair é fá ġruaim.

Do ḃí roimis i mbruinniḃ báis
  A trí is céad sáirḟear de'n Ḟéinn,
Do baineaḋ re Draoiġeantóir díoḃ
  Go tapa na cinn gan aon ḃréig.

Do ḃí ag teaċt ċum Conáin Ṁaoil
  Is a lann líomṫa 'n-a ḋóid go teann:
Cá ḃfuil do ṫriall, a Ḋraoiġeantóir?
  Fan go fóill, ná dein orm feall.

Do ḃí Draoiġeantóir fá ġarḃ-ṫrost
  Is a lann gan ċosc ós cionn Ċonáin,
D'eiriġ an fear maol de ṗreab
  Is iall níor ḟan ar a ṡuiḋeaċán.

Coisc do láiṁ, ar Conán, go truaġ,
  Is leór duit mo ġuais mar táim,
Ní'l dul agam-sa ó'n éag
  Ná cuir truaiġṁéil ċum grod-ḃáis.

Do ṫriall Draoiġeantóir annsoin uainn,
  'San ċarcair fá ġuais d'ḟág sé sinn
Go doiliġ doḃrónaċ lán-duḃaċ
  Gan réim gan lúṫ ar easbaiḋ grinn.

Do laḃair Loḃarán le Fionn
  Is duḃairt go ciuin gan ḟios do ċáċ:
Atá 'san dún so leiġeas ár ngeasa
  Dá dtigeaḋ linn teaċt ar a ḟaġáil.

Créad é sin? ar Fionn na ḃFiann,
  Do-ḃéaraḋ suan ó n-ár ngeasaiḃ dúinn,
Is truaġ gan é anois ar faġáil,
  A Loḃaráin, má tá 'san dún.

Atá ballán, a Ḟinn, 'san dún
Do-ḃéaraḋ ḋúinne lúṫ is rian,
Is dá mbeaḋ sé againn anois
Níor ḃ'ḟada an ġoiṁ i n-ár bpian.

An ḃfacaiḋ tusa, arsa Fionn,
An ballán úd, a Loḃaráin ċaoiṁ,
D'ḟóirfeaḋ sinn anois ó ġuais,
Nó'n gcualaiḋ tú dá luaḋ a ḃríġ?

Do ċualaiḋ me ag Glanluaḋ
Gur ḟóir í féin ar ġuais an ḃáis
Is d'innis sí ḋúinn fós fé rún
Go leiġeasfaḋ gaċ púḋair dá raiḃ 'n-ár nḋáil.

Níor ḃ'ḟada ḋúinn aṁail sin
Draoiġeantóir go dtig do'n ċarcair,
A lann 'n-a ḋóid go líoṁṫa dian
Ċum na Féinne uile do ḋíṫċeannaḋ.

A ḟir ṁaoil, do ráiḋ Draoiġeantóir,
Gléas do ṁóir-ċeann is gaḃ mo ḃéim,
Ní ḟágfad neaċ óg ná ársaiḋ
Naċ cuirfead ċum báis anois de'n Ḟéinn.

Táim-se im' ṫruaġ-loḃar boċt,
Ar Conán, go doiliġ lán-duḃaċ:
Ná cuir ċoiḋċe me ċum báis
Go leiġeastar leat mo ċneáḋa ar dtús.

Do ġair Draoiġeantóir ar Ailne,
Is ṫáinig sise láiṫreaċ ċuġainn,
D'ḟéaċ sí fá ġruaim go soiléir
Ar ṡluaġ na Féinne is ar Ḟionn.

Tabair dom, arsa Draoiġeantóir,
  Ballán órḋa na ngear gcruaiḋ
No go leiġeasfad goin íoċtair
  An ḟir ṁaoil úd fé ġruaim.

Ná leiġis an fear maol úd, ar Ailne,
  Ní púḋar linn a ċruaḋ-ċás,
Ná tabair dó cáirde ar biṫ
  Ná do'n Ḟéinn aċt a gcur ċum báis.

Ní iarraim air mo ċur ó'n mbás,
  A ġeal-Ailne, ar Conán Maol,
Aċt amáin ná bead im' lobar
  Ar dteaċt dom' ṫraoċaḋ do'n éag.

D'imṫiġ Ailne de ġarḃ-ṫrost
  Is d'ḟéaċ go doċt 'n-a diaiḋ ar Ḟionn,
Níor ḃ'ḟada ḋí go dtáinig arís
  Is croiceann ḃí aici lán de ċlúṁ.

Ceangail é seo, a Ḋraoiġeantóir,
  Do ċromán ċóir an ḟir ṁaoil úd,
Leiġeasfaiḋ gan spás goin a ċréaċt,
  Is tabair an t-éag dóiḃ féin is d'Ḟionn.

Do ġlac Draoiġeantóir gan spás
  An croiceann is do ċeap do Ċonán,
Do lean ó'n ló soin dó gur ṫriall
  Is ní raiḃ ariaṁ gan fosainm 'n-a ḋáil.

Ná cuir-se mise anois ċum báis,
  Ar Conán, a Ḋraoiġeantóir,
Fanfad id' ḋáil as so suas
  Mo ḋíṫċeannaḋ buḋ truaġ gan cóir.

A Ḋraoiġeantóir, ar Loḃarán, 525
Má's mian leat ár mbás go léir
Is leór leat soin mo scéal truaiġ
Is an fear maol duairc do saoraḋ ó'n éag.

Ní ḋearnas cealg ná meang,
Gairse ná teann ní raiḃ im' ḋáil, 530
Dá ḃríġ sin, a Ḋraoiġeantóir,
Ní cuiḃe duit leó anois mo ḃás.

Ní ċuirfeaḋ-sa ṫu ċum báis,
A Ċonáin, do ráiḋ Draoiġeantóir,
Is beiḋ tu im' ċóṁḋáil-se féin 535
Ar feaḋ do ré gan cead dóiḃ.

Do ġluais Conán le Draoiġeantóir
As an gcarcair ar seól lom-lúiṫ,
Níor stadaḋ de ṫrost ġarḃ leó
Go rángadar cóir ġeasa an dúin. 540

Do ġoir Draoiġeantóir ós árd
Ar Ġlanluaḋ is ar Ailne an ġrinn
Ṫáinig Glanluaḋ fó lom-lúṫ
Is Ailne do'n ċur 'n-a raiḃ an dís.

D'innis Draoiġeantóir do na mnáiḃ 545
Go dtug leis Conán ó ṡluaġ na ḃFiann,
Go dtógfaḋ bríġ a ġeasa ó n-a ḋáil,
Is go mbeaḋ 'n-a ċóṁḋáil is 'n-a rian.

Is eagal liom-sa, a Ḋraoiġeantóir,
Ar Ailne, gurab doḃrón is guais 550
Duit-se is dom-sa go ló an ḃráṫ'
Conán id' ċóṁḋáil do beiṫ buan.

Créad is eagal dúinn, a Ailne, ar sé,,
  O'n ḃfear maol do ḃeiṫ 'n-ár ndáil?
Ar eagla na meang, ar sise, 555
  Beiṫ buan 'n-a ġoile ar nós cáiċ.

Cáirde ní ṫaḃarfad-sa do'n Ḟéinn,
  Gan aiṫne ar an éag ṫaḃairt dóiḃ,
Ar Draoiġeantóir le Ailne féiṁ,
  Is ní féidir le Conán a ḃfóir. 560

Níor labair Conán focal leó
  Go dtug Draoiġeantóir 'n-a ḋearláiṁ
An ballán úd na ngear do ċlaoiḋe
  Gur ṫóg a mbríġ go prap ar a ḋáil.

Fó'n am soin ċualadar go binn 565
  Ceól cuṁaḋ do seinneaḋ dóiḃ le Dáire,
Do ḃrostuiġ Draoiġeantóir ċúġainn
  Do'n ċarcair fó lúṫ go dána.

Ní raiḃ laoċ de ċataiḃ Ḟinn
  Nać raiḃ lom críon i gcruṫ ġné, 570
Gan lúṫ gan tapa is gan treoir
  O ġeara i n-a gclóḋaiḃ ba ṫréan.

Do ḋearmad Draoiġeantóir
  An ballán órḋa ag Conán,
Do ṫriall sé féin agus Glanluaḋ 575
  Do'n ċarcair ċruaiḋ i gcóṁḋáil.

Créad do ṫorc-sa, a ḟir ṁaoil,
  Fó'r leanais sinn, ar Glanluaḋ?
Go ḃfaġainn aṁarc ar an ḃFéinn
  Le linn a n-éag is a dtriall uaim. 580

Ca ḃfuil an ballán, ar Draoiġeantóir,
  Ṫugas duit d'ḟóir do ġeara cruaiḋ?
D'ḟágas é, arsa Conán,
  Mar a ḃfuaireas é slán fé ḃuaiḋ.

Do ġluais Draoiġeantóir uainn
  De ġarḃ-ṫrost ċruaiḋ fé lán-lúṫ,
Níor stadaḋ leis ċum go ráinig
  An cor i n-a raiḃ gréiṫre an dúin.

D'ḟóir Conán Oscur is Fionn
  Ó na gearaiḃ dlúiṫ do ḃí 'n-a ndáil,
Sul fó dtáinig Draoiġeantóir
  Tar ais fé ḟeól gan ḟios an ḃalláin.

Do ġaḃ Oscur an ballán do láiṁ
  Is a lann líoṁṫa go dána 'n-a dóid
Is níor fulaing a ṫeaċt do'n ċarcair
  An Ḟiann ó n-a ngearaiḃ gur ḟóir.

Do ṡeinn Fionn an dord Ḟiann go binn
  Is Dáire re n-a ṫaoiḃ fé ġreann,
An Ḟiann uile do ġáir ós árd
  De ḃorḃ-ġuṫ i ráiḋtiḃ teann'.

Ġluais Ailne is Glanluaḋ
  Go lán-luaṫ go dtí an ċarcair:
Tá réim ag an ḃFéinn go fíor,
  A Ailne, ar Draoiġeantóir, go dearḃ.

Do ḃuail Ailne na bara go lom
  Is do laḃair sí i ḃfoġar nár ċaoin:
Aduḃairt Conán léi ós árd:
  Cúis ċruaḋ-ċáis ċugat agus caoiḋe!

A Ḋraoiġeantóir, do ráiḋ Oscur,
  Ní'l do ċumas fearta ar an bḟéinn. 610
Do ġaḃ eagal is uaṁan Ailne
  Is do ṫuit gan spás sís an éag.

Tá cumas na Féinne gan ġó,
  Ar Ḋraoiġeantóir, orm, is fíor,
I n-éiric mo ġeasa is a mbuaḋ 615
  Ċur ó'n bfear mór is i neiṁḃríġ.

Ní'l agat dul ó'n éag anois,
  A ḋraoi ba ġlic, ar Oscur binn,
Do-ġeobair cóṁrac aon láiṁe
  Gan ceilg id' ḋáil ó ṡlóiġtiḃ Ḟinn. 620

Níor labair le Oscur tréan
  Aċt ġlac lann ġéar i n-a ḋeas-ḋóid
Gur ḟiafruiġ Oscur do'n dara feaċt:
  An aṁail is maiṫ leat, a Ḋraoiġeantóir?

Is aṁlaiḋ go dearḃ, ar an draoi, 625
  Ḃéarfad cruaiḋ-ġníoṁ deasláṁ
Do gaċ aon fear de'n Ḟéinn
  Go tuitim dom féin no dóiḃ 'n-a dtáin.

Do ġluais an Ḟiann uile amaċ
  Ar an gcarcair 'n-ar seal dóiḃ duḃaċ, 630
Do ḃí Ailne gan anam 'n-a sliġe
  Is Glanluaḋ ag caoi fó ṗúḋair.

Créad so do ṫárla d'Ailne an ġrinn?
  Ar Oscur de ġlór ċaoin lán-mbuaḋa.
Do fuair sí aiṫne ar an éag, 635
  Ar Conán, is ní scéal truaġa.

Do bí a lann líomṫa 'n-a ḋóid
Ag Draoiġeantóir ar an ndoras
Ag feiṫeaṁ ar Ċonán i measc ċáiċ
Le n-a ċur ċum báis i gan ḟios.

Do ċonnairc Oscur Draoiġeantóir
Is a lann 'n-a ḋóid i saṁail ḟaṫaiġ,
Aduḃairt leis: ná bí dá luaḋ
Go roiċimíd cuaird an ċaṫa.

Níor laḃair leis Draoiġeantóir
Is níor ḟág an fód 'n-a raiḃ 'n-a ḟeasaṁ
Go ḃfuair aṁarc ar Ċonán Maol
Is go dtug amuis-ḃéim ar a ḋíṫċeannaḋ.

Ní ráinig an lann an fear maol,
Do scairt go tréan ar Oscur áiġ;
D'ionnsuiġ Oscur Draoiġeantóir
Is tug gan ġó ḋó aiṫne an ḃáis.

Do ċaiṫeamair uile an Ḟiann
Deoċ is biaḋ 'san dún go subaċ,
Ar na ḃáraċ tar éis ár suain
Ní raiḃ againn tuarasgaḃáil an dúin.

COIN NA FÉINNE.

Sliocṫ as

SEILG LOĊA LÉIN.

Gluaisimíd-na an líon do ṁair
  Tar éis ċaṫa an áir de'n Ḟéinn
Go rángamair an ḟaiṫċe úd
  Ar ḃruaċ ċiúṁsaiḃ Loċa Léin.

Sin é an loċ is áilne scéiṁ
  Dá ḃfuil fó ġréin agat go beaċt;
Is iomḋa stór atá ó'n ḃFéinn
  Annsúd gan ḃréig i dtaisce anoċt.

Atá 'san taoiḃ ṫuaiḋ annsúd
  Caogad lúireaċ gorm glas;
Atá ann 'san taoiḃ ṫeas
  Caogad clogad i n-aon leaċt.

Atá ann 'san taoiḃ ṡiar
  Deiċ gcéad sciaṫ is an dord Ḟiann,
Deiċ gcéad claiḋeaṁ leaṫan glan
  Is an barr-ḃuaḋ ar aoṅ rian.

Atá ann 'san taoiḃ ṡoir
  Ór is éadaċ go leór is ġoil,
Stór do b'iomarcaċ le ráḋ
  Ṫigeaḋ i gcéin gaċ lá ṫar muir.

Cé doiliġ do seanóir 'n-a ndeoiḋ,
  A Ṗádraig, sá ḃrón dá luaḋ,
A raiḃ againn de ċonaiḃ saoiṫe
  Is de ġaḋair ġuṫ-ḃinn' do ġeoḃair uaim.

Do ḃí ann Sceólán agus Bran
  Lomaire, Brod, is Lomlúṫ,
Ċúig cona i dtús seilge is gníoṁa
  Naċ scarfaḋ coiḋċe le Fionn.

Do ḃí ag Fionn de ġaḋaraiḃ binne
  Uaiṫnín, Bríoġṁar is Uaillḃeó,
Steallaire, Reaċtaire, Dianrás,
  Callaire, Fiaḋmán is Sciarlóg.

Do ḃí aige Manaire is Tréan,
  Luas, Saoṫar, Searc is Cuaird,
Bandúir, Caṫḃuaḋ is Liasán
  Radaire, Grianán is Fuaim.

Do ḃí aige Lomḃall is Monarán,
  Feargaċ, Fearán, Bonn is Rás,
Cnagaire, Féirín agus Ballúr,
  Mallaire, Tréanlúṫ is Rinnḃárr.

Do ḃí aige fós Duanán mear,
  Suanán, Beart, agus Feall,
Leagaire, Foraire, Slioḃán,
  Critire, Laḃarán is Geall.

Ag sin agat, a Ṗádraig ḃáin,
  An líon con n-áluinn is gaḋar dtréan
Do rug Fionn leis ó Ċnoc an Áir,
  Go leirg ársa Loċa Léin.

Do ḃí ag Oscur de saoṫċonaiḃ
  Fead is Forcaḋ, Cluain is Faoḃar,
Aire, Mire, Faire, Luas,
  Daol is Gruaim is Fíor is Caol

Do ḃí 'n-a ndáil de ġaḋaraiḃ binne
Cleas is Filleaḋ, Maig is Ruaig,
Altán, Faraire, Síoṫċruaiḋ, Géar,
Drannaire, Réim, Obann is Cuan.

Do ḃí aige Lorgaire, Feiṫeaṁ, Donn,
Cosgaire, Feam, Buailteán is Fraoċ,
Cealgán, Meang, Preabaire, Pian,
Stracaire, Rian, Glórán is Caoṁ.

Do ḃí ag Faolán de ċonaiḃ áilne
Anuaill áḋṁair, Uaill, is Ullaṁ,
Bearcán, Feamaire, Caolán, Cuaċ,
Daolán, Suan, Arr is Foṫram.

Is ḃí aige de ġaḋaraiḃ glóraċ'
Marḃán, Forḟógra, Fiar is Teilg,
Colgán, Fáscaḋ, Fionnaḋ, Feac,
Léirsgrios, Creaċ, Uaillḃinn is Leirg.

Do ḃí aige fós Glaisín, Beólán,
Formaoil, Ciarḃán, Gluais is Lorg,
Truaġnán, Ciarḃoċt is Cian-ċuaird,
Uċtán, Iolġuais is Fleaḋ is Follaṁ.

Do ḃí ag Goll de ċonaiḃ saoiṫe,
Gluaire, Bíoḋga, Créaċt is Airc,
Cianraḋarc, Éisteaċt agus Páirc,
Tréanlúṫ, Báire, Eiteall, Fear.

Do ḃí aige Fulaing agus Éadtrom,
Fuarán, Éag is Teannán,
Áirdléim, Sárruiṫ is Imċian
Garḃán, Fial agus Leanán.

Do ḃí aige de ġaḋaraiḃ uaill-ḃinn’
  Ḃoigléim, Sciṫ, Golán is Tóir,
Searḃán, Groduaill, Seaċrán,
  Foġluiḋe, Feadġáir agus Ranntóir.

Is fós do ḃí aige Maoilín binn,
  Tuargaire, Rinn is Amalán,
Drannaire, Niṁḟiacal, Stracaḋ,
  Cluanaire, Troimġearraḋ is Searcán.

Do ḃí de ċonaiḃ ag Mac Lúġaċ
  Seaḃac, Luirgneaċ is Éirleaċ,
Mórtáin, Cumán agus Fuárma,
  Aolán, Scuabaḋ agus Faoḃar.

Do ḃí aige de ġaḋaraiḃ beoḋa
  Luaḋrán, Seólaḋ agus Tacaḋ,
Cúlsaor, Mionġáire agus Stuaim,
  Biadán, Bruaċair agus Casaḋ.

Do ḃí aige fós Iomḟlán cruaiḋ
  Caorán, Duairc agus Cuileóg,
Argain, Breacḃall agus Dúnúir,
  Mearḃall, Fionndúir agus Truslóg.

Do ḃí ag Mac Rónáin ġrinn
  De ċonaiḃ luaiṫe agus saoiṫe,
Cuanċoimeád agus Maċaire mear,
  Cnáṁac agus Gála Gaoiṫe.

Do ḃí leis aige Niaṁraċ luait
  Ainṁir, Tuairt agus Néall,
Eólaċ, Ladruin, Bolg seang,
  Meanmain, Crann agus Traost.

Do ḃí aige de ġaḃaraiḃ foġluaimneaċ'
  Craipléir, Suan agus Toirc,
Cúinne, Guagán, Doċt is Dóiġ,
  Buanán, Fóir agus Foirc.

Do ḃí aige Duardán is Snap,
  Lomán, Caṫ agus Coiṁeascar,
Cáibín, Gealán is Luaiṫġléas,
  Foiṫin, Béas agus Baoise.

Do ḃí aige fós Garḃuaill ġéar,
  Fuaiṫín, Taomaḋ, Lorcán,
Alpaire, Grodġáir is Tearc,
  Cuanair, Bonnlaice is Uaṁán.

Do ḃí arís ag Diarmuid ó Duiḃne
  De ċonaiḃ saoiṫe i lomlúṫ
Cóirir, Nóinín is Géirleana,
  Duilleóg, Léimḟada agus Clúid.

Do ḃí aige de ġaḃaraiḃ seilge
  Cualán, Leirgeaċ agus Gláṁ,
Duiḃġreim, Iarraċt agus Folaire,
  Fuarcán, Glamaire is Aonarán.

Do ḃí de ċonaiḃ ag caoṁ-Ġlas
  Treaḃaire, Searc is Mórḋáil,
Lúbán, Búnsaċ, Seangaire, Triall,
  Lorgán, Stiallaire is Tráċtán.

Do ḃí de ġaḃaraiḃ aige 'n-a ḃroċair
  Iollán, Corcair, Treas is Lúṫ,
Cianán, Goimbín, Falla, Tréan,
  Réamán, Seirce, Barc is Crú.

Do ḃí ag Fearġus file Ḟinn
De ċonaiḃ ba ġníoṁaċ lúiṫ,
Giodán, Fuadaċ, Roiġinriṫ,
Luadrán, Fuinneaṁ, Géiḃeann, Dúil.

Ḃí aige de ġaḋaraiḃ glaim-ḃinne
Fuaṫán, Fior, Dlaċt, Líonán,
Cuasaċ, Biṫḃinn, agus Gruagaċ,
Bleaċt is Uaṁnaċ, is Dlaċtán.

Is do ḃí agam-sa féin, a Ṗádraig,
Agus ag các ó soin anuas
I n-éagmuis na gcon is na ngaḋar úd
Deiċ gcéad ar lúṫ naċ fuilim do luaḋ.

MUCA DRAOIḊEAĊTA AONĠUIS AN ḂROĠA.

ÉISTIḊ, a uaisle ḃfear ḃFáil
An ċúis dá dtárlaiḋ iomarḃáiḋ,
Go sloinnfiḋ mé díḃ gan ċlis
Taċar Ḟinn agus Aonġuis.

Fleaḋ do coṁmóraḋ gan ceilg
Le mac an Daġda dreiċdeirg,
Beirtear sinne dá hól soir
Go ḃruiġin mór-ġluin Bóinne.

Is é líon do ċuaḋmair ann
D'Ḟiannaiḃ arm-ġlana Éireann
I n-éagmuis Ġoill is Ċonáin
Deiċ gcéad taoiseaċ i n-iomlán.

Bruit uaiṫne fó'n bḟéinn go raṫ,
Bruit ċaoṁċorcra dá gcuṁdaċ,
    Sróll dearg fá'n gceiṫrinn aṁas
    Ag teaġlaċ aoḋḃa Aonġuis.

Suiḋeas Fionn 'san mbruiġin mbrais
Taoḃ re taoiḃ ġlain Aonġuis:
    Slán go bḟaca súil mar soin
    Dís ċoṁ maiṫ leó ar talṁain.

Mar do suiḋeaḋ leó 'san teaċ,
Do b'iongnaḋ le coiṁiġteaċ
    Coirn óir ó láiṁ go láiṁ
    Ag luaḋail na n-aonarán.

Do ráiḋ Aonġus ós árd istiġ,
Is ċuir sin toċt ar na fearaiḃ:
    Is fearr an ḃeaṫa so 'ná seilg,
    Ar mac an Daġḋa dreiċ ḋeirg.

Is measa an ḃeaṫa so 'ná seilg,
Do ráiḋ mac Cuṁaill lán d'ḟeirg,
    Gan coin ann ná eiċ áilne
    Gan caṫa gan coṁġáire.

Na coin sin adeirir, 'Ḟinn,
Do ḃeiṫ agat féin go grinn;
    Créad fá n-abair tú an guṫ
    Is ná mairḃfiḋís aon ṁuc?

Ní'l agat-sa féin, ar Fionn,
Ná ag sluaġ Tuaṫa Danann
    Muc dár imṫiġ ar ṫalṁain truim
    Naċ muirḃeaḋ Bran is Sceólain.

Cuirfead ċugaib-se muc ṁór
Ṁairbeóċas bur gcoin i gcéadóir;
Raċas uait féin ar an maiġ
Ó'n bFéinn is ó n-a gconaib.

Adubairt de ġuṫ mór istiġ
Reaċtaire an broġa buaḋaiġ:
Sul beiṫ sib ar meisce mir
Triallaḋ gaċ neaċ dá iomḋaiġ.

Adubairt Fionn le n-a Ḟiannaib:
Gabaiḋ umaib is triallaiḋ;
Ní'lim act im' uaṫaḋ ann
Idir Ṫuaṫa Dé Danann.

Gluaisimíd as soin siar
Gus an mball a raib an Ḟiann:
Ann do bí an Ḟiann 's a gcoin,
Ar Ṡliab Fuaid an oiḋċe sin.

Bliaḋain dínn ceann i gceann
Agus Tuaṫa Dé Danann teann
Nó go ndearnamair an treilg
Dár b'iomḋa fuil ar finn-leirg.

Is í sealg do rinneaḋ linn
Le mac Cuṁaill na nglór ngrinn
Sliab gCua, Sliab gCrot is Sliab gCuileann
Go hInbear críċe i nUltaib.

Suiḋtear linn an tsealg mór
Le mac Cuṁaill is le n-a ṡlóġ
Ó Ṁaiġ Coba go Cruaċain Ċais
Go Fionnabraiċ 's go Fionnais.

An trealg do rinneaḋ annsoin
Le mac Cuṁaill a hAlṁain
Do ba ḋiṫeaċ Aonġus di
Is do ba easbaḋaċ sinne.

Cuireas Aonġus teaċta 'n-ár gcionn
Go hárd-ḟlaiṫ na ḃFiann ḃfoilt-ḟionn
Mac Cuṁaill cé gur ṁór moḋ
Ag iarraiḋ bréiṫre do ċóṁall.

Suiḋeas Fionn flaiṫ na Féinne
Ar an gcnoc ós cionn an tsléiḃe,
Suiḋeas an Ḟiann agus a gcoin
Ar an sliaḃ an lá soin.

Suiḋim-se féin ar an sliaḃ
Mar a raiḃ Fionn flaiṫ na ḃFiann;
Gaċ neaċ ḃeiṫ ar an sliaḃ i n-aonar
Flaiṫ na ḃFiann gan ró-ḃaoġal.

Garaiḋ dúinne an tan soin
Ag cur geall ar ár gconaiḃ
Go ḃfacamair 'san maiġ anoir
Tréad mór uaṫṁar de ṁucaiḃ.

Do b'iongnaḋ le Fionn na ḃFiann
Gaċ muc aca i n-aoirde fiaiḋ,
Aon ṁuc rómpa, garḃ a lí,
Ba duiḃe 'ná gual gaḃann í.

Ba aoirde 'ná seól-ċrann suas
Fionnfaḋ a leacan is a cluas;
Ba samail le muine a daṫa
Fionnfaḋ a súl is a sean-ṁala.

Leigim-se i dtaoiḃ na leirge
Anuaill i dtúr na seilge,
    Do ṁairḃ an céad ṁuc gan ċleiṫ
    Gé'r líonṁar coin na Ḟéinne. 100

Anuaill do ṁairḃ an ṁuic ṁóir
De ṫréad Aonġuis i gcéadóir,
    Ó ṡoin is tuigṫe ḋuit i leiṫ
    Atá Gleann na céad ṁuice.

Briseas Bran a ṁall go fíor 105
Siuḃlas sí ar láiṁ an ríoġ ;
    Na muca cé mór a mire
    Do ġaḃsad dá ċoiṁġleicṫe.

Truaġ san, ar Aonġus, a Ḃrain ḃinn,
A ṁic Ḟearġusa fuilt finn ; 110
    Duit-se noċa gníoṁ fearḋa
    Mo ṁac-sa do lán-ṁarḃaḋ.

Mar do ċualaiḋ Bran an guṫ
Do ċlaoċlaiḋ a ciall 's a cruṫ,
    Gaḃas sí ar ḃráġaid an ṁuic 115
    Agus tógḃas an ċruaḋ-ċuid.

Muna ndearna Bran go bráṫ
Aċt an ṁuc soin do ċongḃáil
    Do na Fiannaiḃ ar an máiġ
    D'aḃḃar maoiḋte a gaḃáil. 120

Gé'r mór re hAonġus an tréad
I n-a raiḃ muc agus céad
    Ní raiḃ aon ṁuc díoḃ gan oil
    Um ṫráṫnóna 'n-a mbeaṫaiḋ.

Áirṁíd annsoin an Ḟiann
Idir anoir agus aniar:
I n-éagmuis giolla agus con
Deiċ gcéad taoiseaċ ár n-easbaḋ.

Do ráiḋ Oscur de ġut mór
Le mac Cuṁaill is le n-a ṡlóġ:
Déanaiḋ eólas ar an mbruiġin
Agus dioġlam-na ár ár mbuiḋin'?

Ba ċóṁairle fir gan ró-ċéill,
Do ráiḋ Oisín le Fionn féin,
Má fágtar na muca mar soin
Tiocfaid arís 'n-a mbeaṫaiḋ.

Déanaiḋ na muca do loscaḋ
Is buḋ ṁóide ḃur gcoscar;
Is loiscid gaċ muiciḋe
Is cuiriḋ a luaiṫ le fairrgiḃ.

Seaċt gcaṫa do ḃiomair ann
D'Ḟiannaiḃ aṁra Éireann;
Ṫall le imeall an loċa
Seaċt dteinte gaċ aon ċaṫa.

Seaċt dteinte gaċ caṫa ḋioḃ
Mar do órduiġ ḋúinn an rí;
Dá n-áirṁinn iad uile ḋuit
Noċ ar loisceamair aon ṁuic.

Imṫiġeas Bran uainn amaċ
Go haṫlám is go heólaċ;
Do ḃeir trí crainn léi 'n-a croḃ,
Ní fear cá coill ó dtugaḋ.

Do cuireaḋ na crainn 'san teine
Is do las siad mar an gcoinnill,
Do loisceaḋ na muca ḋe 155
Is cuireaḋ a luaṫ le fairrge.

TUARASGAḂÁIL ĊAṪA GAḂRA:

Schol Prep
56–117

Pádraig: Innis dúinn, a Oisín,
Ar t'oineaċ is ar t'éagna;
Cia hí an láṁ ġaisce
Do b'ḟearr ar na Fiannaiḃ?

Oisín: Mac Cuṁaill mic Tréanṁóir, 5
Mé féin agus Oscur,
Do-ḃeirimís gaċ aon ḃuaḋ
Agus geall gaċa gaisce.

P. Cia hé an ceaṫramaḋ duine,
A ṁic ṁic na flaṫa, 10
Do b'ḟearr gaisce 'gus buille
A ḋéantaiḋe i n-am caṫa?

O. Do ḃí ceaṫrar againne
Nár claoiḋeaḋ riaṁ i ndian-troid
Faolán fial is Caireall, 15
Mac Luiġdeaċ agus Diarmuid.

Do ḃí aicme ró-ċliste
Againne 'sna Fiannaiḃ
Do ġeaḃaḋ tosaċ bealaiġ
I n-am gaċa féaḋma. 20

P. Beir mo ḃeannaċt, a Oisín,
Is binn liom do sgéala:
Is sloinn dúinn gan easbaiḋ
An aicme atáim d'iarraiḋ.

O. Art is Goll is Garraiḋ
Luċt fala d'ár bḞéinn-na
Is Oscur do b'ḟearr faicsin,
Cuid de'n aicme, a ċléirig.

P. Innis dúinn, a Oisín,
Le hanam Ḟiann Éireann
Cia agaiḃ ba ṫreise
I gcaṫ Gaḃra na mbéimeann?

O. Ní raḃamair-na aċt beagán
Ag dul i n-aġaiḋ críċe Fódla,
Do ḃí Fionn is a ṁuinntear
Ar ṫurus na Róṁa.

Do ḃíomair deiċ mic fiċead
De slioċt Ḟinn na Féinne
Ag a mbíoḋ sciaṫ is airm
I dtosaċ caṫa is féaḋma.

Ag fágáil Binne Éadair
Is é líon do ḃíomair uile
Deiċ gcéad gaisciḋeaċ Féinne
Ag freagraḋ gaċ' duine.

Do ḃí garraḋ Ḟiann Alban
Agus áirdríoġ na Breatan
Ar ġráḋ Féinne Alṁaine
Forainne 'san gcaṫ san.

Do ḃí Fiann Loċlann láidir
Ó ṫaoiseaċ go naonḃar
'N-ár ḃfoċair 'san láṫair
Ċum an iorġuil do ḋéanaṁ.

Do ḃí Cairbre Lifeaċair
Agus mór-ṡluaiġte Éireann
I gcoinniḃ ár gcóṁaċt-na
I gcaṫ Gaḃra na mBéimeann.

Do ḃí Oscur mac Garraiḋ
Is deiċ gcéad curaḋ cliste
Ag coṁmóraḋ an ċaṫa
I n-aġaiḋ éaċt mo ṁic-se.

Naoi gcaṫa d'ḟearaiḃ Ulaḋ
Is fir Ṁuṁan re Cairbre
Is iad san i n-ár n-aġaiḋ-na
Is fir Laiġean coṁ maiṫ leó.

Rí Ċonnaċt 's a ṁuinntear
'N-ár n-aġaiḋ-na 'san teagṁáil;
Níor ċoṁṫrom an roinn sin
Is gan againn aċt beagán.

Fiafruiġeas rí Éireann
De Oscur mac Garraiḋ
An ġeaḃaiḋ tú id' aonar
Le láiṁ Oscuir eile?

Tug mac Garraiḋ a ḃréiṫir,
Agus ba mór an focal,
Naċ raiḃ laoċ ar talṁain
Do ḋéanfaḋ coṁrac Oscuir.

Annsoin aduḃairt Cairbre
  Le mac Garraiḋ an ċorcuir:
Mairg táinig ó Albain
  Muna gcoiscfiḋ tu Oscur.

Marḃadar clanna Tréanṁóir
  T'aṫair-se, a ṁic Garraiḋ,
Ḋiṫċeann clanna Baoisgne
  Agus cuiṁniġ ar t'ḟala.

Do ṡeól rí Éireann
  Agus mac Garraiḋ mic Morna
A nglan-ṡluaġ is a meirge
  I dtosaċ Caṫa Goḃra.

Mar do ċonnairc Oscur
  Tosaċ ag ríġ Éireann
Ġeallas Cairbre a ḃascaḋ
  Is a ċoscairt le n-a ġéarlann.

Aduḃairt Caireall cneas-ġeal
  Le Oscur na mbéimeann
Ġeaḃad-sa indiu tosaċ
  I n-aġaiḋ feara Éireann.

Aduḃairt mac Luiġdeaċ
  Do ḃeireaḋ buaḋ gaċa foġla:
Bead-sa is Caireall
  I dtosaċ caṫa Goḃra.

Aduḃairt Boinne mac Breasail
  Go mear coscarṫa calma:
Bead-sa is Fianna Breatan
  Forra Oscur Eaṁna.

Tug Caireall roġa an urċair 105
Do'n ċraoisiġ tré lasair
Gur ċuir an tsleaġ ċonntair
Tré ċompar ṁic Ḃreasail.

Fiafruiġeas Oscur Eaṁna
Go feargaċ de Ċaireall: 110
Créad fá'r ċaiṫ tu mo ḃráṫair,
A mic Ḟinn ṁic Ċuṁaill?

Aduḃairt Caireall cneas-ġeal
De ġuṫ ṁór le Oscur:
Má's tusa mac Oisín 115
Doḃ' furas liom do ġortaḋ.

Ġlac fearg mo ṁac-sa
Le cloistin an urġoil,
A ġlacaḋ níor ḟéadaḋ
Go ráinig sé Caireall. 120

Do ċuaiḋ Caireall is Oscur
Do bualaḋ a céile;
Do ċuaḋmair dá gcosnaḋ
Faolán agus Fiaċra.

Do-b'é iomṫús Oscuir 125
Agus Ċairill Ċéadaiġ
Gur marḃaḋ dá gcosnaḋ
Deiċ gcéad taoiseaċ Ḟéinne.

Tógaimíd ár meaḋair
I dtosaċ caṫa Goḃra, 130
Oscur is Fiann Laiġean
I n-aġaiḋ ṁic Morna.

Do ḃí Fearġus file
  Oirfideaċ na flaṫa
Dár mbrostaḋ 'san iomġoin
  Dul d'ionnsuiġe an ċaṫa.

Do ċuaḋamair fó ċéile
  Sinne agus iadsoin:
Ní ḃeiḋ an ċonfaḋ ċéadna
  Ag duine le hinnsin.

Táinig mo ṁac-sa
  Fó ċaṫaiḃ na Teaṁrac
Mar ṡeaḃac tré ealtain
  No mar ċarraig ṫoirniġ.

Táinig mac Garraiḋ cnear-ġeal
  Tar éis freastail an ċaṫa
I gcoinne mo ṁic-se
  Go corcaraċ coṁ-ḟlaṫa.

Ċeiṫre ċneaḋa fiċead
  I gcneas Oscuir ó'n sceannar
Ag teaċt ó ṁuinntir Ċairbre
  Go meirge ṁic Ġarraiḋ.

Do ḃí i gcneas ṁic Ġarraiḋ
  Ag teaċt ó ċaṫaiḃ Oscuir
Sé fiċid cneaḋ créaċtaċ,
  Nár ḃ'éaċtaċ na hOscuir!

D'éisteadar fir Éireann
  Gé'r ċruaiḋ an t-osaḋ
Le cloistin na mbéimeann
  Do ḃí idir an dá Oscur.

Líon dá ḟiċead de sciaṫaiḃ
I gcliaṫ gaċa fogla
Ḃris mac Garraiḋ grianḋaċ
Is mo ṁac féin i nGoḃra.

D'eiriġ trí ceaṫa
Ós a gcionn is na cliaṫaiḃ,
Cioṫ fola, cioṫ teine
Is cioṫ cailce dá sciaṫaiḃ.

Do claoiḋeaḋ mac Garraiḋ,
Gé'r doiliġ a ndeárnaḋ,
Le Oscur nár meallaḋ
I gcúis oiniġ le dáiṁiḃ.

Do luaṫaiġ rí Éireann
Ag a raiḃ airm niṁe
I gcoinne Oscuir na mbéimeann
Nó gur ġoin sé a ċroiḋe.

P. An cuiṁin leat, a Oisín,
Ó's ort do rug baiste,
Cá líon de ṁacaiḃ ríoġ
Do ṫuit le láiṁ Oscuir?

O. Go n-áiriṁtear féar faiṫċe
Is léar-ġainiṁ tráiġe
Ar ṫuit le mo ṁac-sa
Ní féadtar a n-áireaṁ.

Is liom-sa ṫuit rí Ulaḋ
Gé'r b'ionnsaiġe ċalma;
Is mór an diṫ daoine
Ar ċlaoiḋeaḋ ar ṁaiġ Gaḃra.

Do marḃaḋ rí Laiġean
  Le meaḋair ṁic Rónáin ;
Go bráċ ní ḟaġṫar innsin
  Ar ṫuit linn 'san gcoṁḋáil.

Do ṫuit Caireall is Faolán
  Dá ṁac ríoġ na bḞiann ;
Is leó do-ġníḋmís cóṁráḋ,
  Cóṁairle agus triall.

Do marḃaḋ mo ṁac-sa,
  Do b'é sin olc na Féinne,
Do ṫuit sé 'san gcaṫ soin
  Agus Cairbre le céile.

Do marḃaḋ an dá Oscur
  Do ḃí ag cosnaḋ an ċaṫa ;
Atáimíd fó easbaiḋ
  Ag easbog Árda Maċa.

MÓR ANOĊT MO ĊUṀA FÉIN.

Mór anoċt mo ċuṁa féin,
A Ṗádraig, giḋ táim dod' réir,
  Ag smaoineaḋ an ċaṫa ċruaiḋ
  Tugsam is Cairbre crann-ruaiḋ.

Cairbre an mac san Ċormaic ṁic Ċuinn,
Mairg do'n Ḟéinn ṫárla fó n-a ċuing,
  Rí gan cás um ċaṫ do ċur
  Is gan gráin le n-a bíoḋḃa.

Do rinne Cairbre cóṁairle re sluaġ,
Agus do b'í sin an fala ċruaiḋ:
Go mb'ḟearr leis tuitim ar an maiġ,
Agus an Ḟiann uile do ḃeiṫ 'n-a aġaiḋ,

'Ná ríoġaċt na beaṫaḋ mise
Agus sinn do ḃeiṫ 'n-ár mbeaṫaiḋ.
Aduḃairt Parrán go prap:
"Cuiṁniġ Moċruime! cuiṁniġ Art!

"Ár sinnsear do ṫuitim annsoin
Do ḃríġ fala na Ḟéinne;
Cuiṁniġ na cíosa cruaḋa
Is cuiṁniġ an t-anuaḃar.

Is gan cóige i nÉirinn le n-a linn
Aċt ag íocaiḋeaċt le mac Ċuṁaill.
Do b'í cóṁairle ċlanna Ċuinn
Agus Ċairbre ó Liaṫdruim:

Iad féin do ṫaḃairt dá ċionn
No na Fianna uile do ḋiṫċeann
Mar go mairfeaḋ go bráṫ aṁlaiḋ
Feaḋ do ḃeaḋ Fianna i nAlṁain.

Ó do-ġeiḃeam bás fá ḋeoiḋ
Fuilingeam tuitim i n-aon ġleó;
Ṫugsam go fíoċṁar fearḋa
An gleó san ċaṫa Gaḃra.

Do ṫuit an Ḟiann bonn ar bonn
Is 'ríoġraḋ uaisle Éireann;
Do b'iomḋa ar feaḋ an doṁain ṁóir
Neaċ le'r b'aoiḃinn ár an tslóiġ.

Ní raiḃ ó'n India anoir
Go fonn iarṫaraċ an doṁain
Rí naċ raiḃ fó'r smaċt re'r linn
Gus an gcaṫ soin, a Ṫailġin.

P. Dá dtagaidís allṁuraiġ annsoin
Ċugaiḃ i nÉirinn iaṫġluin,
A Oisín, créad a ḋéanfaḋ Fionn
Ná siḃ-se, a Ḟiann Éireann?

O. Cibé rí do ṫiocfaḋ annsoin
Do ġeoḃaḋ Fódla i n-aisce
Gan ċaṫ gan iorġuil gan áġ
Gan iomġoin gan aċṁusán.

Dar do láiṁ-se, a ċléiriġ ċáiḋ,
Ní raiḃ is an mBanbain mbáin
Aċt sean-laoċa ársa i gcéill
Agus óġánaiġ nár dearḃaḋ riaṁ.

Do ċuireamair teaċta uainn soir
Go Fáṫa Ċonáin mac Ṁeic Ċon
Dá iarraiḋ ċugainn i n-ár gcionn
Do ġaḃáil áirdríoġaċta Éireann.

P. Mór an béim sin do ḃuail oraiḃ
Ó ríġ Éireann ba ṁór ainm,
Is tuilleaḋ uaḃair do ġaḃ siḃ-se
Do ṁarḃaḋ na ḃfear so eile.

A Oisín, innis dúinn scéala,
Cionnus do cuireaḋ an iorġuil tréan so
Mar do marḃaḋ do ṁac 'san gcaṫ,
No an rugais aige ar urlaḃra?

O. Tánga-sa ar scur an áir
Ós cionn mo ṁic Oscur áiġ,
Is táinig Caoilte gan ċlé
Ós cionn a ṡeisir ċlainne séiṁ.

Táinig a raiḃ beó d'ár ḃFéinn
Ós cionn a gcarad féin,
Drong díoḃ ag laḃra mar soin
Is drong eile gan anmain.

A Ṗádraig na mbaċall mbán,
Cibé neaċ do ċífeaḋ an t-ár
Do b'aḋḃar truaġa le n-a linn
Uaisle Éireann do ṫuitim.

Do b'iomḋa lúireaċ saoiṫeaḋ saor
Agus mionn-ċuṁdaċ caoṁ
Agus sciaṫ tarsna ar an maiġ
Agus triaṫa gan ró-anmain!

Níor ṫéarnaiḋ aon neaċ de'n sluaġ
Óir ba ḃall é air a raiḃ buaḋ,
Is ní rugaḋ neaċ as an gcaṫ
Aċt mac ríoġ no árd-ḟlaiṫ.

Fuaireas mo ṁac féin i n-a luiġe
Ar uilinn ċlé is a sciaṫ le n-a ṫaoiḃ
Is a lann i n-a ḋeas-láiṁ, is é
Ag cur fola tar a lúiriġ ġlé.

Do leigeas urlann mo ṡleiġe ar lár
Is do rinneas ós a ċionn gáir;—
A Ṗádraig, do smaoineas annsoin
Créad do ḋéanfainn i n-a ḋeaġaiḋ.

Féaċas Oscur orm-sa suas,
Agus ba lán-leór liom a ċruaḋas
  Sínead ċugam a ḋá láiṁ 95
  Ar tí eiriġṫe im' ċoṁḋáil.

Gaḃaim-se láiṁ mo ṁic féin,
Agus suiḋim d'á leiṫ ċlé;
  Agus ó'n suiḋe sin i n-a ġar
  Níor ċuiread suim 'san saoġal. 100

Do ráiḋ liom-sa mo ṁac fearḋa
Agus é i ndeireaḋ a anma:
  A ḃuiḋe le sna déiṫiḃ sin
  Do ḃeiṫ-se slán, a aṫair.

Noċa ndearnaiḋ mise gó, 105
Ní raiḃ fearg agam dó,
  Go dtáinig Caoilte annsoin
  Ċugainn d'ḟéaċain Oscuir.

Sireas Caoilte an ċinéil ċóir
No go ḃfuair a inne 'n-a ḋó 110
  Is fuair a ḋruim créaċtaċ
  Ar n-a ṫollaḋ do'n ġéir-ḟleiġ.

Do b'é seo créaċt gae Ċairbre
Ar umal Oscuir arm-ruaiḋ,
  Láṁ Ċaoilte go nuig uileann 115
  Tré ġoin an ġae ċruaiḋ san.

Naċ cuiṁin leat, ar Caoilte, lá ġaḃamair riar
Go Síṫ Ṁóir Ḋroma Cliaḃ,
  Go n-áiriṁinn fir tréd' ċneas
  Is gur féadaḋ linn do leiġeas? 120

Screadas mac Rónáin annsoin
Is tuiteas go faon fó ṫalṁain;
Buaileas fó lár a ċaoṁ-ċorp,
Tarngas a ḟolt is a ḟionnfaḋ.

Do ḃí ann ag féaċain a ċréaċt
Agus ag áireaṁ a iomḋa éaċt;
Ba ṁór an cás ḋúinn annsoin
Mar fuair bás 'dir ár láṁaiḃ.

Truaġ soin, a Oscuir ċalma ḟéil,
Do scaraḋ anoċt leis an ḃFéinn,
Is do scaraḋ do ċaṫa le Fionn,
Is d'ḟan ár gcíos ag síol mór Ċuinn.

An oiḋċe sin ḋúinne 'san ár
Ag coiméaḋ a ċuirp go lá,
Is ag breiṫ clann-ṁaicne Ḟinn
Ar ṫulċaiḃ áilne aoiḃinn'.

Do ṫógamair an tOscur fearḋa
Ar ċrannaiḃ ár sleaġ i n-áirde
Dá ḃreiṫ go tulaiġ ġlain eile
Do ḃuain de a éadaiġ.

Leiṫeaḋ baise ó n-a folt
Ní raiḃ slán dá ċorp
Go ráinig a ḃonn-lár
Aċt a aġaiḋ i n-a aonarán.

Seal fada ḋúinn mar soin
Ag caoineaḋ a ċuirp ċaoiṁ ġil
Go ḃfeacamair ċugainn um neoin
Fionn mac Cuṁaill mic Tréanṁóir.

Mar d'aiṫniġeamair Fionn
Ag díriuġaḋ a sliġe 'n-ár gcionn
Ḋruideamair 'n-a ċoinne 'san dáil
Is do ḃrostuiġ sé 'n-ár gcóṁḋáil.

Beannuiġmíd uile do Ḟionn,
Is níor ḟreagair sé sin dúinn
Go ráinig an tulaċ ṫréan
Mar a raiḃ Oscur arm-ġéar.

Aduḃairt Oscur annsoin
Le mac Moirne an uair sin:
Mo ċeann anois do'n éag
Re t'ḟeicsin, a Ḟinn arm géar.

Truaġ san, ar Fionn, a Oscuir ḟéil,
A ḋeiġ-ṁic mo ṁic-se féin;
Id' ḋiaiḋ-se beid go fann
Is i ndiaiḋ Ḟiann Éireann.

Re cloistin goil-ḃriaṫra Ḟinn
A anam as Oscur do ling;
Sínear síos a ḋá láiṁ,
Is dúnas a roisc ró-ḃláiṫ.

Noċa raiḃ de'n Ḟéinn ós a ċionn
Leiṫ 'muiġ díom-sa agus d'Ḟionn;—
Do léig siad trí gárṫa go truaiġ
Do cloiseaḋ fó Éirinn aṫ-uair.

Tug Fionn linne a ċúl
Is do sil deóra go húr;
Aċt fó Oscur is fó Ḃran
Níor ċaoin fó neaċ ar talṁain.

Níor ċaoin duine a ṁac féin
Is níor ċaoin a ḃráṫair annséin
  Ar ḃfeicsin mo ṁic-se d'éag ar nduil
  Aċt các uile ag caoineaḋ Oscuir.

Mallaċt Airt Aenḟir go mbuaḋ
Ṫáinig anoċt ar mo ṡluaġ;
  Is eaḋ do-ḃeir mise fó léan
  Bás ṁic Oisín arm géar.

Ḟiċe céad duine annsoin
Idir óg agus ársaiḋ,
  Ní raiḃ neaċ slán saor
  Againn de'n fiċe céad laoċ,

Aċt fear naoi ngonta go niṁ,
Is é ba luġa de ċréaċtaiḃ,
  Dá ḟiċid is fiċe céad
  Do ċóṁairiṁ Ḟionn dó féin.

Do ḃí marḃ ar an maiġ
Is gan aon duine dá n-easbaiḋ
  A dá oiread san, ní gó,
  Is rí Éireann, scéal ba mó.

Do ḃí marḃ ar an leiṫ eile
Uaisle Éireann arm-ġloine;
  Ní dearna Ḟionn codlaḋ sáṁ
  Ó'n oiḋċe sin go ló a ḃáis.

Níor ṁóide m'aoiḃneas ná mo ġean
Ríoġaċt an beaṫa dá ḃfaġainn;
  Slán uaim d'iorġuil agus d'áġ,
  Slán uaim gan cíos do ṫógḃáil.

Ó'n ló sin caṫa Gaḃra
Ní ḋearnamair teann-laḃraḋ;
Ní raḃamair oiḋċe ná ló
Naċ leigmís osnaḋ lán-ṁór.

Aḋlacmaoid Oscur arm-ruaḋ
'San taoiḃ ṫuaiḋ de'n Gaḃra ṁór
Is Oscur mac Garraiḋ na nglonn
Is Oscur mac ríoġ Loċlann.

Is an té nár ċuṁang sé ór
Mac Luġaiḋ, an laoċ lán-ṁór,
Ṫoċlamair úir a ḟearta
Ionad ríoġ i ndóiġ ró-ḟairsing.

Fearta na nOscur aḋḃa gann,
Fearta ṁic Garraiḋ is ṁic Oisín,
Is do ġaḃ an Ráiṫ ṁór ar fad
Feart Oscuir ṁóir ó Ḃaoiscne.

Guiḋim-se rí an ḃeaṫa ḃinn,
Is guiḋ-se, a Ṗádraig ṁic Calpruinn,
Go dtagaiḋ tlás ar mo ġlór,
Mo ċuṁa anoċt is ro-ṁór!

CAOIḊ OISÍN I nDIAIḊ NA FÉINNE.

Uċ, is truaġ, ón uċ! is truaġ
Oisín dubaċ 'san ċill fá ġruaim,
Uċ, cár ṁiste gaċ díṫ
Aċt fán Ḟinn is a ṫréan-ṡluaġ.

Uċ, níor ḋíṫ liom ná easba
Ḃeiṫ gan aċṁuinn neart no lúṫ
Aċt íota tart is troscaḋ fada
Do ġoid mo ṫapa ó ṫréigeas Fionn.

Uċ, arís, an uair ċluinim an ċléir
Is gan m'anacra féin do luaḋ
Ná tráċt ar Ḟionn ná ar an bḞéinn
Buḋ ṁaise do Ḋia mo ṫruaġ.

Uċ, an uair ṫigeann mo ḃéile
Is do smaoinim ar féasta Ḟinn
Is iongnaḋ liom croiḋe cloiċe
Naċ glacann dolaḋ trém' ċríċ.

Uċ, dá bfeiceaḋ Fionn is an Ḟiann
Mo ḃéile-se ar iarnóin
Deaṁan donais riaṁ dá dtáinig
Ní ċoiscfeaḋ óm' ḋáil a dtreoir.

Uċ, dá mbeaḋ Fionn is an Ḟiann
Agam, a Ḋia, uait anuas,
Lem' ré-se ní scarfainn riu
Is ní beinn i gcuṁaiḋ gan dul suas.

Uċ, a Ḋia, má táir i bfeirg
Ó'n ngráḋ so beirim d'Ḟionn,
Ní curṫa i bráṫ mo ġlór
Earba ṁór bainear liom.

Aḋbar mo ċaoiḋe-se mar táim gan treoir
Gan aṁarc fós, gan lúṫ gan réim,
Crín-ḟeirgṫe, lom-ċreaṫaċ, direoil,
Im' ċuaill ċanóis gan riṫ gan léim.

Dá maireaḋ Fionn na n-eaċ seang
Is Oscur teann na lann ngéar
Do bainfeaḋ biaḋ dá mb'éigin de'n deaṁan
Is ní beaḋ Oisín fann gan taca cléiḃ.

Mo ṡlán le suirġe is le seilg
  Slán le meisce is le sáir-ċeól
Slán le troidiḃ is le caṫaiḃ
  Slán le lannaiḃ géara fós.

Slán le lúṫ agus le neart
  Slán le cead is le faoḃar-ġoiṁ
Slán le cian agus le teaċt
  Slán le malairt is le gliaḋnaiḃ.

Slán le biaḋ agus le diġ
  Slán le riṫ agus le léimriġ
Slán le fiaḋaċ gaċ garḃ-ċnuic
  Slán le curaiḋṫiḃ na dtréin-ḟear.

Slán leat, a Ḟinn, arís agus arís,
  Céad slán leat, a rí na Féinne,
Ó's tú do ċoisceaḋ mo ṫart
  Ní hionann is prais na cléire.

Slán leat, is tú ag cur an áir
  Slán leat, a láṁ lán-láidir
Slán leat, a ṡárḋáil na gcríoċ
  Is dubaċ mo smaointe-se 's is cráiḋte.

Uċ, a Ḟinn, a ċumainn, má's fíor
  Go ḃfuilir síos i n-uaṁaiḃ na bpian,
Ná fulaing do ḋeaṁan dá ḃfuil istiġ
  Airm buaḋa aige ná cead a rian.

Slán leat, a Oscuir na lann niṁe,
  Slán leat, a ríġḟir na mbéimeann,
Dá mbeiṫeá agam-sa mar urrain
  Do ċuirfiḋe ruaig druime ar an gcléir seo.

Is dubaċ liom gan aṁarc Sceóláin
  I nDeoiḋ cóṁġár na Ḟéinne
I n-am an ḟiaiḋ do ḋúiseaċt,
  Is meiḋreaċ d'ḟúigfinn dá héill í.

Uċ, a Ċonáin Ṁaoil neiṁġrinn,
  Créad naċ tigir-se dom' ḟéaċain?
Is go bfaġtá cead scriosta is millte
  Ar feaḋ líonṁaire na gann-ċléire.

Atá an nóin anois agam
  Is ca bfuil seaċt gcaṫa na gnáiṫḟéinne?
Is iongnaḋ liom cá conair 'n-a ngabaid
  Is naċ tigid feasta dom' ḟéaċain.

Is minic do ċonnac aon ḟleaḋ aṁáin
  I n-árus ríoġ na gnáiṫḟéinne
Do b'ḟearr ioná a raib ag Pádraig
  Is ag iomḟlán na sailm-ċléire.

Uċ, is mise Oisín mac Ḟinn
  Gan fonn gan ġnaoi ag cóiṁreaṁ cloċ,
Giḋbé uair do-ġeibinn an greim
  Is fada arís go bfaġainn an deoċ.

Is uċ, a Ḋia, atáim i ngábaḋ
  Agus an Ḟiann óm' ḋáil ar ceal,
D'éistfinn le guṫ na gcliar
  Dá bfaġainn riar mar buḋ ċeart.

VOCABULARY.

[The contractions here used are the same as those used in Eaċtra an Amadáin Ṁóir].

A, pron., what, all, all that; causes eclipsis as a rule; somet. becomes ar (a ro) before past tense, as ar ṫuit de ṗiastaiḃ le Fionn.

A, alt. form of i, prep., in, over; a ḃfad, over a long distance, 82-2.

A, prep., out of, from; a clúid, from a recess, 431-66; a hAlṁain, from Almhain, 69-83.

A, broken down form of do, governing v.n., 53-3; a ḃeiṫ d'ár ndíṫ ár ngaḋair ḃéil-ḃinne is ár gcoin, our sweet tongued dogs and our hounds being lost to us (wanting), 59, 60-10.

Aċṁusán, m., reproach; a bitter taunt, 48-95.

Aċt, conj., but, only, except; provided that; on condition that. It is a word of very elastic application. Sometimes it seems to imply a contradiction, as in go dtáinig a ċrot is a ḋealḃ ġlé do ríġ na Féinne aċt an léiṫe aṁáin, until (so that) his old form and his bright appearance were restored to the king of the Fianna, but the greyness alone—which evidently remained, 184-27. again, níor ṫeib mise riaṁ fós . . . aċt go mbeaḋ Oscur . . . róṁam no im' ḋiaiḋ le teaċt buaḋa, I never failed you . . . provided Oscur preceded or followed me in the hour of victory, 69, 72-31. An entirely reverse meaning is conveyed in lines 91, 92-54: níor ḃ'ḟada liom-sa seal id' ḋáil, a ríoġan áiġ! aċt an Ḟiann im' ḋíṫ, I would not regard as long an interval in your company, favoured princess, only that the Fianna are missing from me; aċt các uile ag caoineaḋ Oscuir, but everyone lamenting Oscur, 180-100.

Aḋḃa, m., a house, a fort; a tomb; aḋḃa gann, a scanty habitation or tomb, 217-101.

Áḋḃal, a., wonderful, immense, 307-62.

Aḋḃar (áḋḃar), m., cause, reason, ground, material, 56-3; aḋḃar mo ċaoiḋe-se, ⁊c., the cause of my lamentation (is my being) as I am without power of self-direction, 29-102.

Aḋlacmaoid, 1st pl. pret., we buried, 209-101.

Áḋṁarac, fortunate, 264-17.

Aer, m., the air, sky, heavens, gs., 24-29.

Ag, prep., by; do ḟáiltiġeaḋ roṁainn ag bantraċt Gréag, we were welcomed by the women of Greece, 69-10. Words like seilg, ceól, governed by ag are often used as verbal nouns: ag seilg, 4-51; ag ceól, 38-52; ag triall, passim.

Áġ, m., valour, triumph, successful conflict, battle; dat. 3-5; gen., do'n Oscur áiġ, for victorious Oscur, 180-27; acc. 47-95., Aġaiḋ, f., face, front; i n-aġaiḋ ṁic Mórna, against the son of Morna (and his followers, as implied), 136-91.

Againn, prep. pron., with us, of us; do leig a raiḃ againn ann de'n ḟéinn, ⁊c., all of us of the Fianna who were present let our nimble hounds go towards the glen, 17, 18-8.

Áiġ, (gen. of áġ, valour, triumph), used as adj., valiant, successful, 22-6, 263-17. See Áġ.

Áiġ, (áġ, aġ), a doe; gpl., 39-4; more properly, perhaps, áġ. See Feara.

Aimid, f., an apparition, a ghost; a fugitive simpleton; also amaid, 50-7.

Aingiḋeaċt, f., envy, malice, wickedness, 31-2.

Ainṁir, slow, 106-79.

Airc, f., an ark, chest, coffer; a lizard; greed, voracity, want, hardship. It has other meanings also, and it would be difficult to say which of them applies here, at 74-77.

Áird, f., point of the compass; fó'n áird ba ḋeas, southwards, 23-52.

Áireaṁ, m., act of reckoning, counting, 4-5.

Áirṁím, v.tr., I count, reckon; go n-áirṁinn fir tréd' ċneas, ⁊c., that I used to count men through (the holes in) your skin, and yet that your restoration by us was possible, 119, 120-97; 3rd pl. synth, 124-85.

Aisce, f., a gift, present; i n-aisce, gratuitously, 46-95; dat., also aisciḋ.

Aisling, f., a vision, 125-50.

Aisti, prep. pron., out of her; do ċuir sí aisti de'n ḃḟéinn, it (the serpent) emitted or discharged of the Fianna, 57-20.

Aiṫeaċ, (also aṫaċ), m., a giant, 6-5.

Aiṫle, after; governs the gen., d'aiṫle an tsluaiġ, after the host, 19-1.

Aiṫne, f., knowledge, acquaintance. Is gearr go ḃfaġair aiṫne an ḃáis, you will soon make the acquaintance of death, 111-25; aiṫne ar an éag, (you will) taste death, occurs frequently.

Aiṫnid, f., recognition; as adj., known; ní aiṫnid dúinn tú, you shall not be recognised by us, 112-42; is dearḃ gur aiṫnid id' ġnaoi, truly it is visible in (obvious from) your countenance.

Aiṫreaċ, a., regretful, remorseful, 410-65.

Alt, m., a joint; here (46-20), the neck.

Am., m., time; opportunity; ag leanṁain an t-am ort d'ḟaġáil, waiting to take an advantage of you, ag leanṁain governing the remainder of the clause in the gen., without affecting an t-am directly, 122-55.

Amalán, m., a little simpleton, 86-78.

Aṁarc, m., a sight; aṁarc maidne, daybreak, dawn, 46-40; ar aṁarc déara fola 'n-a ngruaḋ, on seeing tears of blood on their cheeks, 83-48.

Aṁas, m., a mercenary soldier; g. pl., 15-81.

Aṁċaoin, a., uncouth, offensive, aggressive, 408-65.

Aṁgar, m., affliction; m'aṁgar croiḋe, alas! lit., my torment of heart, 185-14, 195-15.

Aṁlaiḋ, thus, so; mar go mairfeaḋ go bráṫ aṁlaiḋ feaḋ do ḃeaḋ Fianna i nAlṁain, for that condition (of oppression) would last as long as there were Fianna in Almhain, 27, 28-94.

Aṁra, a., noble, 141-85.

Amuiġ, adv., outside, abroad, away, absent, 38-19.

Amuis-ḃéim, f., a treacherous blow, 648-74.

Anaċ, m., a pass, a path (at the bottom of the lake, in this case), 54-23.

Anacal, m., act of protecting, delivering; is níor ġeall triaṫ m'anacal air, and no prince promised to deliver me from him, 212-36.

Anacra, f., distress; gan m'anacra féin do luaḋ, not to mention my own misery, 10-102.

Anam, m. and f., soul; le hanam Fiann Éireann, for the sake of the souls of the Fianna, 30-87.

Anḃfann, f., fear, terror; weakness, exhaustion.

Anfaḋ, m., storm, 24-19.

Anmain, dat. and acc. of anam, which see; gan anmain, 72-96.

Annaṁ, adv., seldom; rare, 60-20.

Annsa, a., dear, affectionate; agreeable, (generally used in is phrases), 46-30, 287-61.

Annséin, poet. form of annsoin, then, i.e., then he did not lament his own brother on witnessing the death of Oscur, which everybody mourned. [Some MSS. have buiḋéin, an early form of the Modern féin, meaning even. Annséin is also a poetic form of ann féin. Compare eisean, ⁊c].

Anuaḃar, m., excessive pride, 20-94.

Anuaill, f., a loud shout, anuaill ċonairt de Ḋruim Lis, the loud baying of a pack of hounds over Druim Lis; 46-2; deep cry, 62-77.

Aoḋḃa, a., beautiful, 16-81.

Aoirde, f., height; i n-aoirde fiaiḋ, of the height of a deer, 89-83.

Aolán, m., little lime-white, 92-78.

Aon, one; gan mé is tú 'n-ár n-aon fadó, that I and you are not united as one (wedded) long since, 196-15.

Aonarán, m., a single person; i dtionól slóiġ is aonaráin, in conflict with a host as in single combat, 3-46; aċt a aġaiḋ i n-a aonarán, but his face alone, 144-98.

Ár, adj. pron., our, sometimes introduced idiomatically between prep. and subst., as ceann ár slóiġ do ḃeiṫ dár ndíṫ, 54-3; grian ór ár gcionn, 4-3.

Ár, m., slaughter, destruction; ár an tslóiġ ,the destruction of the host, 36-95.

Ar, pron., all that, what, 1-5; see a, what.

Ar, defect. verb, quoth, said, says; ar mac an Daġḋa dreiċ ḋeirg, said the son of the Daghdha of the red glance, i.e., Aonghus, 28-81.

Ar, prep., on; of; among; ar Ḟionn, concerning Fionn, 1-1; ar ḋaṫ an ġuail, of the colour of coal, 23-8; 87-11 ar ḋaṫ na gcaor, of the colour of the berries, 26-22; ar áilneaċt béiṫ, of (or among) the most beautiful of maidens, 278-18; ar an ḃFéinn, among the Fianna, 208-15; do ḃ'ḟearr ar na ḟiannaiḃ, that was best among the Fianna, 4-86; ar lúṫ, nimble, 148-80. It sometimes aspirates, and often eclipses verbal nouns: ar ṫuitim ċum talṁan do'n ṁnaoi, on the woman falling to the ground, 267-17; ar ḟilleaḋ do Ċaoilte tar n-ais, 169-14; ar ċlos na mbriaṫar, 170-14; ar dteaċt di d'ár láṫair-na, on her coming into our presence, 51-9; ar ráḋ na ḃfocal san dóiḃ, on their speaking those words, 61-10; ar ḃfeicsin mí-scéiṁe na mná, on noticing the ugliness of the woman, 157-13; ar dteaċt arís dúinn ċum láṫar, on our again coming on the scene, 227-16; ar ndul do Ḋáire 'n-a cléiḃ, on Daire's entering its bosom 53-20 (cléiḃ, Old dat. of cliaḃ); ar mbeiṫ 'n-a ḟuil le linn ḃur dtriall, on its being in the form of blood as you set out, 103-49; ar dteaċt do nóin, at noontide, 103-42; ar dteaċt as na néaltaiḃ dóiḃ, on awaking from their magic slumbers, 105-55; ar dteaċt dom' ṫraoċaḋ do'n éag, when death comes to strangle me, 508-69.

Arg, m., a collar, leash, 36-4.

Arm, m., armour, 11, 13-3; weapons of war, dpl., 48-7; pl., airm buaḋa aige ná cead a rian, that he should have privileged weapons or the right to be at large, 60-103.

Armġloine, of pure arms (clean weapons), 198-100.

Arm-ruaiḋ, a., of red arms, 114-97. See umal.

Arr, m., a monster, 64-77.

Arraċt, f., a monster, 40-7;

Ársa, a., ancient, antiquated; ársa i gcéill, "fossilised," having antiquated ideas, 51-95.

Atáim, I am; ní raḃamair ann aċt cúig fir déag, we were there but fifteen men, 2-1; 22-2. [Ní raiḃ againn ann might be expected here].

Aṫláṁ, quick, ready, prompt; adv., 150-85.

Aṫ-uair, f., a second time; do cloiseaḋ fó Éirinn aṫ-uair, that were heard and re-heard throughout Ireland, 172-99.

Ba, irreg. verb, (past tense of is), was; ba sciaṁaċ snuaḋ, of fascinating countenance, 46-52.

Baċall, f., a crozier. gpl., 49-5.

Baḋḃ, m., a vulture, raven, carrion-crow, or other bird of prey, gpl., 85-49.

Baeṫsceól, m., a silly story, 22-39.

Balḃuiġim, v.tr., I silence, make mute; do balḃuiġeaḋ an ceól re Ḋáire, Daire ceased playing, 329-63.

Ballán, m., a cup, chalice, goblet, vessel; ballán geasa siḋe, an enchanted (or fairy) magical cup, 203-58; an ballán úd na ngeas do ċlaoiḋe, that goblet to nullify the spells, 563-71.

Bainim, v. tr. and intr., I take by compulsion; do ḃainfeaḋ biaḋ dá mb'éigin de'n deaṁan, he would compel the demon, if necessary, to give him food, 35-103.

Baiste, m., baptism; ó's ort do rug baiste, since baptism has overtaken you (fallen to your lot), 182-92.

Bandúir, one of the hounds of the Fianna, 35-76.

Banḟlaiṫ, f., a princess, 56-23.

bantraċt, f., the women of a household, a community of women, ladies-in-waiting; mo ḃantraċt is mé féin mar ṁnaoi, my women, and myself as wife, 92-11.

baoṫ, a., dazed, stunned, 182-45.

báraċ, i mbáraċ lae, to-morrow, 136-43.

barra-ġéar, a., of sharp edge, 83-11.

barr-ḃuaḋ, m., a trumpet, bugle, horn; the trumpet by which Fionn summoned the Fianna in preparation for battle, 16-75.

báṫaim, v. tr., I drown; gaċ péist le neart a ḋá ḋóid . . . gur ḃáiṫ, until he had with the strength of his hands drowned every serpent, 23, 24-6.

baṫas, m., crown of the head; ó ḃaṫas cinn go bonntráċt, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, 107-42.

beaċt, a., exact, perfect; sure, certain, 15-1.

béad, m., a deed, an achievement, 34-19.

beag, a., small; ba ḃeag ár ngaor teaċt i n-a ngar, thenceforward our chance of overtaking them was slender, lit., our opportunity of coming near them was small, 28-9.

beannaċ (go), adv., antlered, 7-51.

beannuiġim (do), v., intr., I greet, hail, 3rd sing. ind. perf., 193-35.

bearcán, one of the hounds of the Fianna, 63-77.

beaṫa, m. and f., life, the world; 'ná ríoġaċt na beaṫaḋ mire, than the sovereignty of the fleeting world, 13-94; agus sinn do ḃeiṫ 'n-ár mbeaṫaiḋ, and we to be alive, 14-94. It is regarded as masculine (gs. of biṫ) in many instances in the course of this volume; guiḋim-se rí an ḃeaṫa ḃinn, I pray the king of blissful life (the happy world), 221-101.

béid, 3rd pl. ind. future of atáim; béid id' ḋáil, they will accompany you, 110-32.

béile, m., a meal; mo ḃéile-se ar iarnóin, my afternoon meal, 18-102.

béim, f., a blow; is gaḃ mo ḃéim, and bear my blow, 486-68.

beirim, v. tr. and intr., I bear, take, carry; béarfam tusa, we will take you, 79-54; hist. pres., beirṫear sinne dá hól soir, we were borne eastwards to partake of (lit., to drink) it, 7-80.

beiṫ, vn. of atáim state of being; mo ḃeiṫ beó, my being alive, 20-2. [This is a more concise and idiomatic form than mé do ḃeiṫ beó used indiscriminately with it. Compare níor ġeall triaṫ m'anacal air, ⁊c.]; gaċ neaċ ḃeiṫ ar an sliaḃ i n-aonar flaiṫ na ḃFiann gan ro-ḃaoġal, everyone being on the mountain alone the prince of the Fianna was by no means in danger, 83-83.

beó, as adj., memorable, 59-20; as subst., re beó, for ever, 71-20.

beólán, m., small mouth, 69-77.

biadán, one of the hounds of the Fianna, 96-78.

bile, m., a large tree (generally in a fort), 109-49.

binn-ḃéal, a., of melodious cry; lit., sweet-mouthed, 12-8.

binn-ḃeól, m., a sweet or musical mouth, gpl., 108-11.

bíoḋḃa, m., an enemy, wrongdoer, 8-94.

bíoḋgaim, v. tr. and intr., I start, rouse, startle, become excited; do ḃíoḋg an ṗiast ar an dtráiġ, the serpent bounded on the strand, 25-19.

bléin, f. the flank; a long narrow tongue or strip of land; also a harbour; ar ḃléin an loċa, on the verge of the lake, 22-22.

bonn, m., base; the sole of the foot; ó ḃonn go barr, lit., from sole to crown, 159-13; bonn ar bonn, foot to foot, one after the other, 33-45.

bonnlaice, one of the hounds of the Fianna, 120-79.

bonn-lár, m., the very sole of his foot, 143-98.

borb, a., violent, fierce, 14-6; gé'r ḃorb an t-ualaċ dá láiṁ, though it was a rugged burthen (to carry) in his hand, 44-7.

bráġaid, dat., breast, 114-84.

bran, m., one of Fionn MacCumhaill's two favourite hounds, Sceólán being the other. The origin of the hounds is thus explained: Tadhg mac Nuadhat had two daughters, Tuireann and Muireann. One day the two sisters paid a visit to Muireann's son, Fionn mac Cumhaill. At the time two princes of the Ulster Fianna were staying with Fionn, and one of them, Iollann Eachtach, became deeply attached to Tuireann. In time they were wedded with Fionn's consent, whereupon Iollanu's Leanan Sidhe, or fairy lover, became desparately jealous and presented herself before Tuireann in the guise of a messenger from Fionn. In this way she inveigled Tuireann some distance away, and then struck her with her magic wand, metamorphosing her on the spot into a beautiful greyhound. She then took her to the churlish Fearghus Finnliath, King of Galway, and, while thus metamorphosed, Tuireann gave birth to Bran and Sceolan, the two famous hounds of the Fianna. She was subsequently restored to her original form, and in due time gave birth to three sons, who are frequently referred to as brothers to the hounds. Bran is somet. f.

brais, see bruiġean.

bráṫair, m., a brother.

briaṫar, m. and f., a precept, a word of honour; briaṫar ḃrain i gCnoc an Áir, the howling of Bran on Cnoc an Air, from which something serious might be inferred, 47-2.

briaṫra, pl. of briaṫar, a precept.

briseaḋ, m., act of breaking; do b'ioṁḋa fear ag briseaḋ a cinn re iomad laoċraḋ 'n-a timċeall, many a man (then) breaking her (the serpent's) head so numerous were the heroes around her, 27, 28-19.

brod, m., a sting, a goad, 26-77

bróig, dat. of bróg, f., a shoe, 80-10.

brú, f., the womb, bosom; i mbruinnib báis, in the throes of death, 441-67.

bruaċair, one of the hounds of the Fianna, 96-78.

Bruiġin, dat. of bruiġean, f., a mansion; go bruiġin mór-ġluin Bóinne, to the surpassingly bright mansion of the Boyne, 8-80; 'san mbruiġin mbrais, in the glittering mansion, 17-81.

Buaḋ, m., enchantment; privilege; óir ba ḃall é ar a raiḃ buaḋ, for it was a spot that was subject to enchantment or under magical influence, 82-96. See buaiḋ.

Buaiḋ, m., victory, power; ar a mbíoḋ buaiḋ, to which some (magic) power attached, 21-4; a rug buaiḋ mo ġrinn, that upset my joy or faculty of amusement, 288-61.

Buaiḋ-ḃríġ, triumphant effect; do ċuir a ġeasa i mbuaiḋ-ḃríġ i ndáil na díse re ċéile, he put his spells into telling effect in relation to the pair together, 327, 328-62.

Buailteán, m., the striking wattle of a flail connoting hardness, looseness, and toughness, when applied to a hound, as here, 58-77.

Buainim, v. tr. and intr., I take, remove from, compel to give, strip of; do ḃuain de a éadaiġ, to remove his garments, do expressing purpose and buain governing éadaiġ in the gen., 140-98. Also bainim.

Buan, a., lasting; go bráṫ buan, until lasting doom, 55-7; steadfast, possessed of endurance, fidelity, 154-14; oiḋċe ḃuan, all night long, 122-50; ḃeiṫ buan 'n-a ġoile, to be inherent in him, in his nature; goile ordinarily means appetite, 556-71

Buḋ, conditional of is; do ḃ'ḟios dóiḃ, they would know, 133-56.

Buiḋe, f., graciousness, kindness, thanks; a ḃuiḋe le sna déiṫiḃ sin, ⁊c., thanking the gods for that, you to be unhurt (whole), father, 104-97.

Buiḋin, acc. of buiḋean, f., a host, 38-29.

Búiṫre, f., lowing, 40-2.

Búnsaċ, f., a sturdy, active, little female, 131-79.

Caḃlaċ, m., a fleet, 141-13.

Cáċ, m., everyone; ós cionn cáiċ, beyond everyone else, 76-24.

Caeṁ-ċneas, m., gentle skin; gpl., 163-44.

Cáiḋ, a., famous; chaste, pure, 261-37, 49-95.

Cáil, f., reputation; ba ṫruaġ bean a cáile, a woman of her repute was to be pitied for the position in which she was, 200-58.

Cailce, gen. of cailc, f., used as adj., chalk-white, 66-53.

Cáirde, f., respite, indulgence, relief; interval, 47-40; gan ċáirde, without delay, 83-54; ár gcur gan cáirde ċum báis, putting us to instant death, 153-57.

Cairmirt, f., alarm; cairmirt gleó, here means music inciting to battle, 380-64.

Callaire, m., a crier, 32-76.

Calma, a., brave, valiant, 26-6.

Canaḋ, m., act of chanting, 276-61.

Canaim, v.tr., I chant, sing; is iad na briaṫra do ċan sí, they were the sentiments she expressed, lit., the precepts she chanted, 90-11; ná can gó, utter nothing doubtful or false, 180-34.

Canós, see cuaill.

Canntlaċ, a., sorrowful, 68-48.

Canntlaṁ, m., act of lamenting, bemoaning, 77-21.

Caogad, fifty; caogad eaċ, fifty steeds, 15-18.

Caoiḋ, f., act of lamenting, 56-3.

Caoin, a., gentle, soothing; is fós caoin, and soothing also, 268-60.

Caoiṁċorcra, of a graceful purple, 14-81.

Carcair, f., a prison; carcair ġeasa, a prison associated with magic spells, 421-66.

Cás, m., cause, case, concern; strait; rí gan cás um ċaṫ do ċur, a king who did not hesitate to provoke battle, 7-94.

Casaḋ, m., act of turning, returning, 116-50.

Caṫ, m., a battalion; iomḋa caṫ is trom-ṡlóġ, many a battalion and powerful host, 139-56; caṫa na bFiann, the battalions of the Fianna, 387-65.

Cat nime, m., a venomous cat, 16-6.

Cé, conj., although, 160-13.

Ceal, m., oblivion; hiding; denial; óm' ḋáil ar ceal, absent and astray (or hidden) from me, 86-104.

Cealg, f., treachery; gur eiriġ cealg na bfiaḋ, until the treachery of the deer arose (got vent), 32-4.

Cealgán, m., knave, rogue, trickster, 59-77.

Ceanglaim, v.tr., I bind, unite; do ċeangalamair síṫ is páirt, we restored peace and harmony, 156-26.

Ceann, m., the head; gan ċeann, headless, beheaded, 124-32; ós cionn cáiċ, beyond everyone else, 76-23; a leader, commander, 54-3; fá ċeann ár slóġ do ḃeiṫ dár ndíṫ, because of the head of our host being wanting to us, 78-24.

Ceannsaċt, f., friendship, sympathy, 148-56.

Ceapaim, I fit, as on a last; an croiceann, is do ċeap do Ċonán, the skin and fitted it to Conan, 518-69.

Céile, f., a spouse, 94-11; an Ḟiann re ċéile, the entire Fianna, 166-57.

Ceileaḃar, m., act of warbling, 15-8.

Ceilim, v. tr., I deny, conceal, hide; le'r ceileaḋ a ġnaoi, by which his features were hidden (transformed), 96-24.

Ċeiṫre cneaḋa fiċead, twenty-four wounds, 153-91.

Ceiṫrinn, dat. of ceiṫreann (ceiṫearn), a troop; fá'n gceiṫrinn aṁas, worn by the troop of mercenaries, 15-81.

Ceoḋaċ, a., misty, 5-8.

Ceoil-ḃinn, a., of sweet music, 16-8.

Ceól, m., music; ceólta binne siḋe, sweet fairy music, 121-12; ceól cuṁaḋ, music of lamentation, 380-64; ceól uall-ġárṫa, (music of) loud wailing, 406-65.

Cian, f., a distance, period; níor ċian ḋóiḃ, they were not long, 85-54.

Cian-ċuaird, f., very long journey, 71-77.

Cianraḋarc, m., very long sight, 75-77.

Ciarḃán, black and white, spotted (spot), 70-77.

Ciarḃoċt, black and poor (lank), 71-77.

Cinn-ḃeart, f., a helmet; cinnḃirt ċloċ-órḋa ċóir, a becoming gold-decked helmet, 19-4.

Cinnte, a., certain; go cinnte, adv., for a certainty, 45-7, 132-50.

Cionn, dat. of ceann, a head; ós cionn, over, above, overlooking, 44-2; 13-8; cionn i gcinn, placed in single combat, lit., head to head, 50-20; i n-ár gcionn, to lead us, 55-95.

Ciuṁsaiḃ, dpl. for gpl., verges; ar ḃruaċ ciuṁsaiḃ Loċa Léin, on the verge of the borders of Loch Lein, 4-75.

Clann-ṁaicne, male kindred; ag breiṫ clann-ṁaicne Ḟinn, ⁊c., bringing (the corpses of) the male kindred of Fionn to beautiful and delightful mounds, 135, 136-98.

Claoċluiġim, v. tr. and intr., I change, turn, repent, oppress, cancel, destroy, annihilate; do ċlaoċlaiḋ a ciall 's a cruṫ, its mind and form underwent a change, 113-84.

Claoiḋim, v.tr., I overthrow, destroy; vn., 18-6; 3rd sing. ind. past, 31-6.

Clé, f., perversity, wickedness; Caoilte gan ċlé, single-minded, upright Caoilte, 69-96.

Cleas-ċorn, m., a drinking horn used for purposes of magic, 204-58.

Cléiḃ, Old dat. of cliaḃ, the breast, 53-20.

Cleiṫ, acc. of cleaṫ, f., a wattle, stake; do ṁairḃ an ċéad ṁuc gan ċleiṫ, it killed the first pig without (the aid of) a stake, 98-84.

Cliaṫ, m., a body of men; cliaṫ caṫa, a body of men engaged in battle, 166-92. See líon; is na cliaṫaiḃ, in (or over) the ranks, watching the contest, 170-92.

Clis, f., a throb, a start; gan ċlis, soberly, deliberately; without failure, 3-80.

Clóḋ, poet. of claoiḋe; fear a ċlóiḋ, a man to vanquish him (a man of his figure, such another), 228-36.

Clogad, m., a helmet, 178-14; gpl., 12-75.

Clóiḋscéiṁ, f., comely form, ds., 207-58.

Cloistin, f., hearing, listening to, 165-99.

Clos., m, hearing; i gclos árd, very audibly, 66-23.

Clúid, f., a recess; a clúid de'n dún, from a nook of the fort, 431-66.

Cluinim, v. tr., I hear; imp., cluintear linn gaċ tráṫ do ġlór, imper., let us hear your voice regularly, 116-42.

Cluiṫċe, (also cluiṫe and cluiċe), m., a game; dat., 18-1.

Clúṁ, m., fur; lán de ċlúṁ, covered with fur, 512-69.

Cneaḋ, f., a wound, 184-14.

Cneas, m., the skin; cneas cailce, chalk-white skin, 27-22.

Cognaim, v.tr., I chew; do ċogain fá n-a ḋéad, he chewed it (his thumb) between his teeth, lit., under his tooth, 37, 38-9.

Cóige, poet. form of cúige, a province, 21-94.

Coileán, m., a young dog; voc., used endearingly, 55-10.

Coilg, gen. of colg, m., a sword, also fury, 194-45; gaċ béim ċoilg may mean "every furious blow." See colg.

Coimeád, act of maintaining, keeping vigil; mo ċoimeád, my maintenance, 25-46; ag coimeád a ċuirp, keeping vigil over his corpse, 134-98.

Coiṁġléiḋ, alt. dat., combat, 10-39.

Coiṁġliaḋ, m., conflict, single combat, 132-55.

Cóiṁreaṁ, m., act of counting, reckoning; ag cóiṁreaṁ cloċ, very probably "saying his beads," 82-104.

Coiṁiġṫeaċ, m., a stranger, 22-81.

Coin, dat. and pl. of cú, f., a hound, 16-3.

Coinneal, f., a torch, a candle; mo ṫrí ċoinnle gaisciḋ, my three torches of valour, 44-47.

Coinsgleó, m., struggle, conflict, 8-38.

Cóir, f., apparatus, accoutrements; power; go rángadar cóir ġeasa an dúin, until they reached the centre or seat of the magic in the fort, 540-70.

Coiscim, v. tr., I hinder, stop, prevent; 3rd sing. past habit., 30-6.

Colg, m., a sword; dat., 36-6; colg buaḋa, a victorious sword, 43-7.

Coṁainm, m., name, 55, 57, 58-53.

Comairc, f., protection, patronage; mercy; gaḃaim do ċomairce, I seek your protection, 133-12; ċuireas comairc ar an ḃféinn, 151-26.

Coṁall, m., act of fulfilling; to fulfil; ag iarraiḋ bréiṫre do ċoṁall, demanding that he fulfil his promises, 75-83.

Coṁḋáil: i gcóṁḋáil na heilite sin, in the company (in pursuit) of that deer, 11-21. See dáil.

Coṁḟlaṫa, (gen. as adj., and used adverbially), of princely bearing, 152-91.

Cóiṁġáir, f., mutual shout; gpl., i ndeoiḋ cóṁġár na Féinne, after the shouts of the Fianna, 66-104.

Cóiṁġáire, f., general laughter, 32-81.

Coṁlann, m., a conflict; le láiṁ Ḟinn na gcoṁlann gcruaiḋ, by the hand of Fionn of the hard conflicts, 58-7.

Coṁmóraḋ, m., convening, summoning together; ag coṁmóraḋ an ċaṫa, assembling the host, 59-88.

Coṁmóraim, v.tr., I convene, summon, hold; fleaḋ do coṁmóraḋ gan ċeilg, a feast that was held truly; gan ċeilg literally means "without deceit," 5-80.

Coṁṗáirt, f., a partner, mate, 44-52.

Compar, m., chest, body, trunk, 112-90.

Cóṁrac aon láiṁe, single combat; fair-play, i.e., man to man, 619-73.

Coṁṫrom, a., even, equal, even-handed, 67-88.

Conair, f., a pass, a path, 75-104.

Conairt, coll., a pack of hounds, 18-8; gpl., 110-12.

Confaḋ, f., a raging conflict; an ċonfaḋ ċéadna, a similar fight, 143-91.

Conntair, (conntar), crosswise, transfixed, 107-90.

Cor, m., a turn, twist, trick in wrestling; tug cor go dian di, ⁊c., he gave the monster a violent twist, so that he turned it breast upwards, 47, 48-20.

Cor, m., spot, site; an cor i n-a raiḃ gréiṫre an dúin, the spot in which were the treasures of the fort, 588-72.

Corcair, f., purple, 134-80.

Corp, m., the body; force; le corp ár neirt agus ár dtréan, through force of (our) numbers and of (our) heroes, 6-1; corp an tslóiġ, the body of the host, 155-13.

Corpánta, a., corpulent, muscular, 116-55.

Cosc, m., act of resisting, preventing; a cosc nár ḟéadaḋ i gcaṫ, lit., whose resisting in battle was not possible, 11-6; prevention, forewarning, 18-46.

Coscaim, v.tr., I stop, I appease; 'nuair ċoscamair ár n-ocras do ḃiaḋ, when we appeased our hunger with food, 73-10. See coiscim.

Coscair, f., act of slaughtering, triumphing; b'é sin an ċoscair iongantaċ, that was the triumph of triumphs, 56-20. Also, coscar, which see.

Coscar, m., havoc, overthrow; victory; is buḋ ṁóide bur gcoscar, and your victory will be the greater, 138-85.

Coscaraċ (go), adv., victoriously, "looking for blood," 150-91.

Coscarṫa (go), adv., exultingly, 106-90.

Cosnaḋ (cosnaṁ), m., act of defending, separating, 131-90.

Cosnaṁ, vn., act of defending, maintaining; ag cosnaṁ caṫ, maintaining battles, 32-2. See cosnaḋ.

Cotán, m., a garment, a little coat, 17-4.

Craipléir, m., cripple, 110-79.

Crann, m., a tree; shaft, haft; mast; cranna seoil, masts, 142-13; do ṫógamair an tOscur fearḋa ar ċrannaiḃ ár sleaġ i n-áirde, we raised (the corpse of) the manful Oscur on the hafts of our spears aloft, 137,138-98.

Craoisiġ, dat. of craoiseaċ, f., a spear, javelin, lance.

Créaċtaḋ, m., act of wounding, hacking, lacerating, 67-41.

Créad, what, 39-22; créad as, from what arises? 41-22.

Creat, m., a body, hulk; creata, pl., the ribs of a ship; túrnaṁ creat na mbárc re tuinn, the rocking (lashing) of the barques' hulls by the billows, gpl., 45-2.

Creidiṁ, gen. of creideaṁ, m., faith; a Ṗádraig an ċreidiṁ ċruaiḋ, Patrick of the exacting (or severe) faith.

Críċe, gen. of críoċ, f., territory, country; i n-aġaiḋ críċe Fódla, against the land of Fodla (Erin), 34-87. See críoċ.

Crín-seirgṫe, withered, wasted 31-102.

Críoċ, f., a kingdom, territory, country; críoċ Loċlann, Norway; it may be said to embrace Norway, Sweden, Denmark and neighbouring Northern territories, 7-1. Professor Marstrander (*Erin*, vol. v., p. 250), equates it with Rogaland, the name, until about 1300, of the district around Stavanger Fjord in Norway. In Irish Rogaland became Roglann, then Rochlann, and by metathesis of *l* and *r*, Lochlann. Fear gan sċáṫ ag comrac críoċ, a man who would fight kingdoms without hesitation, 142-26.

Críoċ, f., end, 177-45.

Crioṫnuiġim, v. intr., I tremble, quake; do ċrioṫnuiġ sé ó ḃonn go barr, he trembled from head to foot, 159-13; níor ċrioṫnuiġ m'inċinn, I entertained no fear, 175-34.

Criṫ, m., act of trembling; i gcreaṫaiḃ diana, trembling in terror, 14-39.

Cróḋa, a., valorous, brave, 32-2

Croiḋe, g. id., m., heart; ba ṁór croiḋe, of great heart, very spirited, 21-6; gan ċroiḋe gan ċeann, disheartened and demented, 18-39.

Crois, dat. of cros, f., a cross; ṫar a ċrois, in spite of his prohibition, 204-35.

Cromán, m., the hip, 514-69.

Croṫ, m., shape, form; voc., a Ablaiġ an ċrota ġil, Ablach of the fair form, bright appearance (elsewhere Ablaċ an Óir), 18-19.

Croṫaċ, (go), adv., shapely, comely; formidable, 87-49.

Crú, m., gore, 136-80.

Cruaḋ-ċuid, f., hard portion; agus tógḃas an ċruaḋ-ċuid, and it took the hard share, 115-84.

Cruṫ (croṫ), m., shape, appearance, 52-9.

Cú, f., a hound; gs. and gpl., con, 8-8; 46-8.

Cuaċ, f., a lock of hair, curl; gpl., 30-22.

Cuaill, f., a heap, a little pile, cuaill ċanóis, probably a sapless trunk, 32-102.

Cuaird, f., a visit; ag gaḃáil cuaird', visiting, lit., doing the round of, 234-59.

Cualán, m., a little heap of bones, 126-79.

Cuanair, soft, 120-79.

Cuardaiġim, v. tr., I search; 3rd sing. perf., 53-23.

Cuasaċ, a., hollow, uneven, 143-80.

Cuiḃreaċ, m., a fetter, 145-56.

Cúil, f., a nook or corner, 54-23.

Cuing, f., a yoke, 6-94.

Cuireaḋ, m., an invitation, 155, 158-56.

Cuirim, v.n. cur, I put, inflict; impose; win; ċuireamair caṫ, we won a battle, 4-1; compare, ṫug sé oċt gcaṫa, he fought eight battles, 13-1; ċuireamair ár gcíos a ḃfad, we imposed our rent on places far distant, 28-2; ċuirfidís ár ar an ḃféinn, they would visit the Fianna with slaughter, 48-5; fut., ní ċuirfear i suim go bráṫ, will never be put on record, calculated, 2-5; gaċ ar ċuir dár sluaġ do ḋíṫ, all that it sent of our host to destruction, 56-7; ná cuir de'n saoġal aon ḟear níos mó, send no man out of the world henceforward, 134-12; má ċuirid suas do ḃeiṫ dom' réir, if they refuse (cease) to do my bidding, 48-30; cuirim suas de, I decline, 108-32; cuirim suas duit-se, ⁊c., I will disregard your suggestions and Fionn's, 142-43; is é is mó do ċuir ar ċáċ, it was it that troubled everyone most, 278-38; cuireaḋ a luaṫ le fairrge, their ashes were sent adrift with the tide, 155-86.

Cúis, f., a cause; cúis ċruaḋ-ċáis ċuġat agus caoiḋe, may you have cause to complain of hardship and to lament, 608-72.

Cúl, m., the back; poll; ar ċúl scéiṫe, sheltering behind his shield, 191-45.

Cuṁa, f., a lament, 399-65; cuṁa croiḋe na Féinne dá láṫair, the heartfelt lament for the Fianna present, 400-65.

Cumán, m., neat little form, 91-78.

Cuṁang, a., narrow, tight; an té nár ċuṁang ḟé óir, he who was not close in the matter of bestowing gold, 213-101.

Cumann, m., love, affection, association; naċ dearna cumann le céile fir, who has not associated with a man (husband), 94-11; an cumann leat-sa rí na ḃfiann, is the king of the Fianna dear to you? 74-31.

Cumas, m., power; ní'l do ċumas feasta ar an ḃféinn, henceforth you have no power (or influence) over the Fianna, 610-73.

Cur, m., act of putting, placing, do'n ċur 'n-a raiḃ an dís, to the place where the two were, 544-70.

Curṫa, pp., put; see fáṫ, 27-102.

Dá, however, governs abstract nouns; laoċ dá ṫréine, any hero, however valiant, 58-10; lám dá ċruaḋaċt, (no) hand however enduring, 77-31; dá ḃuirbe lám, however strong, or untamed, his limbs (arms), 88-41.

Dá, from their; lann dá láiṁ dá ḃfacaiḋ fós, a lance from their hand of (among) all yet seen, 156-44; of which, from which, an ċúis dá dtárlaiḋ iomarḃáiḋ, the cause from which contention arose, 2-80; (dár), from which, through which; dár ḃ'iomḋa fuil ar finnleirg, through which there was much blood on the fair slope, 60-82; dá (de n-a), of all who; agus dá ngaḃann leis de'n Ḟéinn, and of all who follow him of the Fianna, 139-13; ar ṫalṁain dá dtáinig riaṁ, that ever appeared on earth, 152-44.

Dáil, f., a meeting, convention, company, society, presence; an tan do cuireaḋ le Draoiġeantóir a ġeasa fá ḃrón 'n-a ndáil, when Draoigheantoir sent his spells with sorrow among them, placed them under his spells in sorrow, 335, 336-63; do ċuir 'n-a ċóṁḋáil ḃríġ a ġeasa, conveys the same sense, 439-66; gaċ púḋair dá raiḃ 'n-ár ndáil, every injury from which we suffered, 480-68; i n-ár ndáil go dlúṫ, following closely in our wake, 86-24; i n-a ḋáil, in his presence, 93-24; id ḋáil, in your company, 91-54; ní raiḃ riaṁ gan forainm 'n-a ḋáil, he was never after without a nickname, 520-69; gur ṫóg a mbríġ go prap ar a ḋáil, until he promptly released his company from the influence of the charms, 564-71; ód' ḋáil-se arís, lit., from your company again (refers to releasing him again from the influence of the spells), 378-64.

Dáilim, v. tr., I give, administer, serve out; 3rd sing., s-pret., 179-27.

Daille, f., blindness, 28-39.

Daiṫnid, f., distress, sorrow, source of grief or trouble, 157-34.

Daṁ, m., an ox; gs., 39-2.

Dáṁ, m., a learned man; a school of poets; ḃeiṫ 'n-a ṡuiḋe i measc na ndáṁ, to be seated in the midst of the poets, 51-3.

Daoiḃ, prep. pron. pl., to you, 14-29; also díḃ.

Daor, m., a slave, a prisoner; gpl., i nglasaiḃ daor, in bondage becoming slaves (or prisoners), 290-61.

Dar, by, (used in asseveration); The Fianna, it will be noticed, swore by the hands of their opponents, 41-9; dar do láiṁ-se féin, a Ḟinn, by your own hand, Fionn, 109-12. Thus speaks the king's daughter, who, also, as is, perhaps, more natural, swears by the hand of her antagonist. Fionn, on the other hand, in addressing her, swears by his own hand: dar mo láiṁ-se, a inġean an ríoġ, by my hand, daughter of the king, 101-11; dar go deiṁin, assuredly, by all that is assured (a common form of asseveration), 201-15; dar do láiṁ-se, a ċléiriġ ċáiḋ, by your hand, chaste cleric, 49-95.

Dar, defective verb; dar linn, we thought, as it appeared to us, 126-43.

Dár, see dá, from their, above.

D'ar=de n-ar (de n-a ro), of those who did, 44-9.

Daṫa, pl., colours, 94-84.; ba ḟaṁail le muine a daṫa, ⁊c., like a thicket were its colours, its eyelashes and its old eyebrows, 95-84.

De, prep., over; de Ḋruim Lis, over Druim Lis, 46-2; compare de ḋruim búird, overboard; through: de ḋíṫ a gcon, through the loss of their hounds, 46-9; in: de ċoṁráḋ caoin, in gentle accents, 202-15; de ġuṫ árd, in a loud voice, 33-29; at: de ṫriall go tréan, (again) proceeding vigorously, 13-51. See under cuirim.

De, prep. pron., of it, by it; do loisceaḋ na muca ḋe, the pigs were burnt by means of it (as a result of it), 154-86; dpl., nár ḃ'ḟilleaḋ ḋíḃ, that you were not fated to return, 96, 99-49; passim.

Déad, m., a tooth, a row of teeth; déad ḟiacal, a row of teeth also, 83-11.

Deaġoiḋ, poet. form of diaiḋ, i n-a ḋeaġoiḋ, after him, 92-97.

Dealḃaim, v. tr., I mould, form; a Ṗádraig ḋealḃas gaċ grian, Patrick who moulds every sun, 78-21—a function one does not quite expect Oisin to admit as within the power of Saint Patrick.

Deaṁan, m., a demon; deaṁan donais riaṁ dá dtáinig ní ċoiscfeaḋ óm' ḋáil a dtreoir, no demon of misfortune that ever existed (came) would prevent them finding their way into my presence, 20-102.

Dearḃ (not usually declined), assurance; dearḃ an scéil, the assurance, 117-25.

Dearḃaim, I prove. establish; óganaiġ nár dearḃaḋ riaṁ, youths that had not yet won their spurs (proved their mettle), 52-95.

Dearḃuiġim, v. tr., I declare; ní glór dearḃuiġeas aċt gníoṁ grod, it is not loud boasting but prompt action that tells, 148-26.

Deargaim, v. tr. and intr., I redden; go ndeargainn mo ṡleaġ 's mo lann, that I might redden (in your blood) my lance and my spear, 131-26; do ḋearg mo lann-sa ar do ċorp, my lance reddened (with blood) in your body, 26-39.

De ġnáṫ, usually, as a rule, 52-3.

Déidġeal, bright-toothed; a soubriquet much used in relation to Diarmuid O Duibhne.

Déinġleó, dat., desperate conflict, 48-40.

Diaċraċ, a., grievous, sorrowful, painful, 383, 384-64.

Diaṁair, f., mystery, obscurity, darkness; fó ḋiaṁair, hidden in mystery, 74-21.

Dian-ċoimeád, vn., act of closely engaging, occupying, keeping; dár ndian-ċoimeád ag caogad ban, fully (severely) engaged by fifty women, 191-14.

Dian-lorg, an eager search, 315-62.

Dian-scairt, f., an urgent shout, a pressing call, 144-33.

Diġ, dat. of deoċ, f., drink, 260-60.

Dinn, prep. pron., of us, 189-14; off us, 209-15.

Díoġlaim, I take vengeance; díoġlam-na ár ár mbuiḋin', and let us have revenge for the slaughter of our host, 131-85.

Díombáiḋ, f., misfortune, disappointment, dejection, sorrow, pity, 13-46.

Direoil, a., faint, weak, 31-102.

Díriuġaḋ, m., act of straightening, directing; ag díriuġaḋ a ṡliġe 'n-ár gcionn, wending his way direct towards us, 150-99.

Dís, f., a pair, two persons, 187-14. It generally governs the gen., but is sometimes followed by a prep. and dat., as mo ḋís de ṁacaib caoṁa, 127-55.

Díṫ, f., want, deficiency; do ḃeiṫ dár ndíṫ, to be wanting to us, absent from us; here dár is used idiomatically, dár ndíṫ having the same force as de ḋíṫ orainn, 54-3; ar díṫ suain, without rest, 267-38.

Díṫċeannaḋ, m., act of beheading; to behead, 484-68; díṫċeann, without the usual termination -aḋ is used as a v.n. at 26-94.

Díṫċeannaim, v.tr., I behead; 3rd sing. perf., 48-7.

Díṫeaċ, a., destitute; do ba díṫeaċ Aonġus di, Aonghus was rendered destitute by it, 70-83.

Dlaċt, one of the hounds of the Fianna, 142-80.

Dlaċtán, dim. of dlaċt, which see, 144-80.

Dlúṫ, compact, thick, firm; fear ċoṁ dlúṫ ċoṁ garḃ gáir, a man of such a firm and loud voice, 102-32.

Do, prep., with; 'nuair ċoscamair ár n-ocras do ḃiaḋ, ⁊c, when we appeased our hunger with food and our burning thirst with wine and beer, 73, 74-10; governs v.n., denoting intention, purpose: ċum dul do ċoṁrac inġin' ríoġ Ġréag, to go to fight the daughter of the King of Greece, 172-14; dul do ċaiṫeaṁ biḋ na ḃFiann, to go (come) and share the food of the Fianna, 160-56; in: dom' ḋóiġ, in my opinion, 15-3; through, from: do ṁarḃaḋ na ḃfear so eile, from the killing of those other men, 60-95; to: do'n ċaṫair, to the fort, 191-58; do'n Dún órḋa, to the gilded fortress, 120-55; refers to location: cár b'as do'n ṁnaoi, whence the woman? Note the use of the prep., and compare cad as duit, cad as di, not cad as tú, cad as í, as sometimes heard, 160-13.

Doċar, m., hardship, strait, níor ṫruaġ i ndoċar léi mo rí (níor ṫruaġ léi mo rí do ḃeiṫ i ndoċar), she did not pity my king n hard straits, 252-60.

Do-ċím, v. irreg. tr., I see; past pass., with neg., ní ḟacṫar fós, there was not yet seen, 95-42, 157-44; ní ḟacaḋ, alt. form, 161-44; 3rd sing, perf. dep. with neg., ná facaiḋ i ngruaim mar ḃí, that she did not now see him in gloom as he had been, 308-62.

Do-ġeiḃim, v. irreg. tr., I get, find; ó do-ġeiḃeam bás fá ḋeoiḋ, ⁊c., as we are fated to die ultimately let us suffer extinction (falling) in one final struggle, 29, 30-94.

Do-ġním, v. irreg. tr., I do, make; perf. pass., do rinn seanóir crion liaṫ de ríġ na bḟiann, the king of the Fianna was made (became) a grey withered old man, 59-23.

Dóiḃ, prep. pron., for them; nár ḃ'ḟada ḋóiḃ do'n ḟéinn, that they, the Fianna, would not have long to wait (dóiḃ containing a proleptic pronoun), 402-65.

Dóid, f., the hand, fist, clasped hand; dat., 20-4.

Dóiġ, f., fashion, manner; condition; ionad ríoġ i ndóiġ ró-ḟairsinġ, a burial-place worthy of a king, and that in very liberal fashion, 216-101.

Doilḃ, a., pensive, melancholy, sad, dark, gloomy; mo ċuṁa, is é is doilḃ ó'n olc, my woe, it is the more melancholy because of the malice, 27-46.

Doiliġe, compar. of doiliġ, regretful, is doiliġe liom, ⁊c., I regret more, I am more concerned about himself and the Fiann who were hospitable and generous than about myself, 292, 293-61.

Dolaḋ, m., detriment, injury; anguish, remorse; pity; is iongnaḋ liom croiḋe cloiċe naċ glacann dolaḋ trém' ċríċ, I wonder that even a heart of stone does not take pity on my miserable end (state), 16-102.

Donán, m., an enfeebled person; im' ḋonán ċríon, (I). a wasted wretch, 19-1.

Dord, m., a humming, muttering; bass in music; an Dord Ḟiann, a trumpet used by Fionn and sounded as the signal for battle, it was also used as a hunting horn, 41-30, 14-75. In the well known tale, Feis Tiġe Conáin, it is explained by Fionn as an instrument first made by the three sons of Cearmad Milbheoil. Then nine men were accustomed to play on it. Fotadh Canann made it afterwards, and nine men used also to perform on it. But when it reached Fionn he employed fifty men to play upon it. However, we have examples of Fionn himself having used it unaided. See barrḃuaḋ.

Dordán, dim. of dord, m., a humming noise; bellowing; dordáin an daiṁ, the bellowing of the ox, 39-2.

Draid, f., the side teeth and gums exposed, as when a dog snarls, 81-11.

Drannaire, m., snarler, 87-78.

Dreaċ, f., countenance, visage, appearance, 212-15.

Drong, f., a band, host; a party or section, 71, 72-96.

Druim, m., the back, a ḋruim créaċtaċ, his lacerated back, 111-97.

Duairc (50), adv., morose, gloomy, 375-64.

Duardán, see dordán, of which it may be a form; it also seems to convey something like a word embodying a poem; fig., a cry full of significance, 114-79.

Duḃ, a., dark, black; as subst., darkness; duḃ na hoiḋċe, the darkness of night, 35-9.

Duil, alt. dat. of dul, act of going; d'éag ar nduil (ar nduil d'éag), dying, dead. In the West duil is partly heard in ag ḋoil, the usual colloquial form of ag dul.

Duilleaḃar, m., foliage; leaves, 14-8.

Dúiseaċt, f., act of rousing, to rouse, start, awaken; i n-am an ḟiaiḋ do ḋúiseaċt, at the time of starting the deer, 67-104.

Dúisiġim, v. tr. and intrans., I awaken, rouse; ag dúiseaċt torc agus fiaḋ, starting wild boars and deer, 28-4; dúistear leó an eilit, they start the deer, 21-8.

Dul, m., act of going; escaping; attaining; ní'l agat dul (ní'l dul agat) ó'n éag anois, you have no escaping from death now, 617-73.

Dúnúir, one of the hounds of the Fianna, 99-78.

Éaċt, m., an exploit, great deed, achievement; dpl., 3-5; gpl., 60-88.

Eagal, (also eagla), fear, 611-73.

Éagmuis, f., deficiency, absence of, want, need; i n-éagmuis, exclusive of, 39-4; dá éagmuis, in want of it, pronouncd éaġmuis.

Éagna, poet. form of eagna, f., wisdom, prudence, 2-86.

Éalóḋ, m., act of eloping, to elope; éalóḋ leat tall is é mo ḋúil, to elope with you over-sea is my desire of desires, 200-15.

Éanlaiṫ, coll., birds, 15-8.

Easba, f., want, need; easba ṁór ḃainear liom, a great want that concerns me, 28-102.

Easbaḋaċ, a., wanting, 71-83.

Eiċ, pl. of eaċ, m., a steed, 31-81.

Éide, m., uniform, dress, clothing, armour; do ċuaiḋ Oscur i n-éide caṫa, Oscur dressed for battle, 61-40.

Eilit, f., a doe; an eilit ṁaol, the sleek, hornless doe, 21-8.

Éill, dat. of iall, f., a leash, 9-8.

Éiric, f., restitution, amends; ransom, retribution. See under géillim, where lines 175, 176-14 are explained; i n-éiric mo ġeasa is a mbuaḋ ċur ó'n ḃfear ṁór is i neiṁḃríġ, in return for my having released the big man (Conán) from my spells and rendered them inoperative—said ironically, 615, 616-73.

Eirġim, v. intr., I rise; 3rd sing. s-pret., 177-14.

Éiriġ, imper. of éirġim, I go, proceed, 109-32.

Éisteaċt, f., act of listening; to listen, 34-2.

Eitil, dat., flight, act of flying, 115-50.

Eólas, m., acquaintance, knowledge; déanaiḋ eólas ar an mbruiġin, show the way to the mansion, 130-85.

Fá, prep., through, because of; fá n-a luas, through its speed, 30-9; fá ġarḃ-ṫrost, taking a vigorous stride, 449-67. See ceann.

Fada, long; níor ḃ'ḟada liom-sa seal id' ḋáil, I would not regard as long a period in your company, 91-54.

Faen, poet. form of faon, a., weak, exhausted; voc., 178-45.

Faicsin, (feicsin), appearance, presence, do ḃ'ḟearr faicsin, of foremost appearance, 27-87.

Fáiḋḃean, f., a prophetess, 112-55.

Fail, f., a ring, 45-23.

Fáiṫċiall, f., figurative or allegorical sense; cause, reason; draoi ealaḋan no fear fáiṫċiall, a druid skilled in his science, or a man capable of divining causes, 132-33.

Fáistine, f., prophecy, divination, an omen; na draoiṫe ḋearḃuiġ fáistine ḋó, ⁊c., my curse for ever on the druids who declared to him (my father) that I would bear a son who would devastate Greece and behead himself without delay (as a result of which he placed me under geasa), 269, 272-17.

fala, f., envy, jealousy, grudge, treachery, betrayal, gs., 26-87, 18-94, nom., 10-94, dat., cuiṁniġ ar t'ḟala, remember your grudge, 84-89.

fán, m., wandering, straying, banishment, exile, 4-102.

fánaiḋ, dat., incline; do ṫuit le fánaiḋ na sreaḃ ndian, that fell or drifted with the strong streams, 52-23.

fann (go), adv., weak, spiritless, 163-99, 36-103.

faoḃar, m., fury, gs., 158-13.

faoḃar-ġoiṁ, f., the venom of the sword, 42-103.

faoiḋ, f., a moan, a mournful or plaintive sound; éisteaċt le faoiḋ Droma Deirg, to listen to the crooning of the wind on Drom Dearg, 34-2.

faoileann, m., a seagull; gpl., 43-2.

fáṫ, m., reason; ní curṫa i ḃfáṫ mo ġlór, my voice (plaint) is not to be heeded, I am not to be taken seriously, 27-102.

féaċaim, v. intrans., I look; féaċam araon ós cóṁair ċáiċ (1st pl. imper.), let us both test in presence of the host, 143-26.

féaċain, f., a glance, 89-24; act of looking, watching; d'ḟéaċain an ḃfaġainn an Ḟiann go léir, to see if I could get the whole Fianna, 227-59.

feaċt, m., place, time, occasion; do'n dara feaċt, secondly, once more, 623-73.

fead, f., a whistle; see leigim.

féadaim, I am able to; a a n-áireaṁ ní ḟéadaid các, no one is able to count them, 4-5; is gur féadaḋ linn do leiġeas, and that we were able to heal you, 120-98. See áirṁím.

fead-ġáir, f., whistle-shout, 84-78.

féaḋma, poet. gen. of feiḋm, function, effort, act, exertion, duty, service; nature, i n-am gaċa féaḋma, in the hour for action. Note—gaċa also declined, 20-87.

feamaire, m., the long-tailed, 63-77.

feara, alt. pl. of fear, a man; feara Fáil, the men of Erin, 166-14.

feara, gpl., the male species; here the male deer, roebuck; i n-éagmuis áiġ agus feara, besides does and roebucks, 39-4; i n-éagmuis áġ agus fearb might be preferable.

fearán, m., a diminutive male, 38-76.

fearḋa, a., gallant, manful, 110-84.

feasaċ, a., aware; níor ḃ'ḟeasaċ mé, ⁊c., there was not to my knowledge a wound or mark on your body after them, 5, 6-46.

feasaim, I know, ascertain; go ḃfeasam an fíor an cáil úd, that we may see if that reputation be well-founded, 278-61.

féasta, m., a feast, 14-102.

feiḋm, function, service, duty; power; 18-6. See féaḋma.

féiġ, gs. of fiaċ, m., a raven, 93-49.

féig, a., enchanted, spellbound, weak, spiritless; 'san ċarcair féig, disheartened in prison, 238-59; atáim féig fíor-lag neaṁsuairc, I am spell-stricken, exceedingly weak and agitated, 283-61. [Trans. Oss. Socy., 41-vi.]

féil, gs. of fial, generous, 67-23

feoḋaim, v. intr., I wither; 'nuair d'ḟeoiḋ an bile, when the tree withered, 109-49.

feól-ċoscar, m., act of hacking the flesh, slaughtering, 252-17.

feór, poet. form of féar, grass, 64-10.

fí, prep., under. See fá, fó 95-54.

fiaḋ, m., a deer; fiaḋ Gaillime na gcuan do ḟeilg, to chase the deer of many-harboured Galway, 36-2; gpl. 28-4, 32-4; dual, 35-4.

fiaḋaċ, m., a hunt; act of hunting; ba ṁór an fiaḋaċ do lean go dian an eilit lúiṫ, great was the host that closely chased the nimble deer, 33, 34-9.

fiaḋnaise, f., presence,

fiaḋmán, one of the hounds of the Fianna, 32-76.

fiann, dat. féinn, gen. féinne, pl. fianna, f., (usually with the article), the National Militia of Ireland, said to have been instituted by Fionn Mac Cumhaill; nom. for dat. 48-5.

fiar, a., twisted, gnarled, awry, ruffled, wild, wicked, perverse; gpl., 49-5; as subst., a defect, a flaw, 66-77.

fiċe, (dat. and pl., fiċid,) f., twenty; naoi ḃfiċid, nine score, 10-1.

filleaḋ, vn., act of folding, returning, closing; filleaḋ súl, glancing of the eyes, 198-15; ag filleaḋ súl, casting glances, 278-18.

fillim, v. intr., I return; usually takes some form of the prep. ar, 43-9.

fíoċ, m., fury, 110-12.

fionndúir, seeker, searcher; one of the hounds of the Fianna; fionndúireaċt, aimless or random searching, 100-78.

fionnfaḋ, hair, fur, 93, 95-84; tarngas a ḟolt is a ḟionnfaḋ, he tore his hair and his beard, 124-98.

fios, m., knowledge, information; gan ḟios an ḃalláin, without tidings of the goblet, 592-72.

fíre, f., truth, sincerity, fidelity.

flaiṫ, m. and f., a prince; a ṁic ṁic na flaṫa, grandson of the prince, 10-86.

fliuċ, a., wet (from weeping), copious, 208-58.

fó, poet. of fá, under; in the direction of, towards; fó n-a ċíos, under his tribute, yielding him rent, 15-1; fó'n gcnoc, along the hill, 27-4; fó ṫír, ashore, 100-24; fó ṫalṁain, on the ground, 122-98; fó ṫalaṁ, stretched on the ground, 76-41; fó'n sliaḃ, towards the mountain, 27-52; buailear fó lár a ċaoiṁ-ċorp, he struck at the centre (breast) his comely body, 123-98. It sometimes eclipses the verbs it precedes: fó ndeaċaiḋ a ṫriall, against which he advanced, 28-6; sul fó dtáinig sé go bruaċ, before he came to the verge, 58-23; sul fó dtáinig Draoiġeantóir, before Draoigheantoir arrived, 591-72. Fó ṫroid gairḃ, (though) exposed to heavy fighting, 9-51; fó'r smaċt, under subjection to us, 39-95; fó leiṫ, specially: is dearḃ liom ód' ṫriall fó leiṫ, it is manifest to me from your special journey, 435-66; fó ṫrí, thrice, 53-23; fó ċéile, towards each other, 141-91; fó ċaṫaiḃ na Teaṁraċ, through the battalions of Tara, 146-91; fód' ḋéin, towards you, 95-11; fó easbaiḋ, in want, 207-93.

foġail, f., act of plundering, robbing, devastating; dpl., 47-7. See íoc.

foġar, m., noise, sound ; foġar seilge Sléiḃe gCrot, the noise of the chase of Sliabh gCrot.

foġar-ġut, m., noisy voice ; ar an ḃfoġar-ġut siḋe, by the rustling voice of the fairy host, 77-48.

foġla, gen. of foġail, f., robbery, plunder, depredation, 166-92. See foġail.

foġluaimneaċ (foluaimneaċ), a., swinging, waving, rocking, 109-79.

foġluiḋe, m., a plunderer, robber, 84-79.

fogus, m., nearness, proximity, i ḃfogus dom, in my neighbourhood, 173-34.

fóill, a while ; Fionn go fóill fóm' smaċt ó tá, as Fionn is yet under my sway, 310-62. [This use of go fóill is not uncommon in the West.]

fóir, f., help, aid, relief ; is beiḋ a ngeasa gan fóir i mbríġ, but their spells will still be in operation without relief, i.e., Fionn and Daire, though free to get food and drink, will still be subject to the full force of the geasa imposed on them, 220-59 ; as verb, to help, rescue ; a ḃfóir, (lit., their helping) to help them, 560-71. This construction is common : compare an Ḟiann ó n-a ngeasaiḃ gur ḟóir, until he had released the Fianna from the influence of their spells, 596-72.

foirċeann, m., conclusion, end, dat., 195-45.

foisc, one of the hounds of the Fianna, 112-79.

folaċ. m., act of covering, enfolding, 86-11.

folt, m., the hair of the head ; folt ór-ḃuiḋe, auburn hair, 63-10 ; voc., a ḟoilt ċais, maiden of the waving hair, 226-31. Compare a ċúil-ḟionn, ⁊c.

fonn, m., land, earth, climate, atmosphere ; fonn iarṫarṫaċ, the western land, 38-95.

fonn, m., inclination, humour, desire, fancy, predisposition; ní'lim-se i ḃfonn ċum ceoil, I do not feel inclined to play music, 281-61 ; energy, eagerness, initiative, 82-104.

fonn, m., a tune, an air.

fó'r, for which, through which, because of which, 73-41.

forainne, among us, of us, 48-88. See ar.

foraire, f., watch, 43-76.

formaoil, one of the hounds of the Fianna, 70-77. See 148.

forra, prep., with, 108-90.

fraoċ, m., fury, 37-40.

frasa, pl., showers ; frasa deór, torrents of tears, 351-63.

freagraḋ, m., act of responding to, following ; ag freagraḋ gaċ' duine, following each person (of the thirty sons of the descendants of Fionn, who commanded each ten hundred men, making a host of 30,000), 44-87.

freastal, m., act of serving ; tar éis freastail an ċaṫa, having served in the battle, 150-91.

fuadaċ, m., plundering, snatching off, carrying away by force ; somet. applied to persons doing those things, and would be applied similarly to dogs, 139-80.

fuaitín, m., little phantom or spectre, 118-79.

fuarán, m., a spring, well, fountain, cool place, 78-78.

fuarcán, (dim. of fuarc), m., the inner part of the body, something to stop a leak ; here, last chance, so to speak, 128-79.

fuaṫ, m., a spectre, a phantom, 11-6; passim.

fuaṫ, m., hatred, act of hating; enmity, aversion, 31-2, 47-30.

fuaṫán., m., little phantom, 112-80.

fuiḋeaċ (go), adv., mournfully, copiously, 54-10.

(fúigim): D'ḟúigfinn, poet. form of d'ḟágfainn, I would release her from her leash, 68-104.

fulaingim, v.tr., I suffer; geasa ná fulaingid fíor-laoiċ, solemn commands which true heroes do not refuse to obey, 49-23.

furtaċt, f., help, relief; v.n., 43-22; furtaċt air ó ṗéin an ḃáis, to shield him from the pain of death, 152-26.

gaḃáil, f., act of going with; dá ḃfaġainn-se gaḃáil liom mar ṁnaoi, if I gòt to take me as wife a spirited commander or leader of a host I would bear a son to whom the whole world would yield submission, and I would be restored in time to my original form. [It is to be noted she was under geasa at this time], 273, 276-17.

gaḃaim, v. tr., I take; seize; invade; do ġaḃamair an India ṫoir, we invaded Eastern India, 5-1; do ġaḃamair rí Ḃreatan na ḃflaṫ, we seized the king of Britain of the princes (nobles) 23-2; do gaḃaḋ linn Magnus Mór, past pass., Magnus the Great was taken captive by us, 25-2; is go ngeoḃainn féin leat mar ṁnaoi, ⁊c., and that I would go with you as my wife were it not for blind Goll of the hard deeds, 135, 136-12; do ġaḃ and do ġaiḃ are used indiscriminately by modern writers and speakers: do ġaiḃ náire an fear, shame seized the man, 43-40; do ġaḃ an fánaiḋe a ṡlóġ féin, the wanderer approached his own host, 54-40. 2nd pl. imper., gaḃaiḋ umaiḃ agus triallaiḋ, equip and proceed, 49-82; do ġaḃsad dá ċoiṁgleiċte, they went into conflict with him, 107-84.

gaċ, every; the noun following gaċ is not always governed in the gen. by the noun preceding it, as in Ḃran an ríoġ rug buaiḋ gaċ sealg, 112-12. Here gaċ sealg means at every hunt, or, on the occasion of every hunt. Compare, rug buaiḋ gaċ lá. Some contend that in such positions it governs the gpl., and means *all*.

gae, a javelin, spear; créaċt gae Ċairbre, the wound caused by the spear of Cairbre, 113-97.

gáir, f., a cry, shout, call; shriek; gáir na mbaḋḃ ós cionn na sluaġ, the shrieking of the ravens over the hosts in battle, 44-2; gáir na sreaḃ um Sliaḃ Mis, the murmur of the streams about Sliabh Mis, 48-2; gáir ár gcoileán is an ngleann, ⁊c., the cry of our whelps in the glen,—ah, Patrick, it was a melodious day (therefor), 56-5; gáir ṁaoiḋte, a shout of congratulation, 69-41; gáir ċaointe, ⁊c., a howl of lamentation and anger, 71-41; gáir ġoláin, a cry of mourning, 72-41; gáir ċuṁaḋ, a wail of woe, 72-41; gáir ḟuam, a loud strain or volume of musical sounds or notes, gpl., 396-05.

gann, a., scant, sparing; is gann fó'n mbiaḋ, who is sparing of food, 195-28.

gaol, m., relationship, 141-56.

Gaor, m., contiguity, opportunity of doing a thing, means of attaining an object, 28-9.

Gar, m., proximity, 28-9; agus ó'n suiḋe sin i n-a ġar, ⁊c., and since that sitting beside him I haven't taken interest in the world, 100-9.

Garḃ-ṫrosc, m., a vigorous stride, 449-67.

Garg, a., fierce, rugged, sharp, 34-4

Gasraḋ, f., a host; gasraḋ Fiann Alban, ⁊c., a host of the Fianna of Scotland and of the high-king of Britain, 45, 46-88.

Gealġnúis, f., bright (fair) countenance, 196-58.

Geall, m., a wager; the palm; ag cur geall, laying wagers, 85-83, 8-86.

Gean gáire, m., a trace of a smile, 55-2. Sometimes used to imply a cynical smile —sometimes a hearty laugh. See Fr. Dinneen's Dictionary.

Géar-aṁarc, m., act of closely watching, scrutinising, 30-29.

Géillim, v. intr., I submit, yield, concede, agree; go nduḃairt Goll dá ngéilleaḋ các go dtaḃarfaḋ éiric dá ndearna sí, until Goll said even though everybody *else*, might yield *she* would *have* to make amends to *him* for what she had done, (the words in italics understood), 175, 6-14.

Géirleana, persecutor, 123-79.

Gé'r, conj., although, 13-6, 15-6, 26-6; aspirates the word following, gé'r (=gé ro) ṁór é fioċ ḃur gconairt ġarg, though great the fury of your harsh hounds, 110-12.

Giodán, m., haunch, rump; sometimes applied to animals having a white spot on the forehead or flank, 139-80.

Giolla, m., a servant, guide; i n-éagmuis giolla agus con, besides guides and hounds, 126-85.

Glacaim, v. tr., I take, 75-24.

Glaise, (superl. of glas) bluest (of the eyes), 198-15.

Gláṁ, f., murmurer, growler, 126-79.

Gláṁ, f., howling; ag gláiṁ goláin, howling in lamentation, lit., howling a lament, 118-50.

Glamġail, f., act of howling, the baying of a dog, 131-50.

Glaoḋaċ, m., act of calling; glaoḋaċ Oscuir ag dul do ḟeilg, Oscur's call when going a-hunting, 49-3.

Glas, m., a lock; fá ġlas, imprisoned; here, 30-2, it means dead; Fionn i nglas, Fionn in chains, 208-58.

Glas-lann, m., blue lance, gpl., 1-46.

Gléasaim, I arrange, lay, prepare, harness; gléastar biaḋ, pret., food is provided, laid on the table, 70-10; gléas do ṁóir-ċeann, prepare your big head, 486-68.

Gléasta, p.a., rigged, equipped, 146-13.

Gléiḋ, old dat. of gliaḋ, strife, fight, 74-48; 240-59. Compare sléiḃ, cléiḃ, ⁊c.

Gliaḋ, m., fight, conflict; as gaċ gliaḋ, out of every conflict, 184-35.

Glinn, f., the firmament; a mould, frame; i gcaṫ le ċéile, i nglintiḃ aeir, engaged in combat up in the air, 75-48.

Glonn, valour; Oscur mac Garraiḋ na nglonn, Oscur son of Garraidh of the deeds of valour, 211-101. Glonn also means crime.

Glór, m., sound, noise, voice; see fáṫ, 27-102.

Gluaire, f., clearness, brightness, 74-77.

Gluaisim, -seacht, v. intr., I move forward, advance; gluaiseas, 3rd sing. s-preterite, 153-13; créad fáṫ ar ġluais le imṫeaċt Ḟinn, why did she go just as Fionn left? 178-57.

Gnaoi, f., appearance, countenance 33-2; ní ṫréigfeam go bráṫ do ġnaoi, we will never abandon you (your countenance), 80-54; má's gnaoi leat d'ḟaġáil, if you choose to get them, 112-32. Compare má's mian leat, ⁊c.

Gnáṫ, custom; also customary, usual; liom gur gnáṫ, that it is usual with me, 59-30.

Gnáṫ-ġnaoi, f., usual appearance, 206-58.

Gné, f., colour, countenance, appearance; naċ raiḃ lom críon i gcruṫ ġné, that was not thin and withered in appearance (cruṫ gné, shape or form of the countenance or appearance, as it were), 570-71).

Gnúis, f., countenance; de'n ġnúis ġluin, of the maiden of the clear (pure) countenance, 31-22.

Go, prep., with, in addition to; go n-a slaḃraḋ óir, with their gold chain, 43-4; go n-a ḃfearaiḃ, with their men, 240-37; go raṫ, with success, 13-81; mallaċt Airt Aenḟir go mbuaḋ, the curse of victorious Art Aenfhir, lit., with victory, 181-100; aċt fear naoi ngonta go niṁ, but a man of nine wounds with venom (nine poisoned wounds), 189-100.

Goil, f., valour, chivalry, bravery, prowess, 52-7; 18-75.

Goil-ḃriaṫra, pl., mournful words, 165-99.

Goile, m., appetite, nature, 556-71. See under buan.

Goiṁ, f., venom; pain, anguish; do ġlac Oscur goiṁ is fraoċ, Oscar became envenomed, furious, 37-40; also at 79-48, 472-68, ⁊c.

Goin, f., a wound; goin íoċtair, a wound in the lower part, 499-69.

Goinim (gonaim), v. tr., I wound; go ngointear mé isteaċ tréam lár, ⁊c., may I be wounded through the heart if I go alone, 89, 92-31.

Goirim, v.tr., I call, summon; 3rd sing. ind. perf., 21-29, 233-58.

Golaim, v. n., gol; v. intr., I cry, weep; 3rd sing. ind. perf., goil, 54-10.

Golán, m., whining, lamenting, gs., 118-50.

Gorm, a., famous, 13-6; blue.

Gráḋ, m., love; voc., a ġráḋ, a term of affection, 7-46.

Gráḋ, m., grade, order; ar ġráḋ Féinne Alṁaine, of the order of (enrolled in) the Fianna of Almhain, 47-88.

Gráin, f., hatred, detestation; ba ṁó gráin, more detested, 88-11; is gan gráin le n-a ḃíoḋḃa, and who did not detest his enemy, i.e., who did not fear to meet him, 8-94.

Gráinne, superl. of gránda, ugly, horrid; bean ba ġráinne ar biṫ snóḋ, a woman of the most horrid features in existence; ordinarily, ar biṫ would follow snóḋ, 78-10.

Greamuiġim, v.tr., I bind; do ġreamuiġ an laoċ . . . gan lúṫ an triar, the hero . . . bound the three so that they were helpless, 117—8-55.

Greann, m., amusement, 274-61.

Greannṁar, a., amusing, entertaining; gur ġreannṁar i gceól is i gcáil é, that he was entertaining because of his music and his personality, 264-60.

Greim, m., a mouthful of solid food, 83-104.

Grinn, (go), adv., accurately, plausibly; na coin sin adeirir, 'Ḟinn, do ḃeiṫ agat féin go grinn, ⁊c, those hounds you plausibly suggest, Finn, that you have,—why do you make the boast when they would not kill even one pig? 35,36-81.

Grod (go), readily, rapidly, suddenly. Passim.

Grod-ḃás, m., sudden, prompt or premature death, 456-67.

Groduaill, f., quick or sudden cry, 83-87.

Groiḋe, a., hearty, spirited, 42-9.

Gruaḋ, a cheek, gpl., 56-23; an ġruaḋ ḋearg, the maiden of the red cheeks, 275-38. See folt.

Guagán, m., a silly, frivolous person, 111-79.

Guaille, np. for dpl. guailniḃ, shoulders, 172-27.

Guais, f., danger, risk, 126-50.

Gur, conj., until; gur ġaḃ sí cuan, until she reached the port, 143-13.

Gus, until, 83-41; to, gus an gcarcair, to the prison, 234-59.

Guṫ, m., the voice; a cry , pl., 50-3; do b'iomḋa guṫ gaḋar, ⁊c., many hounds' cries were heard going from easterly and westerly directions, towards the hill, anoir agus aniar may be read after guṫ gaḋar, 26-7—4.

I, prep., in; in a particular state or condition; i n-a ṡláinte, restored to his old health, 192-28; gan seasaṁ féin, i n-aon díoḃ, so that none of them had the power even to stand, 100-54.

Iall, f., a thong, a leash; ar ndearmad ḃur n-iall gcon díḃ, on your forgetting the leashes of your hounds, 98-49; passim.

Iarnóin, f, afternoon, 46-40.

Iarraim, I ask; ag iarraiḋ scéil, seeking tidings, 29-22; má tá ar iarraiḋ, if he is missing, 71-23.

Iaṫġluin, a., of pure soil, 42-95.

Idir, prep., between; somet. both; 'dir géig is duille, both branches and foliage, 110-49.

Ilṗéist, f., a reptile, 7-5. The student will do well to transpose lines 7 and 8-5, omitting the is, for agus, of line 7.

Imċian, m., a remote place; i n-imċian, abroad, to a distant place, 9-46.

Inne, f., entrails; a inne i n-a ḋó, his bowels severed in two 110-97.

Innisim, v. tr. and intr., I tell; ní hinnistear go bráṫ buan, will not be told till eternity, 55-7.

Íoc, m., payment; i n-íoc a ḃfuair dá foġlaiḃ, in revenge for what he suffered through its (her) plunderings, 47-7.

Íocaiḋeaċt, f., paying taxes, 22-94.

Iolguais, f., multiplied danger, 72-77.

Iollán, m., little versatile, 134-79.

Iomarḃaiḋ, f., controversy, dispute; source of contention; ná dein iomarḃaiḋ as a ġaisce, do not make his (alleged) valour a source of dispute, 225-36.

iomarcaċ, a., excessive; stór do ḃ'iomarcaċ le ráḋ, treasure extensive beyond description, 19-75.

iomḋa, many; do ḃ'iomḋa ár ndíṫ ó n-a trears, many were our losses from its attack, 59-7; do ḃ'iomḋa neaċ . . . ⁊c., many there were throughout the wide world who were delighted at the destruction of the host, 35, 36-95. It is really the gen. of iomad, used sometimes as an adj. Compare do ċuir geasa iomḋa im' ċeann, who laid me under many spells, 162-27.

iomḋaiġ, dat. of iomḋa, f., a couch, bed, bench; throne; 47-82.

iomġoin, f., a bloody struggle, a conflict, 139-91.

iomḟlán, m., the whole; iomḟlán mo ċoda barc, you shall have all my (complement of) ships, 91-11; iomḟlán na salm-ċléire, the whole lot of the psalm-singing clergy, 80-104.

iomṫús, m., fate, destiny; departure, adventure, 125-90.

iongnaḋ, wonder; is mór an iongnaḋ do-rinn an rí, ⁊c., the king wondered much at the antlerless deer because of its speed, 30-9.

ionṁuin, dear, desirable; giḋ gur ionṁuin liom ḃur maiṫ, though I desire your good, 163-34; naċ ionṁuin leatsa, that it is not pleasing to you, 211-58.

ionnsuiġe, act of approaching, advancing on, 140-91; d'ionnsuiġe Ḟinn, to meet Fionn in battle, 11-46; gé'r ḃ'ionnsaiġe ċalma, though it was a valiant onset (a vigorous encounter), 190-93.

ionnsuiġim, v. tr., I reach, approach; d'ionnsuiġ sé dorus na huaṁan, he approached the entrance to the cave, 118-32; d'ionnsuiġ a ċéile an dís, the pair advanced towards each other, 150-44.

iorġuil, f., onslaught; attack, battle, 52-88; 47-95; 62-96.

iota, m., a burning thirst, 74-10, 7-102.

is, prep. before the article, (also written i san, 'san), in; is an Spáinn, in Spain, 9-1; 'san Spáinn ṫeas, in Southern Spain, 13-1. Is na gearaiḃ, under the spells, 388-65.

is, same as agus, conj. and; is gan mo spéis i gcluiṫċe ná i gceól, and my interest not being (centred) in games or in music, 18-1. It has a peculiar idiomatic use signifying 'considering' in such passages: is leat go deiṁin ná déarfainn bréag is go mbeiḋir-se féin agam mar ṁnaoi, to you, indeed, I would not tell a lie, considering you will be my wife, 206, 207-15.

LABARÁN, m., speaker (probably the hound to raise the alarm), 44-76.

labra, m., act of speaking; drong díoḃ ag labra mar soin, a section of them speaking thus, 71-96. Also labraḋ.

labraim, v. intr., I speak; labras Diarmuid déid-ġeal grinn, bright-toothed, good-humoured Diarmuid spoke, 193-14.

ladruin, m., a robber; churl, 107-79.

láiṁ, (dat. of láṁ, the hand), beside; is árdrí Loċlann ar láiṁ leis, and the high-king of Lochlann on one side of him, supporting him, 14-1. See láiṁ.

láiṁ-ġléiḋ, dat. sing., hand-to-hand encounter, 126-33.

Láin-léim, f., a mighty leap; ċaiṫeas Oscur láin-léim leoġain, ⁊c., Oscur gave a mighty lion-like jump out over the body of the host, 257-17.

Láir, gs. of lár, m., spot; ċum láir, prostrate, 102-54.

Láiṁ, f., the hand; ar ár láṁaiḃ, in progress; lit., on our hands, 172-44; an ngeaḃaiḋ tú id' aonar le láiṁ Oscuir eile? will you meet the other Oscur in single combat, 71, 72-88. Usually an ngeoḃaiḋ.

Láṁġrod (50), adv., actively; with lightning motion of the arms, 66-41.

Lann, m., (somet. f.), a lance, a swordblade; lann ċruaiḋ re scoiṫṫiḋe cinn, a hard lance with which heads were severed, 22-4; lann ġéar, f., sharp lance, 622-73; a Oscuir na lann niṁe, Oscur of the piercing lances—niṁe does not always necessarily imply poison, 61-104.

Laoġ, m., a calf; búirṫe an laoiġ, the lowing of the calf of Gleanndamhail, 40-2.

Le, prep., on; le anmain Ḟinn, on Fionn's soul, 6-3; through, lé'r ċaill gaċ laoċ a neart, through which every hero of us lost his strength, 122-12; le n-a dtuigtear leat ár gcúrs doḃróin, through which our course of sorrow manifests itself to you, 10-28; to, ag ceileaḃar linn, warbling to us, 15-8; ba ḃinne linn 'ná téada a nglam, their cry appeared sweeter to us than (the music of) strings, 20-8; neiṁniḋ linne, as nothing to us (at our hands), 57-10; is measa linn, we regret more, 59-10; is duḃaċ liom, I regret, 44-22; lé'r b'annsa mé, who is affectionately disposed towards me, 46-30; ní mór linn duit, we do not grudge you, 84-31; is binn liom do ġlór, your voice seems melodious to me, 5-3; is dearḃ liom do ṫuitim linn, I am convinced of your falling by us (me), 31-39; by, at the hands of, ar ṫuit de ṗiastaiḃ le Ḟionn, the number of monsters that fell by Fionn, 1-5; aċt ṫuiteadar linn na tuirc, but the boars fell by us, [note the construction], 45-5; do ṫuit leis piast Éirne gé'r ġoirm, the monster of Erne, though famous, fell by him, 13-6; le n-ar ṡáruiġ, by which it surpassed, 31-9; do ceanglaḋ sinn le ingin an ríoġ, we were bound by the daughter of the king, 123-12; sin mar rinneaḋ leó an tsealg, thus was the chase conducted by them. 196-28; cuiṁniġ gur leo' láiṁ do ṫuit Gruagaċ an Dúna Óir, remember it was by your hand Gruagach of Donore fell, 110-42; do leanaḋ leó fá luaṫ an fiaḋ, they pursued the deer with vigour, 5-51; do seinneaḋ le Dáire truaġ-ċuiṁa, is do seinneaḋ le Fionn an dord Ḟiann, Daire played a mournful lament, and Fionn played the Dord Fhiann, 35, 36-52; créad so aṁáin . . . leat dá luaḋ, what is that one thing you mention, 183, 184-57; ní cuiḃe ḋuit leó anois mo ḃás, you do not now wish my death by them (at their hands), 532-70; do caiṫeaḋ le Fionn . . . deoċ is biaḋ, food and drink were then partaken of by Fionn and Daire, 253, 254-60. [This is an idiomatic use of le. If we substitute, say, cloċ for deoċ, the last phrase would mean—a stone was then thrown at Fionn, ⁊c.] For the purpose of, ag feiṫeaṁ ar Ċonán . . . le n-a ċur ċum báis, waiting for Conan to put him to death (inclining to modern Western usage), 640-74; against, naċ fuil 'san ḃféinn seasaṁ leó, that the Fiann cannot stand up to, 12-28; with, ag dul do ḟeilg linn mar soin, as we went a-hunting in that way, 14-3; liom-sa, ar Fionn, an tsealg, I, quoth Fionn, am responsible for the chase, 65-53; cár gaḃaḋ linn, where we went, 76-53; cibé taoḃ 'n-a gluaiseann linn, whichever direction we take, 78-54.

le and do seem sometimes almost interchangeable, as in le heagla gur ṫuitim d'ár laoċ, 15-39, and d'eagla marḃṫa a ríoġ, 19-39.

leaca, f., the cheek, 28-22.

leaḋb, m., a shred, streak, tough skin (applied also to the tough surface of moorland), níor ḟan leaḋb ar a ċloigeann (Conan being already bald) not a trace even of the skin remained on his skull after his incarceration, 68-20.

leagaire, wrestler, 43-76.

leaṁ, a., foolish, silly, contemptible, despicable, 264-37.

léan, m., misery, misfortune, woe, affliction, sorrow, anguish; go raiḃ an léan le buaint dom' ṫriúr, lit., that affliction was to befall my trio, 76-48.

learg, dat. leirg, f., a slope; also applied to an eminence, and even to a plain; learg na ḃfiann was probably some place at which the Fianna usually met before setting out for the chase; dat. sing., 50-3.

leaṫ, nom. for dat., f., half; leaṫ ar leaṫ, half and half, 39-29.

léi, prep. pron., by her, with, her, to her, beside her; do sloigeaḋ léi mac ríoġ Gréag, 33-19; níor sloigeaḋ mac Cuṁaill léi, 37-19. See le. Ḃí folt órḃuiḋe léi síos ag fás, ⁊c., auburn hair hung down to her heels and the grass, lit., was growing down by her until it reached her heels and the grass. Ag fás léi síos is idiomatic and not easily rendered in English, 63, 64-10.

leiġeas, m., healing, restoration, 120-98. See áirṁím.

leigim, v. tr., I let, release, let loose; do leigeamair trí ṁíle cú, we let loose three thousand hounds, 33-4; do leig fead orṫa araon, he whistled for the pair of them (Bran and Sceolan), 6-21; no gur leig a rún le Caoilte, until he admitted his secret to Caoilte, 115-25; leigimse i dtaoiḃ na leirge Anuaill, ⁊c., I set Anuaill free on the side of the slope, 96-97—84.

léim, f., a jump; ar léim lúiṫ, bounding, free, 4-21.

léimneaċ, a., nimble, bounding 18-8.

leirg, dat. of learg, f., a slope, 190-35.

leirgeaċ, m., pathfinder, trailer, 126-79.

leis (ris), prep. pron., by him, with him; also as simp. prep. by, nár leagaḋ 'san gcaṫ soin ris an mnaoi, who was not overthrown in that battle by the woman, 174-14; against, dul do ċoṁrac leis an mnaoi, to go to fight against the woman, 232-16. A comparison of line 180-14, ċum dul ag coṁrac leis an mnaoi, with line 172-14, ċum dul do ċoṁrac ingin' ríoġ Gréag, would seem to argue that the poet regarded do and ag as interchangeable, as prepositions governing the verbal noun.

Leaṫ, f., half; dá leiṫ ċlé, by his left side, 98-97.

Leiṫ 'muiġ, exclusive of, 170-99.

Leó, prep. pronoun, with them, by them; ní fada do héisteaḋ leó, ⁊c., they did not listen long before their loud voices swelled into a battle-shout, 323-4, 4-62. See le.

Lí, f., colour, 90-83.

Lia, a., (used in a compar. sense), more numerous; ba lia ár marḃ 'ná ár mbeó, our dead were more numerous than their survivors; lit., than our living, 30-19.

Liasán, m., dim., of lias, a pen, a fold; a kennel, 35-76.

Lingim, v. intr., I leap, spring, bound, start, rush, dart, escape; a anam as Oscur do ling, lit., his spirit bounded out of Oscur, 166-99.

Linn, f., a pool, 22-8.

Linn, f., a period, span; do b'aḋḃar truaġa le n-a linn, it would be a source of sorrow to him for life, 75-96.

Linne, emph. prep. pron., with us, to us, for us; aċt is leór linne mar ḟiaḋnaise ḟír, but it is sufficient as reliable evidence in our estimation, 137-56. See le.

Linn-ġorm, a., blue-surfaced, 114-55.

Líon, m., the full number, strength, 9-81; a líon, the whole host (of them), 232-59; compare, a n-iomḟlán; is é críoċ . . . do líon na bFiann, it will be the end of the whole Fianna, 176-44; líon dá ḟiċead de sciaṫaiḃ, ⁊c., shields for forty, shields to protect a band of forty regularly engaged in acts of plunder, 165, 166-92.

Líonaim, v. tr., I fill, pour in; assemble; ar an gcnoc so líon an slóġ, on this hill the host assembled (poured in), 187-35.

Liosta, a., tedious, importunate, 158-34.

Ló, dat. used for nom. lá, a day 12-3.

Loċt, m., a fault; gan loċt, faultlessly, 300-62.

Lom (go), adv., close; go lom seaċ cáċ i ndiaiḋ an ḟiaiḋ, closely, beyond all others, after the deer, 74-53; as adj. bare, destitute, 156-56.

Lomaire, m., a shearer, a shaver, 26-77.

Lomán, m., a bare log, a bleak rock; anything having little covering in the way of flesh, bark, or the like, 114-79.

Lom-ċreaṫaċ, a., palsied, 31-102.

Lon, m., a blackbird; gs., 37-2.

Lonn, a., impetuous, daring, bold, powerful, 19-19.

Lór, old form of leór, sufficient; lór a tréine do láiṁ ġasta Ḟinn, sufficient its strength for the skilled hand of Fionn, 38-7.

Lorg, m., a track, trace; lorg a láiṁ, the trace of his hand (the dead slain by his hand), 182-14. See lúṫ.

luaḋ, m., act of mentioning; ná bí dá luaḋ go roiċimíd cuaird an ċaṫa, don't mention till we reach the scene of battle, 643, 644-74.

luaḋail, f., act of moving, passing, stirring; coirn óir ó láiṁ go láiṁ ag luaḋail na n-aonarán, golden goblets being passed from hand to hand by individuals, 24-81.

luaḋaim, v. tr., I say, mention; mar luaḋair-se, as you say, 179-45.

luaḋrán, m., howler, 94-78.

luadrán, m., from luadar, vigour, activity, restlessness, 140-80.

luaiṫ, f., ashes; acc., 139-85.

luaiṫe, compar. of luaṫ, quick, fleet, 23-8.

luas, (also luaṫas), m., speed, promptness, quickness, 30-9; ds., 242-59.

luaṫaim, v. intr., I hasten; do luaṫaiġ rí Éireann, ⁊c., the king of Ireland, who had poisoned weapons, hastened against Oscur, 177, 178, 179-92.

luiġe, v.n., act of resting; lying; gan luiġe, without resting, 14-51.

luiġim, v. tr. and intr., I lie down; 3rd sing. ind. perf., 53-10.

lúireaċ, -riġe, f., a breastplate, coat-of-mail, armour; lúireaċ ḃarr-ġéar ġloin, bright, sharp-fingered armour, 18-4, 183-14; gpl., 10-75; dat. ṫar a lúiriġ ġlé, over his shining armour, 88-96.

luirgneaċ, long-legged, 90-78.

lúiṫ, gs. used as a., nimble, fleet, 34-9. See fiaḋaċ.

lúṫ, m., vigour, strength, life, activity; ursa is lúṫ na ḃFiann, the stay and strength of the Fianna, 50-30; ar lúṫ go léir, all astir, all eagerly searching for Fionn, 230-59; fear ar lúṫ, a man of mobility, fit for service, 345-63.

Má (maḋ), formed of má and the 3rd sing. subjunctive of the copula, if it be; gaċ fear aca má luaṫ ag teaċt (a ṫeaċt), every man of them, however quickly he may come, fast as possible, 43-30.

Macaoṁ, m., a youth; macaoṁ mná, a young woman, maiden, 212-15; de'n ṁacaoṁ úr do ḟuascail é, (struck the head) off the simple maiden who released him, 214-15; passim.

Mac Cuṁaill an Óir, Fionn, so called probably from Leinster's association with gold from the earliest times; 8-5. Cf. Laiġniġ an Óir.

Maig, f., an inclined or affected attitude of the head, 54-77.

Mairg, f., pity, sorrow, woe; mairg doṁ-sa d'ḟan dá éis, woe is me left (who stayed) behind him, 17-2.

Maise, f., beauty, elegance, adornment, buḋ ṁaise do Ḋia mo ṫruaġ, to take pity on me would enhance God's own mercy, 12-102.

Maiṫ, a., good, agreeable, pleasing; gur ṁaiṫ leis féin a ḃeiṫ air, that himself was pleased with having it (the greyness) on him, 188-28; ċoṁ maiṫ leó, equally, also, 64-88.

Maiṫ, m., a noble, a prince; trí míle dá maiṫiḃ tréan', three thousand of his valiant nobles, 3-3.

Maiṫeas, m., goodness, excellence, 31-9.

Malairt, f., exchange, 44-103.

Mallaire, m., loiterer, 40-76.

Manaire, one of the hounds of the Fianna, 33-76.

Maoiḋeaṁ, m., act of boasting, vaunting; congratulating; gáir ṁaoiḋte, a shout of congratulation, 69-41.

Maoiḋim, v. tr. and intr., I envy, grudge; brag; make a cómpliment of; boast; giḋbé do ṁaoiḋfeaḋ orainn gean gáire, ⁊c., let whosoever might grudge us a ray (or faint trace) of laughter, we really had cause to lament, 55-3. Maoiḋeaṁ, in its different forms is not easily rendered in English. Cf. ní dá ṁaoiḋeaṁ ort atáim, it is not that I wish to place you under a compliment for it; ní maoiḋte ort é, you are not to be envied it; ba ṡuaraċ le maoiḋeaṁ é, it was a small matter to boast about; giḋ gur ṁaoiḋ orainn gean gáire, ⁊c., though he afforded us cause for some slight laughter it better befitted us to lament (though "he did not grudge it to us"), 80-24; ba ċóir a ṁaoiḋeaṁ, it is but right to mention it with pride, 237-37; no dóṁsa, mar ṁaoiḋir, ar lár, or I overthrown, as you boast, 188-45.

Mar, as, governs dat.; mar ḃainríoġain, as queen, 140-13, mar ná raiḃ gruag ar a ċeann, as there was no hair on his head, 67-20; mar do suiḋeaḋ leó, as they seated themselves, 21-81; where; mar a raiḃ Goll, where Goll was, 144-13; mar a ḃfuil an Ḟiann, where the Fianna are, 164-13; turas Ċonáin mar nár ċóir, ⁊c., Conan's visit, where it was not right, in the breast of the monstrous beast, 66-20; how, mar ṫuit an ḃean le Oscur áiġ, how the woman fell at the hands of valiant Oscur; when; mar ċonnaic Dáire mac Ḟinn an ríġ-féinne, when Daire son of Fionn saw the Fenian leader, 49, 50-20; mar do ċualaiḋ Ḃran an guṫ, when Bran heard the voice, 113-84.

Mara, alt. form of muna, unless, 168-27.

Mar aon, also, with, together with; mar aon ris sin, in addition to that, at the same time, 125-32, 288-59.

Marḃaim, (also marḃuiġim), v. tr., I kill; 1st pl. perf., 37-4.

Méad, m. and f., size, extent; méad a cnáṁa agus a faoḃair, the size of her limbs and (the intensity of) her fury, 158-13.

Meaḋair, f., victorious battle shout, 194-93.

Meaḋon, m., the middle; meaḋon de'n ló, midday, 29-19.

Meang, m., fraud, deceit, treachery, guile, craft, 14-46; gpl., 121-55; dpl, 131-55.

Meanmnaċ, a., spirited, 154-13.

Meanmain, f., courage, spirit, 108-79.

Measa, used idiomatically in such phrases as is measa liom fáṫ mo ġoil, I am more concerned about the cause of my tears, 36-22; ba ṁeasa liom, that I was most concerned about, 156-34.

Measaim, v., tr. and intr., I think, imagine; an uair ṁeastuiḋe linn ó ṫuaiḋ, ⁊c., when we thought the music was in a northerly direction, the noise of its strains was actually far away from us, 39, 40-52.

Méid, f., quantity; cá ṁéid, how many, 7-3; an ṁéid de'n Ḟéinn, the number of the Fianna, 148-13.

Meiḋir, f., joy, merriment, 51-47.

méin, dat. of mian, f., mind; inclination, desire, 222-16.

meirḃ, a., spiritless, enervated, feeble; croiḋe nár ṁeirḃ, no frail heart, implying (Fionn) of the stout heart, 102-11.

meirge, m., a standard, banner, 156-91.

mian, f., mind, will, wish, desire; mian ṁic Ċumaill ba ṁaiṫ gnaoi, the desire of the son of Cumhaill (i.e., Fionn), who was of good countenance, was, 33-2; [the reader will note that some twenty different desires are recorded]; do-ġeoḃair do ṁian, thy will be done, 51-40; níor ṁian léi, it was not pleasing to her, 196-58.

míoċáil, f., discredit, disgrace, 55-30.

mionn-ċuṁdaċ, m., jewelled robe, 78-96.

mir, dat. fem. of mear, a., quick; sul ḃeiṫ siḃ ar meisce mir, ⁊c., before you become raging drunk, go each of you to his couch, 46, 47-82.

mire, f., fleetness, speed, quickness; mire meanman, impetuosity, 39-40; i gcoinne Ṁeargaiġ mire, against impetuous Meargach, 63, 64-40.

míscéiṁ, f., ill or evil appearance; gs., 157-14.

mo, my; mo Ṁeargaċ cruaiḋ, lit., my hardy Meargach, 40-40. In narrative mo is often used to indicate or qualify the subject.

moċ, early; as subst., an early hour; ó ṁoċ maidne, from an early hour of the morning, 33-9.

moḋ, m., manner, respect, honour; dignity; ar moḋ, so that, 191-58; cé gur ṁór moḋ, though great his dignity, 74-83.

moḋṁaire, (super. of moḋṁar), stateliest.

móḋṁaraċ, a., stately, 141-13.

móide, greater (therefor), 137-85. See Corcar.

monarán, (dim. of monar, work), m., little worker, 37-76.

mongáir, f., screaming, a shrieking sound; mongáir faoileann Iorruis tall, the screaming of the sea-gulls of Iorrus (Erris) yonder, 43-2.

muc, f., a pig; acc., an ṁuic ṁóir, the principal pig, 100-84; 114-84.

muiciḋe m., a swineherd, 138-85.

muine, f., a brake, a thicket, 94-84.

ná, conj., nor, or, and; gan rian créaċt ná goin lann, without trace of scars and lance-wounds, 106-42; beiḋ tú ar ḋíṫ biḋ ná suain, you will get neither food nor rest, 185-45; cár ġaḃ an Ḟiann ná an fiaḋ uaim, where either the Fianna or the deer went from me, 68-53; créad a ḋéanfaḋ Fionn ná siḃ-se, what would Fionn or you do, 44-95. [A more adequate treatment of this word will be found in the Vocabulary to Eaċtra an Amadáin Ṁóir].

naċ, dep. form of the neg. particle ní, containing the rel. is Conán Maol naċ raiḃ gan ġruaim, and Conan Maol who was not without surliness, 190-14. See Vocab. to "Eaċtra an Amadáin Ṁóir."

naonḃar, m., nine persons, 50-88.

nascaim, v. tr., I bind, unite; do naisc sé mé, he united me in wedlock, 200-35.

Neaċ, indef. pron., one, someone, anyone, a person; with neg., no one, 24-4.

Néall, m., a cloud; néalla fola, blood-red clouds, 15-29.

Néall, m., a fit, a wink, 106-9.

Neaṁ-ṡuairc, a., discontented, unhappy, 373-64.

Neart, m., strength; profusion; le neart ár sleaġ agus ár laoċ, through the strength (number) of our spears and our heroes, 24-2.

Néiṁ, f., countenance, complexion, brightness, 194-35.

Neiṁḃríġ (neiṁmbríġ), condition of being inoperative; do ċuir Draoiġeantóir i neiṁḃríġ, Draoigheantoir rendered inoperative, 297-61.

Neiṁġrinn, gs. as adj., cheerless, 69-104.

Neoin, f., noon, um neoin, at noontide, 147-98.

Ní, neg. particle, not; somet. conveys a future sense; ní dul amaċ duit, you are not permitted to go out, 124-55.

Niaṁ, f., brightness, colour, countenance; is tú is áilne niaṁ ṫar mnáiḃ, you it is who has a surpassingly beautiful countenance beyond all women, 197-15.

Niaṁraċ, a., glittering, shining, bright; neat; beautiful, 105-79.

Niḋ ḃus mó, variously written niḋ is mó, níos mó, níosa ṁó, niḋ sa ṁó, ⁊c., more, furthermore, henceforward, again, 7-18, 15-18.

Niṁneaċ (go), adv., venomously, 221-16.

Níos mó, any more, no more (in reference to time) meaning again, henceforward, 134-12.

Nó, until; nó gur bás do ċeaċtar dúinn, till one of us is dead, 144-43; nó gur duit ar díṫ cinn, until you are headless, 187-45.

Noċ ar (noċar), modern níor, derived from ní con ro, through noċa ro; combines neg. part. with ro perf.; noċ ar loisceamair aon ṁuic, we did not burn a solitary pig, 147-85. Mod., ċá n-.

Noċa, see noċ. Noċa ndearnaiḋ mise gó, I made no mistake, 105-97; noċa raiḃ de'n Ḟéinn ós cionn, there were of the Fianna over him only, 169-99.

Noċtaim, v. tr., I unsheath, expose, unfold, disclose, narrate; do noċtas-sa mo ċlaiḋeaṁ, I unsheathed my sword, 109-25; do noċt an Ḟiann, the Fianna unsheathed theirs, 110-25; ó noċtais dúinn do rún, since you have unfolded your desire, 169-57; do noċt Glanluaḋ annsoin gan ḃréig a turas féin le Fionn, Glanluadh then unfolded (the circumstances of) her own journey with Fionn, 182-57; do noċtaiḋ, alt., 189-58.

Nuig (go), adv., until, hitherto; unto, as far as; go nuig uileann, to the elbow, 115-97.

Óġ, f., a virgin, ds. 194-14.

Óġánaċ, m., a youth, 52-95. See dearḃaim.

Oillpiast, f., an awful monster, dual no., 35-6.

Oineaċ, m., generosity; mercy, 2-86.

Oiniġ, gen. of oineaċ, generous, liberal; i gcúis oiniġ le dáiṁiḃ, in generosity towards the bards, 176-92.

Oirfideaċ, m., a minstrel, musician, 138-91.

Olc, m., misfortune, grudge, 202-93.

Ó'n, from the; somet. aspirates, as in ó'n ġleó, 122-43; somet. eclipses, ó'n ngníoṁ, 167-44.

Ón! see Uċ., 1-102.

Ór-ḃuiḋe, a., of the yellow colour of gold; auburn, flaxen, 63-10.

Órċuaċ, f., a lock of golden hair; gpl., 66-53.

Órdóg, f., the thumb.

Os, m., a fawn, a deer; fuaim na n-os, the noise of the fawns around Sliabh gCua, 42-2.

Ós árd, aloud, 269-38.

Osaḋ, m., pause, cessation; gé'r ċruaiḋ an t-osaḋ, though the suspense was hard to bear, 162-92.

PÁIRT, f., friendship; le iomad páirt, with much friendship or sympathy, 6-38; partiality, leniency, indulgence; caṫ gan páirt, an earnest battle, 99-41; sympathy, affection, buḋ ġreann is buḋ páirt leó mo ċeól, my music would afford them amusement and ensure me their sympathy, 274-61.

Pian, f., pain; dat., péin, somet. pian, as at 472-68.

Piast, f., a monster; gpl., 1-5; acc., 5-5, 9-6; passim.

Planda, m., a scion, 114-42.

Prais, f., porridge, 52-103.

Prap (go), adv., promptly, suddenly, 213-15; 129-33.

Preab, f.,, a bound; dat. preib, somet. preab, as at 451-67.

Preib, dat. of preab, f., a bound, 153-26, 196-27.

Púḋair, dat., harm, injury, damage, 152-56.

Púḋar, f., injury, evil, 216-15.

RAĊTṀAR (go), adv., passionately, in a fit of temper, 221-16.

Ranntóir, m., divider, 84-78.

Raon, m., a way, track, 67-10.

Re, (in modern Irish generally le, which see), with; during; beside; ioná a ḃfuil re ceól go dearḃ, than all who profess music, truly, 196-35; ré'r linn, in our time, 39-95; re n-a dtaoiḃ, beside them, 87-54; re t'ḟeicsin, a Ḟinn arm géar, coincident with seeing you, Fionn of the sharp weapons, 160-99.

Ré, f., period, time, span; lem' ré-se, during my life, 23-102.

Reaċt, m., a law; na reaċt séiṁ, gpl., of the mild laws, 68-23.

Reaċtaire, m., a steward, 45-82

Réama, m., phlegm, rheum, 84-11.

Réamán, from réam, m., catarrh, rheum, 136-80.

Réiḋ, a., gentle, smooth; ready to start, 10-8.

Réim, f., sway, power, authority; fame, 35-47; fé réim buaḋa, in a commanding position, 108-55; a réim do luaḋ, to recommend their release, 222-59; tá réim ag an ḃféinn go fíor, the Fianna have freedom (power) for a certainty (now) 603-72.

Rí, dat. ríġ, gen. ríoġ, a king; rí Sacsan na ḃfleaḋ, the festive king of the Saxons, 3-1; ar ríġ Gréag, on the king of the Greeks, 4-1.

Rian, m., a course, way; naċ fada an rian gur doiliġ ḋíḃ, that ye are not far from trouble, 8-28; óm' rian, from my path, out of my way, 344-63; ar aon rian, in the same direction, 16-75.

Riar, f., treatment; dá ḃfaġainn riar mar buḋ ċeart, were I properly ministered to, 88-104.

Riġ-féinniḋ, m., kingly leader, commander-in-chief of the Fianna, namely Fionn, 30-2.

Rioċt, m., state, condition, 137-26.

Ríoġraḋ, f., a line of kings, dynasty; ríoġraḋ uaisle Éireann, dynasty of the nobility of Ireland, 34-95.

Ris, alt,. form of leis, prep., to, with, 133-43.

Riu, prep. pron., with them, 23-102.

Roċtain, f., act of reaching, 64-10.

Ród, m., a road, a highway; Fuaṫ Ġlinne Ríoġ na ród áiġ, the spectre of Glenree of the prosperous highways, 22-6.

Roiċim, v. tr., I reach; 3rd pl. perf., 12-52.

Roiṁ, prep., before; in the gaze of, 56-40.

Roiṁe, prep. pron., (pronounced ' ree '; also roimis, roiṁis), before him, 156-13.

Roinn, f., division, 67-88.

Roṁa, see Turas.

Rosc, m., the eye, dpl., 123-50; a rosc ró-ḃláiṫ, his most beautiful eye, 168-99.

Ruaig, f., a rout; ruaig druime, a hasty retreat, 64-104.

Ruaṫar, m., onslaught, onset, rush; rout, 137-33.

Sall, over yonder (implying motion thither), 200-15.

Sáṁ, a., tranquil, happy, contented, mild, pleasant, easy, gentle; as subst., a scene of tranquility, or rest; amaċ as an sáṁ go dlúṫ, out from this scene of tranquility (or sleep) arm in arm, 338-63.

Saṁail, f., an image, likeness; dod' ṡaṁail-se ní féiṁ an gníoṁ, it ill becomes one such as you, 180-57; i saṁail ḟaṫaiġ, in the form of a giant, 642-74.

Saṁluiġim, v. tr. and intr., I appear, seem, dream; an tan do saṁluiġeaḋ dó ṫríd, when it appeared to him through it, 123-32; bréaġ leó níor saṁlaḋ riaṁ, a lie by them (the Fianna) was never conceived, 182-35.

Saoi, m., a sage, a chief; saoiṫeaḋ, alt gpl., do b'ioṁḋa lúireaċ saoiṫeaḋ saor, many a coat-of mail that belonged to noble chieftains, 77-96.

Saoiṫ, good, noble, sage; de ċonaiḃ saoiṫe, well-bred hounds, hounds having leading qualities, 23-76; 129-79, and passim.

Saoṫċonaiḃ, 49-77; see conaiḃ saoiṫe under saoiṫ.

Sárḋáil, f., superior host; a ṡárḋáil na gcríoċ, superior of the best host extant, 55-103.

Sáruiġim, v. tr., I surpass; le n-ar ṡáruiġ maiṫeas con na gcríoċ, ⁊c., by which it surpassed the goodness (best efforts) of the hounds of the land, and of Bran that never let its quarry escape, 31, 32-9.

Scairt, f., a loud shout; act of shouting, gs., 88-31.

Scairtim, v. tr., I shout; call suddenly; do scairt go borb ós árd, he called boldly and loudly, 429-66.

Scaltarnaċ, f., loud or noisy calling (as a bird); scaltarnaċ loin leitreaċ Laoi, the startled call of the blackbird of Letter Lee, 37-2.

Scannar, m., a fight, 154-91.

Scaraḋ, m., act of parting; do scaraḋ anoċt leis an ḃFéinn your parting to-night with the Fianna; do scaraḋ do ċaṫa le Fionn, your battalions parted with Fionn, 131-98.

Scaraim, v. intr., I part with, separate from; do scar Fionn is Dáire binn sealad, ó ṡliġe na bFiann, Fionn and musical Daire deviated for a time from the path of the Fianna, 49, 50-52.

Scáṫ, m., shade, shelter; no tuitfid uile ar do scáṫ, ⁊c., or they will all fall in sheltering you, the seven battalions there are of the Fianna, 215, 216-36.

Scéal, m., a story; an incident; matter for concern; scéal ba ṁó, a matter of greater moment, a more regrettable matter, 196-100.

Scéala, tidings, 150,-13; 61-96. Compare teaċta, ⁊c.

Sceiṁle, f., a rout, 20-29.

Scéin, dat. of scian, f., a knife, 54-20.

Sceólán, one of Fionn's two favourite hounds. Sceóláin, 40-81. See Bran.

Sciarlóg, one of the hounds of the Fianna, 32-76,

Sciaṫ, f., (somet. m.), a shield, 21-4.

Scíos, m., fatigue, weariness, 27-2.

Scoiṫim, v. tr., I sever, tear, drag, 3rd sing. imperf., pass., 22-4; gur scoiṫ na cinn de ċéad laoċ, until she cut the heads off a hundred heroes, 127-12.

Screadaim, v. intr., I scream, 3rd sing. ind. perf., 54-10.

Scuirim, v, intr., I cease, stop; do scuireadar araon gan ġó, and they both ceased fighting without doubt, 52-40; do scuir an dís deaġlaoċ, the two heroes desisted, 145-43.

Scur, m., act of desisting, ceasing; do scur ó'n ġleó, to separate, 122-43; ar scur an áir, at the cessation of the slaughter, 65-96.

Seabac, m., a hawk, falcon, 24-8.

Seaċ, in phr. fó seaċ, by itself, individually, specially, 23-4.

Seaċnaḋ, m., act of avoiding, protecting against; créad do-ḃeir dá ṡeaċnaḋ tú? how comes it that you avoid him? 201-35.

Seaċrán, m., straying, wandering; go raiḃ an seaċrán 'n-a rian, that their path was through devious ways, 34-52.

Séad, m., a jewel, a treasure; a present, gpl., as a., 62-23.

Seal, m., a period; 'once upon a time,' 4-46; seal fada, a long time, 145-98.

Sealad, m., a period, interval; space of time, 50-52.

Sealg, f., a hunt, chase; gaċ fear díoḃ i n-ionad a sealg, every man of them (here, seemingly, the whole host) in his place in the hunt, gpl., 31-4; dat., seilg now very much used for nom., as in the case of most nouns of the 2nd decl.

Seanma, gs., of seinnim, act of playing music, 374-64.

Sean-ṁala, f., old eyebrow, 95-84.

Seasuiġim, v. tr., I endure, stand; do ṡeasuiġis do ṡlóiġtiḃ Ḟinn, that you endured (fought) for the hosts of Fionn, 92-41.

Sé fiċid, one hundred and twenty, 158-91.

Séidim, v. tr. and intr., I blow; do ṡéid go cruinn isteaċ im' ċluais, that blew right into my ear, 78-48.

Séiṁ, a., fine, smooth, gentle, 17-4; is aṁail is séiṁe feasta a mbríġ, their (the fingers') influence will be more conciliatory thenceforward for that reason, 296-61.

Seinnim, I sing, play; act of singing; to sing, 289-61; seinnim gliaḋ, music of battle, gpl., 372-64.

Seisear, m., six persons; ós cionn a ṡeisir ċlainne séiṁ', over his six gentle sons, 68-96.

Seoċ, beyond; besides; instead of; soir seoċ siar, east beyond west, 15-21, 67-23, and passim.

Seól, m., pace; direction; ar seól lom-lúiṫ, at a really active pace, 538-70.

Siġin, f., a sign, token, portent; féaċ ar ṡiġniḃ an aeir, observe the portents of the heavens, 24-29; also siġne, Latin, signum.

Síoda, m., silk, 17-4.

Sioraim, v. tr., I search; dá siorṫaiḋe an doṁan fó seaċ, if the world were searched over specially, 32-4. See sirim.

Síoṫċruaiḋ, enduring, tenacious, 55-77.

Sirim, v. tr., I seek, search, demand, ask; nár ṡireas aċt siḃse, that I did not ask, save you, 211-36; sireas Caoilte an ċinéil ċóir, Caoilte of the righteous tribe searched, 109-47.

Síṫ, m., the reserve of vital strength, the last remnant of life; an síṫ pras, a sudden bound, as a last resort, 45-20; an síṫ áiġṁéile, the regrettable bound (from the serpent's point of view), 52-20.

Síṫċeól, m., fairy music; síṫċeól suain, fairy music calculated to induce sleep, 86-54.

Slaḃraḋ, m., a chain, dat., 43-4.

Slán, a., sound, whole, healthy much used in toasts, prayers, good wishes, challenges; ár slán fód' ġeasaiḃ aċt niḋ aṁáin, ⁊c., we do not care if our full strength is under your spell on one condition (with one exception), otherwise, we defy you except in one thing, 172-57; slán go ḃfaca súil mar soin, good health (success) to all thus seen by human eye, 19-81. It implies a challenge.

Sleaġ, f., a spear, a lance; gpl. 24-2; dual, 19-4.

Sléiḃ, old dat. of sliaḃ, a mountain, moorland, 46-5; ar an gcnoc ós cionn an tsléiḃe, on the hill over the moor, 78-83.

Sliaḃán, one of the hounds of the Fianna, 43-76.

Slóġ, m., a host; slóġ cille, a fairy host. See uirearbaḋ, 31-19.

Sloigim (also slogaim), v. tr., I swallow; past pass., 33-19, 37-19.

Sloinnim, v. tr., I recount, record, name; go sloinnfiḋ mé ḋíḃ gan ċlis, ⁊c., until I recount for you steadily the (incidents of the) struggle between Fionn and Aonghus, 4-80; sloinn dúinn gan earbaiḋ, trace for us without omission, 23-87.

Snáṁ, m., act of swimming; 'san snáṁ, lit., in the swim, 115, 120-55. The article is often introduced in such constructions seemingly to emphasise the matter or means to which it refers; 'san snáṁ, swimming, *not* by boat, or other means.

Snóḋ, m., appearance, visage, 62-10.

So, subst. pron., this; is díṫ so do'n Ḟéinn, this means annihilation (spells ruin) for the Fianna.

Soin, that; is leór leat soin mo scéal truaiġ, a proleptic use of soin, introducing subject, i.e., mo scéal truaiġ, lit., you have enough of my sad story, 527-69.

Sórt, m., a sort, kind; a ṡórt, the like of that, 124-50.

Sosaḋ, m., cessation, 47-40.

Spéir, f., concern, interest, 33-22.

Sreaḃ, f., a brook, a stream; gpl., 48-2, 52-23.

Sról, m., satin; léine sróill, a satin garment, 16-3.

Sruṫ, m., a stream, dat., 35-2; codlaḋ fá ṡruṫ Easa Ruaiḋ, to sleep by the stream of Assaroe.

Sruṫ, m., a stream; ní'l ó'n sruṫ 'n-ar baisteaḋ Críost, there is not (a country) from the stream in which Christ was baptised, (namely, the Jordan, much referred to in literature and otherwise), 11-1; fó ṡruṫaiḃ deór, in streams of tears, 122-50.

Suim, f., extent, quantity, 2-5. See under cuirim.

Stánaḋ, here poet. for staonaḋ, m., act of flinching, yielding; caṫ gan stánaḋ, an unflinching struggle, 100-42.

Staonaḋ, m., act of relinquishing, retiring; staonaḋ ó'n gcaṫ, ⁊c., to give up the contest until sunrise next day, 135-43. See stánaḋ.

Straċaḋ, m., act of tearing, rending; straċaḋ buile, a furious onset, 217-15.

Stróicim, v. tr., I rend, I smite; do stróicfeaḋ sé an ceann dá ċorp, he would have struck the head from his (Conan's) body, 220-15.

Suaiḋte, p.a., shaken, worn out 50-9.

Suan, m., rest, repose; do-ḃéaraḋ suan ó n-ár ngeasaiḃ dúinn, that would bring us relief from our spells, 465-67.

Suas, up; seól-ċrann suas, a mast erected (in a perpendicular position), 92-84.

Suiḋim (suiḋiġim), v.tr. and intr., I sit; set, place in order, arrange; an uair do ṡuiḋeaḋ Fionn ár gcoin, when Fionn used to arrange our hounds, 25-4; 'n-a suiḋe, seated for a time, 30-4; suiḋtear búird, hist. pres., tables are set, 70-10; suiḋtear linn an tsealg ṁór, we fall into line for the great hunt, 64-83.

Sul, before, 29-19, 58-23, passim.

T', contr., for do, thy, 2-86.

Taḃairt, f., act of giving; iad féin do ṫaḃairt dá ċionn no na Fianna uile do ḋíṫceann, to sacrifice themselves therefor or behead the Fianna to a man, 25, 26-94.

Taca, m., a support, prop, stay; taca cléiḃ, a bosom friend, 36-103.

Taċar, m., a struggle, contest, fight, engagement, 4-80.

Tagaim, v. irreg., I come; 1st pl. perf., ṫángamair gan ḃrón gan scíos, we came without sorrow or fatigue, 27-2; ní ṫiocfaiḋ leat . . . na geasa ċlaoiḋe, you will never be able to defeat the spells, 185, 186-57.

Taiḋḃse, g. id., a ghost, a spectre; taiḋḃse an doṁain the most formidable serpent in the world, 31-6.

Táin, f., a company, tribe, host, number; herd; táin na ḃFiann, the host of the Fianna, 214-58.

Táir (alt. 2nd sing. of atáim), you are, 123-55, 25-102.

Taisbeánaḋ, m., a vision, omen, forecast; taisbeánaḋ d'ḟaġáil ar gaċ guais, to foresee every danger, 60-30; taisbeánaḋ dó, he was shown that, 125-33.

Taisce, f., reserve, store, treasure; much used as a term of endearment, 35-47; i dtaiscið, in reserve, stowed away, 8-75.

Taiṫnim, v. intr., I please, agree with; do ṫaiṫn le Draoiġeantóir go mór mar do seinneaḋ an ceól le Dáire, the manner in which Daire played the music pleased Draoigheantoir very much, 301, 302-62; do ṫaiṫniġ, id., 305-62, 397-65.

Talṁain, dat. of talaṁ, land; ar talṁain, lying prostrate, thrown down 41-40; muc dár imṫiġ ar ṫalṁain truim, a pig that traversed rich land, 38-32.

Tan, m., occasion, time; an tan, when, 132-12.

Tán-ċuairt, f., a visit by a host, journey, expedition, 120-32.

Taoḃ, f., side; sometimes used idiomatically, as in do ḃí taoḃ liom-sa mar inġin, whose only daughter I was, 267-17; taoḃ ar ṫaoiḃ, party against party (perhaps, side by side), 16-29. taoḃ re taoiḃ, side by side, 242-37.

Taoiseaċ, m., a chief, leader; ó ṫaoiseaċ go naonḃar, from the leader and his squad of nine (upwards) or from the commander of the squad of nine, 50-88.

Taom, m., a weakness, fit, sudden attack of illness 106-25.

Taomaḋ, m., pouring out, teeming, pumping, 118-79.

Tapa, f., life, vigour, activity, 8-102.

Tar, beyond, over; tar cionn a ṁná, in satisfaction for his wife (for having detained or sheltered her), 232-36.

Ṫar n-ais (also tar ais, tar n-ais) back, by way of returning, 43-9; tar m'ais, behind me, 155-34.

Tárla, defect. verb, 3rd sing. past; it befell, happened; met; níor ṫárlaiḋ riaṁ liom, I never met, 139-43. [Usually followed by ar].

Tarsna, across; tarsna ar an máiġ, lying across the plain, 79-96, also trearsna.

Ṫart, prep. pron., past you; is ní raiḃ díoḃ gan dul ṫart aċt beagán re huċt imṫeaċt', and there remained of them who had not passed but a few on the point of passing (going). This use of ṫart is yet common in the West, 39, 40-19.

Tásc, m., tidings, account, 178-34.

Teaċt, m., act of coming, to come; dá dtigeaḋ linn teaċt ar a ḟaġáil, if we could succeed in locating it (getting) it, 464-67.

Teaċta, m., a delegate, a courier, ambassador, 72-83, 53-95.

Téad, f., a string; ar téid ṡuairc, lit., on a happy string (in a pleasant vein), 390-65.

Teaġlaċ, m., a household, 16-81.

Teagṁáil, f., meeting; conflict, 66-88.

Teann, m., strength; mo ṫeann, my strength, support, 26-46.

Teann (go), adv., stoutly, boldly, 170-44.

teannán, something stout and firm though small, 78-78.

téarnaim, v. intr., I escape from, recover from, return; fó'n am gur téarnaiḋ ar na néalaiḃ, when she recovered from the influence of the spells, 201-58; níor ṫéarnaiḋ aon neaċ de'n sluaġ, not one of the host escaped, 81-96.

ṫeas, in the south (stationary); ó ṫeas go tuaiḋ, from south to north, 100-11.

teastuiġim, v. intr., I am wanting; an ṁéid de'n ḟéinn do ṫeastuiġ uaiḋ, the proportion of the Fianna absent or missing, 148-13; sin ar ṫeastuiġ uainn de'n ḟéinn, that is what was wanting to us of the Fianna, i.e., every man we sent out was slain by Tailc, 244-37.

teibim, v. intr., I fail, disappoint; níor ṫeib mise riaṁ fós, I have never yet failed you, 69-31.

teiċeaḋ, m., act of fleeing, dat., 28-52.

téiġim (v.n., dul), I go; 3rd. sing. ind. perf. dep., lá dá ndeaċaiḋ Fionn, a certain day on which Fionn went, 1-3; sul a ndeaċaiḋ grian ós ár gcionn, before the sun had reached the meridian, 4-3; go ndeaċadar uile uainn ċum suain, until they all retired from us to rest, 192-14.

teilg, f., a cast; something projected, or bounding, 66-77.

teirce, f., scarcity; indifference; want of eagerness; gan teirce a ḃfonn i n-a ndáil, eager for their contest; lit., without littleness their desire for their (hostile) meeting, 166-44.

tí, in phr. ar tí, intent on, about to, on the point of; ar tí eiriġṫe, with a view to standing up in my company, 96-97.

tigim, v. irreg. intr., I come; tig a gcuid óir go tiġ na ḃFiann, their gold comes into the possession (lit., into the house) of the Fianna, 8-1; naċ tigeaḋ a gcíos go tiġ Ḟinn, whose rent used not come to Fionn, 12-1; do ṫig ṫar muir, who came oversea, 58-10; tig rómpa bean, ⁊c., a woman of most beautiful countenance appeared before them, 62-10; go dtigeaḋ liom do leaċt 's do lá, that your tomb and your (last) day might come through me, 132-26.

tim, a., timid, spiritless, 60-23.

tionscnaim, v. tr., I propose, purpose, intend; codlaḋ níor ṫionscain an Ḟiann, the Fianna did not even think of sleep, 22-19, lit., begin to.

tlás, m., weakness, timorousness, defeat; gan fios tláis, heedless of weariness, lit., without knowing either defeat or the strength of victories (joy of success), 186-14; gan tlás, fearless, 35-22; go dtagaiḋ tlás ar mo ġlór, that my voice may grow weak, 223-101.

tláṫ, a., faint, weak, soft; nár ṫláṫ i ngleic, who were vigorous in conflict, 266-38; go tláṫ, adv., 140-56; tláṫ 166-57.

tnáiḋte, p. a., exhausted, wasted, 50-9.

toċailt, f., act of delving, rooting; ag toċailt na huaṁan, delving into the mound, lit., rooting the cave, 194-27.

toċluim, v.tr., I dig up, excavate, 1st pl. perf., 215-101.

Toċt, m., a fit of passion; silence, 26-81.

Toġaim, v. tr., I choose, select; muna dtoġfaid mé mar ċéile, ⁊c., unless they choose me as wife for the king of the Fianna, valiant Fionn, 168-14.

Tógaim, v. tr., I lift, raise; 3rd sing. s.pret., 209-15, tógḃas ár ndraoiḋeaċt dínn, raised (released us from) the magic spells; tógaimíd ár meaḋair, we raise our shout of triumph, 133-91.

Tóir, f., pursuit, chase, dpl., 32-22.

Toirḃrim, v. tr., I bestow, 3rd sing. s.pret., 211-15.

Toirneaċ, a., inclining; mar ċarraig ṫoirniġ, like a gliding rock (crushing all before it), 144-91.

Toisc, f., journey, expedition, 110-79.

Toll, m., a hole, a cavity; i dtollaiḃ na gcluas ag an trír, in the cavities of the ears of the three, dpl., 98-54.

Tollaḋ, m., act of perforating, tearing, carving, 33-6; ar n-a ṫollaḋ do'n ġéir-ḟleiġ, pierced by the sharp spear, 112-97.

Tonn-tréan, a., strong-billowed, 114-55.

Torc, m., a wild boar; gpl., 28-4; 44-4.

Torċairim, v. intr., I fall, am slain, 12-6.

Torċarṫa, p.a., overthrown, vanquished, 135-50.

Ṫort (ṫart), prep. pron., past you, 21-39.

Tosc, m., a message, concern, inquiry, 577-71.

Tráċt, m., act of treating of, recounting, discussion; a dtráċt súd do ḃeiṫ ar siuḃal, talk of them (their history or story) to be in progress, 5, 6-38.

Tráċtán, m., a traveller, 132-79.

Traost, one of the hounds of the Fianna, 108-79.

Tráṫ, occasion, a period, a space of time.

Tré, prep., through, 50-53.

Treaḃaire, m., ploughman, 130-79.

Tréad, m., a drove, 87-83.

Tréan-ḃuilleaċ, a., of mighty blows, 262-17.

Treas, m., a fight, a fray gpl. 32-6; n.pl., 42-7.

Treas, adj., (precedes its noun). third, 75-41.

Tréigim, v. tr., I abandon; an dtréigfeaḋ go lá an gleó, would he desist from the fight overnight, 50-40.

Treoir, f., direction, guidance, 33-47.

Triall, m., act of journeying; a march; dár ṫriall do'n ḟéinn, where the Fianna were wont to travel, 314-62.

Triar, m., three persons, 12-46. See triúr.

Triaṫ, m., a chieftain, a noble; ds., 72-10.

Trír, gen., three persons; somet. dat., as ag an trír, 98-54.

Triúr m., three (generally of persons), 84-24.

Trom-ċaoiḋ, f., a heavy or solemn lament, 406-65.

Trom-néal, m., a spell or short period of heavy sleep; i dtrom-néalaiḃ báis, into (all but) the heavy sleep of death, 104-54.

Truaġ, m and f., pity, compassion; dom is truaġ mo ḃeiṫ beó, my being alive is a matter for pity (to me), 20-1; is truaġ an scéal, it is a sad state of things, 29-2; is níor ṫruaġ liom a gcás, and I would not regret their condition, 168-57.

Truaġ-loḃar, m., a pitiable leper, 489-68.

Truaiġ, gs. of truaġ, pity, used adverbially with go, 54-10; also at 171-99, go truaiġ, sorrowfully.

Truaiġṁéil, m., an object of pity, 456-67.

Tuairt, f., toss, 106-79.

Tuar, m., an omen; threat; tuar fola, an omen of carnage, 19-29; do ṫug tuar ar an ḃFéinn, who sought to overthrow the Fianna, 120-42; verb, 3rd sing. perf., ḃur dtuitim-se is é do ṫuair, your fall is what is presaged, 80-48.

Tuarasgaḃáil, f., an account, 152-13.

Tuargaire, m., smiter, 86-78.

Tugaim, I give; ṫug Fionn naoi gcaṫa is an Spáinn, Fionn fought nine battles in Spain, 9-1; idem, 13-1; 3rd sing. s-pret., 210-15, tugas dúinn ár lúṫ, (she) gave us back our vigour; mar ṫugadar a dtriar a gcúl, how the three turned their backs on each other, 20-22; tug Fionn linne a ċúl, Fionn turned his back on us, 173-100; ṫug ar an laoċ a ḃeiṫ gan ċruṫ, that caused the hero to have lost form, 98-24.

Tugsam, (ṫugamair) 1st. pl. perf. of tugaim, 4-93; tugsam go fíoċṁar fearḋa an gleó san ċaṫa Gaḃra, 31, 32-94.

Tuile, f., a flood; fó ġeasaiḃ 'n-a dtuile i n-ár ndáil, under a flood of spells (upon us, lit., in our company), 354-63.

Tuitim, f., a fall, the act of falling; do ṫuitim do'n Ḟéinn gur díṫ, that your fate would be a loss to the Fianna. [The student would do well to transpose this line], 90-41.

Tulaċ, f., a hill, a mound, 13-8.

Turas, m., a visit, journey; ar ṫuras na róṁa, on the way to the grave, 36-87.

Túrnaṁ, m., tossing, tumbling, rocking, 45-2.

Uaillḃeó, of ringing cry, 30-76.

Uaiṁ, f., a cave, grave, pit; i n-uaṁaiḃ na bpian, in the pits of torment (hell), 58-104.

Uaisle, pl., nobles; vpl., 1-80.

Uaiṫne, a., green.

Uaiṫnín, m., dim. of uaiṫne, a prop; also green. Uaiṫnín (one of the dogs favoured by Liagan, 130-50), might, therefore, be given as a name to a hound, either from its colour or its being considered reliable, though small, 30-76.

Uallġáir, f., a howl, a mighty shout, 142-33.

Uallġárṫaḋ, m., act of shouting vociferously.

Uall-ġlór, m., a deafening shout, 326-62.

Uaṁan (uaṁán), m., terror, fear, dread, horror, amazement, 128-12; do ġaḃ eagal is uaṁan Ailne, fear and trembling seized Ailne, 611-73; also 120-79.

Uaṁnaċ, a., fearful, dreadful, 144-80.

Uaṫaḋ, m., a small number, unit; ní'lim aċt im' uaṫaḋ ann, I am alone here, *i.e.*, we represent little or nothing there (here), 50-82.

Uaṫṁar, a., dreadful, terrible, horrible, 87-83.

Uċ, oċón, ón uċ, ón! sighs, notes of lamentation, 1-102.

Uċt, breast; see ṫart, 40-19.

Uċtán, m., a groan, sob, 72-77.

Uilc, pl. of olc, m., evils, malicious deeds or actions, 46-5.

Uilinn, dat., the elbow; ar uilinn ċlé, on his left elbow, 86-96.

Uill, dat. sing. f. of oll, a., great, mighty; i nÉirinn uill, in powerful Ireland, 10-1.

Úir, f., clay, fresh earth; ar úir ṫalṁan, on the fresh earth, 83-41; (usually applied to the fresh earth of a newly-made grave); ṫoċlamair úir a ḟearta, we dug the fresh earth of his grave, 215-101.

Uireasbaḋ, f., want, deficiency; the lost or missing; ba ḟaṁail le slóġ cille uireasbaḋ ár nglan-laoċraiḋe, like (as numerous as) the ghosts of the dead hosts of a churchyard were our missing pure heroes, 32-19.

Um, prep., around, about, by; um neoin, by noon, 44-4.

Umal, m., the navel; umal Oscuir arm-ruaiḋ, the navel of Oscur of the bloody weapons, 114-97.

Úr, a., fresh; go húr, copiously, 174-100.

Urċar, m., a volley, a thrust; ṫug Caireall roġa an urċair do'n ċraoisiġ tré lasair, Caireall in a red-hot passion aimed a choice or well-directed thrust of the spear, 110-90.

Urlaḃra, f., speech; an rugais aige ar urlaḃra? (an rugais ar urlaḃra aige?) did you reach him while the power of speech remained with him? 64-96.

Urlann, f., the haft; urlann mo ṡleiġe, the haft of my spear, 89-97.

Urraim, f., respect, veneration, 98-11.

Ursa, f., a prop, stay, support, 50-30.

PERSONAL AND PLACE NAMES.

It has not been thought necessary to include in this list names like Aoḋ Beag, Conán Maol, Daolġus, Diarmuid, Fionn mac Rosa, Garraiḋ, Glanluaḋ, Lobarán, mac Luġaiḋ, Meargaċ, Noisniaḋ, Parrán, explained by the context, or already familiar to all readers having even an elementary acquaintance with Irish folk-lore. A few place-names, Gleann Dá Ṁáil, Inbear Críċe i nUltaiḃ, Leitir Laoi, and Úrċnoc Liaḋais have not been identified.

Aonġus an Ḃroġa, the most renowned druid of the Tuatha De Danann. His seat was at Brugh of Boinn, now the temple of Newgrange, Co. Meath. He is said to have had several brughs in different parts of Ireland. He was the teacher and benefactor of Diarmuid ó Duiḃne.

Art Aenḟir, father of the celebrated Cormac mac Airt, and grandfather of Grainne. He was killed by his nephew, Mac Con, about 195 A.D., in the Battle of Mochruimhe, 16-94, 181-100.

Banna, the Bann; reckoned one of the fourteen chief rivers of Ireland, 57-87.

Beann Éadair, the hill or peak of Howth; gs., 9-6; dat., 143-13.

Boinne mac Breasail, commander of the Fianna of Britain, 101-89.

Cairbre Lifeaċair, son of Cormac mac Airt. He and Oscur are said to have fallen by each other at the battle of Gabhra, 53-58. He was also known as Cairbre ó Liaṫḋruim, 24-94.

Caireall is Faolán, ḋá ṁac ríoġ na bFiann, Carrol and Phelan, two sons of the king of the Fianna, that is of Fionn, 197-93.

Cairrgín, now Carrigans on the Foyle, near Derry, 15-51; Cairrgín cinn tráġa na gcloċ, 18-51.

Calpruinn, father of St. Patrick.

Caoilte mac Rónáin, one of the leaders of the Fianna, and cousin of Fionn. He, like Oisin, is represented as having long survived the Fianna, 238-37.

Ciardán, son of Meargach, 23-46.

Cnoc an Áir, the Hill of Slaughter. A romantic hill near Ballybunion, in Kerry, famous as the scene of a great battle in the second century. See page 28.

Cruaċain, dat., common in Irish topography; Cruaċan Ċais, probably in Thomond, and likely to be Croghan, near Killenaule, Tipperary. Or it may refer to Rathcroghan, while under Dalcassian influence in the reign of Diarmuid mac Fearġusa Ceirḃeoil, 66-82.

Daġḋa, the god of the Tuatha De Danann, 6-80.

Droḃaois, f., the river Drowes, flowing from Loch Melvin in Leitrim into Donegal Bay, 49-7.

Drom Cliaḃ, Drumcliff, in Sligo; site of a Columban monastery, also round tower and cross. Places of the name in Clare and Down; dat., 19-6.

Drom Dearg, ancient name of Drumcliff, in Sligo. Father Hogan mentions five such places in his Onom. Goed. This Drom Dearg is probably in Sligo, as surmised in Agallaṁ na Seanóraċ and Trans. Oss. Soc., 14-4.

Druim Lis, dat., identified by O'Donovan as Drumlease, showing the ruins of an old church, near the eastern extremity of Loch Gill, in the barony of Dromahair, Leitrim, 46-2.

Eas Ruaḋ (Eas Aoḋa Ruaiḋ), Assaroe, the cataract on the Erne, near Ballyshannon; gen., 35-2; Eas Aoḋ Ruaiḋ, 60-7.

Faolán, a son of Fionn mac Cumhaill, 15-86. See Caireall.

Fáṫa Conáin mac Meic Con, one of the three Fothadhs, sons of Lughaidh mac Con and Fuinche, daughter of Nar. Foṫaḋ Canann was leader of the men of Connacht. There has been much speculation about the etymology of the name. In the earlier MSS. it appears as Foṫaḋ Canann and Foṫaḋ Canainne. In the Duanaire (Irish Texts Society) it appears at least three times as Faṫa Canann or Fáṫa Canand, while it occurs three times in the Transactions of the Ossianic Society as Fáṫa Conáin consistently. Some of the later bards may have rendered this particular Foṫaḋ as son of Conán Cinn Sléiḃe, and Canana, and varied the name accordingly.

Fionnaḃraiċ, f., dat., of Fionnaḃair (compare Teaṁair, -ṁraiġ,). There are several places named Fionnabhair in Munster, and all over Ireland. This probably refers to the fort near Kilfenora, 67-82.

Fionnais, probably Foynes, 67-82.

Fionn-Loċa Deirg, original name of Loċ Dearg, which see, 69-20.

Fionn mac Cuṁaill, though not the founder was the most famous of the leaders of the Fianna. They are popularly believed to have been instituted by Fiachadh, brother to the monarch Tuathal Teachtmhar; but Fionn was mainly instrumental in perfecting their organisation. He was associated with the most glorious period of their history, and they can hardly be said to have survived him.

Formaoil na ḃFiann, probably Fermoyle, barony of Upper Ossory, Queen's Co. There is a Formaoil na ḃFiann in Sligo, and another in Iveragh. The Formaoils are believed to have been the hospitals of the Fianna.

Gaḃra, gen., (nom. being Gaḃar and Gaḃair), scene of the famous battle, in which the Fianna got fairly annihilated, A.D. 284. It gives its name to a stream which flows into the Boyne, not far from the Hill of Skreen, near Tara, 32-87.

Gailliṁ, Galway; gen. 36-2; pronounced Gailliḋe, as in Munster. See sruṫ.

Gleann Arma, m. and f., Glenarm, in Antrim; gs., Ġlinne hArma, 25-6.

Gleann an Smóil, extending from the foot of Sliabh na mBan, Tipperary, eastward to Carrick, 6-5; another glen of the same name near the source of the Dodder, Dublin; and another in Cork; gs. Glinne Smóil, 5-8; Gleann Smóil, also, near Lifford.

Gleann Dorċa, probably Glendorragha, Addergoole, Mayo, 11-6.

Gleann Inne, a valley in Westmeath through which the Inny flows.

Gleann Ríoġ, m. and f., the valley of Glenree, through which the river Newry flows, gs., 22-6.

Goḃra, see Gaḃra.

Goll mac Mórna, leader of the Fianna of Connacht, and the peer of Oscur in valour in the estimation of his followers.

India, India; an India Ṁór, the Indian Empire, 7-1

Iorrus, m., an extensive district in the north-west of Mayo; gs. 43-2.

Leaṫárd on the slope of Cnoc an Áir.

Liagán, one of the sons of Meargach, 24-46.

Loċ an tSléiḃe, seems another name for Loċ Dearg, 5-18.

Loċ Ceara, Loch Carra in Mayo, formerly called Fionnloch Carra, 39-7.

Loċ Dearg, Loch Derg, Co. Donegal; gs., 3-18.

Loċ gCuileann (Cuilinn, Cullainn), a small lake about 100 feet in diameter, and 20 feet deep, on the summit of Sliaḃ Cuilinn, about five miles from Dundalk. Beside it is a carn, known as the house of Cailleaċ Ḃiorair, and supposed to be the burial place of Fionn mac Cumhaill. There are at least three lakes of the name in Ireland, one in Mayo and one in Kilkenny, in addition to that mentioned above, 7-5.

Loċ Laoġaire, now Loch Mary, parish of Ardstraw, barony of Strabane, 45-7.

Loċ Léin, the lakes of Killarney (usually the Lower Lake); gs., 17-6.

Loċ Lorgan, an old name for the bay of Galway; gs., 53-7. Many other lakes of the name are referred to in Irish MSS., notably one in the Bog of Allen.

Loċ Measca, Loch Mask, 41-7.

Loċ Ṁéilge, m., Loch Melvin, the source of the Drobhaois in Leitrim; gs., 37-7.

Loċ nEaċaċ, Lough Neagh. Its quality is said to be such that if a holly tree be placed in it for seven years the part that sinks into the earth will be stone, the part remaining in the water will be iron, and the part above water still wood, 5-5.

Loċ Reaṁar, m., a lake near Virginia in Cavan; gs., 32-6.

Loċ Riaċ, m., Loughrea lake, parish of Loughrea, Galway; gs., 14-6.

Loċ Ríoġ, prob. for Loċ Ríḃ, Loch Ree, in the Shannon; gs., 20-6.

Mac an Loin, the son of Luno, a blacksmith of Lochlinn, known in tradition as the maker of Fionn's sword, 10-21.

Mac Luiġḋeaċ, a famous champion of the Clanna Deaghaidh of Desmond. He commanded the sept at the battle of Gabhra, where he was slain, according to the Annals of Innisfallen, 16-86.

Mac Rónáin, whose chief function was drawing lots when matters of dispute arose among the Fianna. See Caoilte.

Maġ Coḃa, lying around Donaghmore, in Upper Iveagh, north-east of Newry, 66-82.

Maġ Maoin, somet. Maon-ṁaġ the plain of Maon, son of Uamoir, lying around Loughrea; dat., 38-2.

Maġnus Mór, Magnus the Great, son of the king of Lochlann of the speckled ships, 25, 26-2.

Moċruiṁe, Magh Mochriumhe, between Athenry and Galway, was the scene of a great battle about the year 195 A.D. Art Aenfhir was killed there by his sister's son, Mac Con, who led a large army of foreign adventurers, commanded by Beinne Brit, son of the king of Britain, 16-94.

Niaṁ Nuaḋċroṫaċ, daughter of the king of Greece, and unwilling wife of Tailc mac Trein, 273-38.

Oscur Mór ó Ḃaoiscne, Oscur, bravest of the warriors of the Fianna, grandson of Fionn, who in turn was descended from Baoiscne. Three Oscurs are mentioned as having fallen in the Battle of Gabhra, viz., Oscur mac Oisin, called also Oscur Eamhna, Oscur mac Garraidh, and Oscur mac Riogh Lochlann.

Ráṫa, pl., forts; ó na Ráṫaiḃ, would seem to mean, from the Ratha (forts) in general, 27-6.

Siona, f., the Shannon; ar Ṡionain fó ḟolus, on the sparkling Shannon, 29-6.

Sliaḃ an Ċláir, gen., Sléiḃe, ⁊c. Perhaps Claragh or Clare Hill the northern extremity of Sliabh Luachra range, 50-7.

Sliaḃ Cuilinn (Cuileann gCuileann), Sliabh Gullin, overlooking Killeevy parish, Armagh, and called after Cuileann Ceard, foster-father of Cú Ċulainn; gs., 34-6; go Sliaḃ gCuileann, 63-82.

Sliaḃ Fuaiḋ, the highest mountain in the Fews, near Newtownhamilton, Armagh.

Sliaḃ gCrot, now known as Slievegrote and Mount Grud overlooking the Glen of Aherlow, in Tipperary; gs., 41-2; ns., 63-82.

Sliaḃ gCua, the well-known mountain range between Clonmel and Waterford, now known in part as "Slieve Gua," 42-2; 63-82.

Sliaḃ Mis, a mountain in the barony of Troughnackmy, Kerry, 48-2.

Sliaḃ na mBan, a mountain famed in song and story, situated about four miles north-east of Clonmel, 2-3.

Sliaḃ Truim, a mountain in the barony of Strabane, County Tyrone.

Tailc mac Tréin, king of the Catheads, 256-37.

Tailġin, a name frequently applied to St. Patrick.

Tonn Ruġraiḋe, a loud surge on Traigh Rughraidhe, Dundrum Bay, County Down. Many such waves are referred to as having existed round the Irish coast. Tonn Ruġraiḋe ag buain re tráiġ, Tonn Rughraidhe laving the shore, 38-2.

Tréanmór, grandfather of Fionn Mac Cumhaill.

CORRIGENDA:

Page 5, line 46—for "huile" read "huilc."
,, 29 ,, 36—for "admaim" read "adṁaim."
,, 39 ,, 9—for "na lann nglas" read "na nglas-lann."
,, 51 ,, 17—for "fiaḋ" read "boirb-ḟiaḋ."
,, 64 ,, 378—for "a Ḋraoiġeantóir" read "ar Draoiġeantóir."
,, 89 ,, 83—for "Ḋiṫċeann" read "Diṫċeann."

For "Fianna" read "Fiana" throughout.

VARIÆ LECTIONES:

Page 43, line 136. A ṁacraṁail de laoċ ar lúiṫ.
,, 61 ,, 280. A Ṗádraig, is eaḋ duḃairt rúd.
,, 70 ,, 532. Ní cuiḃe mo ḟórt do ċur ċum báis.
,, 72 ,, 604. A Áilne, ar an draoi go searḃ.
,, 75 ,, 4. Ar ċiúṁsaiḃ loċa lánḟuair léin.

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